

MEMORIES AND MUSINGS

The Rt. Rev.
SIR D. O. HUNTER BLAIR
Bt. O.S.B.



No. H824

PRESENTED BY

Miss Mary C. Hughes
Boston

MEMORIES AND MUSINGS



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Abbot of Dunfermline

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BY

The Rt. Rev.

SIR D. O. HUNTER BLAIR

Bt., O.S.B.,

ABBOT OF DUNFERMLINE

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CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| FATHER KNOX ON TROLLOPE | I |
| OXFORD AND ROME | 3 |
| LORDS AND LIVERIES | 6 |
| THE TRANSFORMATION OF STRAWBERRY HILL | 8 |
| BERKELEY SQUARE AND FARM STREET | 10 |
| HOLYROOD AND CRAIGMILLAR | 15 |
| SYON TO LISBON—AND BACK | 18 |
| LLANTHONY—OLD AND NEW | 21 |
| THE EMPRESS EUGENIE | 25 |
| SOME MID-VICTORIAN CONVERTS | 26 |
| CATHEDRAL CONCERT-HALLS | 29 |
| THE CULT OF THE WHITE ROSE | 32 |
| THE PASSING OF A GREAT CHIEF | 36 |
| ON CENTENARIANS—AND NEARLY | 39 |
| A DON OF THE OLD SCHOOL | 42 |
| ENGLISH WINE FROM ENGLISH GRAPES | 46 |
| THE TRANSLATION OF A GREAT BISHOP | 49 |
| 'WHY DON'T MEN COME TO CHURCH?' | 52 |
| KING EDWARD VII AND CATHOLICS | 56 |
| GLIMPSES OF AN EMPEROR | 60 |
| THE MONTH OF REMEMBRANCE | 63 |
| SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT ANGELS | 67 |
| SCOTS EPISCOPALIANISM FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT | 70 |
| THE 'HERALDS OF CHRISTMAS' | 74 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS | 76 |
| THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR | 80 |
| OF GREENGAGES AND CAMELIAS | 82 |
| ROME FIFTY YEARS AGO | 85 |
| A PRINCE OF OLD ROME | 88 |
| BISHOP ULLATHORNE : A CENTENARY | 91 |
| QUEEN VICTORIA'S YOUNGEST SON | 94 |
| THE WONDERS OF WIRELESS | 97 |
| AN UTOPIA WITHIN THE EMPIRE | 100 |
| A PROSPECTIVE POPE IN SCOTLAND | 104 |
| JUBILEE OF THE SCOTTISH HIERARCHY | 107 |
| FREEMASONS : BRITISH AND LATIN | 110 |
| A GLADSTONIAN CENTENARY | 118 |
| THE CREATIVE FACULTY IN WOMAN | 121 |
| ON HYMNS AND HYMN-SINGING | 127 |
| WHERE POETS HAVE NODDED | 131 |
| OF EPISCOPALIAN BISHOPS | 134 |
| ROME UNDER LEO XIII | 137 |
| A DAY'S RAMBLE IN MILAN | 141 |
| LATIN AMERICA AND CHRIST THE KING | 144 |
| LINKS WITH THE LONG PAST | 147 |
| AMMERGAU FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO | 150 |
| THE LAST OF THE ROYAL STUARTS | 154 |
| SHAKESPEARE IN THE VALE OF MOWBRAY | 157 |
| A SCOTTISH ISLAND BRIDAL | 160 |
| SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON UMBRELLAS | 163 |
| SCOTS FUSILIERS AND THE FAITH | 167 |
| TIDWORTH AND STONEHENGE | 170 |
| A MENACE TO OXFORD'S BEAUTY | 173 |

CONTENTS

vii

PAGE

| | |
|---|-----|
| A NOTABLE CELEBRATION | 177 |
| THE ' INDEX ' AND ITS OBLIGATIONS | 180 |
| BOOKS THAT HAVE INFLUENCED US | 183 |
| A QUESTION—AND AN ANSWER | 187 |
| FROM SOUTH DEVON TO ORKNEY | 191 |
| BUCKFAST ABBEY, PAST AND PRESENT | 195 |
| REFLECTIONS ON COLLECTIONS | 202 |
| FROM SWEDEN TO SUTHERLAND | 205 |
| THE FOLK-LORE OF THE ORCHARDS | 208 |
| RECOLLECTIONS OF SEPTEMBER, 1870 | 212 |
| THE BONCOMPAGNI-LUDOVISI | 216 |
| WHERE PILGRIMS LODGED | 219 |
| CORPUS DOMINI ON THE ISLAND OF CALDEY | 223 |
| AN ISLAND PASSION-PLAY | 226 |
| SOLDIERS OF THE POPE | 229 |
| THE EVIL EYE | 232 |
| JUBILEE OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS | 236 |
| MEZZOFANTI REDIVIVUS | 239 |
| SOME MEMORIES OF DR. PUSEY | 243 |
| CANTERBURY OLD AND NEW | 246 |
| CHRISTMAS IN A SCOTS CATHOLIC HOME | 249 |
| A YEAR OF JUBILEES | 253 |
| CHALICES OF THE APOSTOLIC AGE | 256 |
| FROM MY YELLOW CHAMBER | 259 |
| THE ' ANCIENT AND KNIGHTLIE CROFTS ' | 263 |
| PAGEANTS, GOOD AND INDIFFERENT | 267 |
| THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BODLEIAN | 271 |
| THE LADY OF GLENALADALE | 274 |
| ABOUT TIARAS ANCIENT AND MODERN | 277 |
| IMMORTALITY, LIMITED | 280 |

FOREWORD

THE short articles which make up this volume are not classified in accordance with their subject, or in any other way.

They are reprinted in the exact chronological order in which they appeared in the *Catholic Times*, over the pen-name of "Nestor," during the years 1927 to 1929.

The thanks of the writer are due, and are hereby tendered, to the Editor of that journal for his courtesy in consenting to their re-publication.

BELMONT ABBEY,
HEREFORD.

May, 1929.

MEMORIES AND MUSINGS

FATHER KNOX ON TROLLOPE

I HAVE been reading in an evening paper a pleasant article—whimsically entitled Trollopolatry—on the cult of Anthony Trollope, by Father Ronald Knox. My friend R. K. writes of the Victorian novelist's works with sympathy and insight, and with his usual literary charm. But of the man himself, knowing of his life and personality just as much or as little as is known by most of the present generation, he writes with less insight, and falls indeed into some palpable errors.

You would not, he thinks, guess from Trollope's writing that he himself rode to hounds, familiar as he was 'with hunting circles.' One might as well fail to infer from Whyte-Melville's novels that he was a hunting man. If Trollope does not describe a run in Barsetshire it was probably not a hunting county; but in many of his books—e.g. *Phineas Finn* and *The Eustace Diamonds*, he describes a hunt as only a hunting man could.

Father Knox also states positively that if any reader of Trollope's books guessed that the author 'had stood for Parliament, probably in the Tory interest,' he would be 'exactly and absolutely wrong.' Trollope, however, did once stand for Parliament

(though not as a Tory); and curiously enough it was his love of hunting which helped to lose him the seat. He contested Beverley (just before that borough was disfranchised for corruption) as a Liberal, in collaboration with Lord Herries' heir, the Hon. Marmaduke Maxwell. The Maxwells of Everingham were all great hunting men; the election took place in the hunting season; Trollope could not resist the temptation of hunting several days a week, to the neglect of the constituents; and the result was his defeat.

The increasing number of Trollope's admirers do not lose much in not having known the man. To those who appreciated his delicate humour, his subtle appeal to the emotions, his curious power of refined portraiture of the young women of his age, it was a shock to find him in the flesh rather a rough and bluff personality, with a loud voice and domineering, not to say hectoring, manner. Someone in his company once ventured to express his opinion on some point. 'I differ from you entirely—entirely,' broke in Trollope (who was at some distance from the speaker), in his loud sonorous tones. '*What was it that you said?*'

I was introduced to Trollope when I was an undergraduate of twenty, and he a man of nearly sixty, a visitor to another famous novelist, a fellow of my college. I had the honour of playing a rubber or two of whist with him; and he proved as rude and overbearing a partner, or opponent, as the late Lord Russell of Killowen, whose partner at whist I once saw, at a Riviera hotel, fling his cards on the floor and stalk out of the room, so stung was he by the eminent judge's taunts. Between the deals of

our rubber the great Anthony drank a great deal of brandy-and-water, and told one or two rather coarse stories.

Altogether I was not favourably impressed by the man ; but none the less I have loved his writings all my life. Let me end these musings with a tribute. Whatever Anglicans may think of Trollope's picture-gallery of parsons, he never, in my recollection, speaks of Catholic priests otherwise than with respect ; and his portrait of Father John Maguire, the excellent parish priest in *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*, is one to give pleasure to every Catholic reader.

June 10, 1927.

OXFORD AND ROME

I READ of the Oxford University Newman Society entertaining, the other day, a Prince of the Church, peers of the realm, abbots, heads of houses and other bigwigs ; and I thought with wonder how Catholicism has come out of the catacombs there since my undergraduate days. Then—a single mean chapel in a squalid suburb, small, yet large enough for the small flock of townsmen and gownsmen (perhaps six or seven of the latter) who worshipped there. And now—three parish churches, half a dozen religious houses of men and as many of women, and nearly two hundred Catholic members of the University, with their own chapel and chaplain. The Lord's doing, truly ; and it is certainly marvellous in the eyes of us who have survived to see it.

Cardinals have been rare visitors to Oxford in modern times. I doubt whether Wiseman was ever there as Cardinal, notwithstanding his interest in, and sympathy with, the Oxford Movement. Cardinal Manning I remember there twice—once as archbishop and once a few months after his elevation to the purple, when he preached the opening sermon in the new church in St. Giles's. His text was the University motto, *Dominus Illuminatio Mea*, which he said had ceased to be true of Oxford since the Aristotelian philosophy had been abandoned, and the very existence of God had become a hypothesis instead of an axiom. It was a pessimistic discourse; but his Eminence was always gloomy on the subject of the religious condition of his country. I remember the sensation he once caused, in a sermon at the Irish Franciscan church in Rome, by his apostrophe to 'England! once pagan, then, by the mercy of God, Christian; now (shall I say it?) pagan again.' It was a depressing utterance.

Cardinal Vaughan twice (I think) visited the Catholic chaplain at his house in St. Aldate's; but though, as always, a beautiful and impressive figure in those beautiful surroundings, he was not happy nor at home there. He knew nothing, as he frankly confessed, of Oxford ideas or Oxford culture; and having for years vehemently opposed the frequentation of the national universities by Catholics (under the influence of his friend and mentor Manning), he could not easily accept the new order of things, and bless where he had so long banned.

Cardinal Newman, one of whose unfulfilled dreams was the foundation of an Oxford Oratory, revisited the *cari luoghi* of his youth in advanced age (what

poignant memories for the old man !). He dined at his old College of Trinity, 'which had never been unkind to him,' and had indeed admitted him among her honorary Fellows; and I heard him preach twice on the same Sunday in the Jesuit church. He seemed strangely worn and frail, and the fire of the old matchless eloquence sadly extinguished. Some time later I heard him deliver one of his last earnest and simple little sermons in his own church at Edgbaston, on the words, 'There remaineth therefore a *rest* (the word pathetically emphasised) for the people of God'; and his opening sentence was, 'I suppose, after all, what most of us are looking forward to, when the toils of this workaday world are over, is *rest*.' It was not long before the great leader passed (as his epitaph records) *ex umbris in veritatem*, and found the rest for which he craved in the quiet cemetery at Rednal, in the same grave as his oldest and dearest friend on earth, whom he had outlived just a quarter of a century.

The beautiful panoramic view of Oxford, which hung so long in Newman's study at Edgbaston, inscribed with Ezechias's words, *Fili hominis putasne vivent ossa ista? Domine, tu nosti*, is perhaps (I do not know) hanging there still. Who will dare to deny, looking at the new Catholic life of Oxford to-day, that there is a real stirring of those dry bones? *Succisa virescit*. Truly the axe seemed laid to the foot of the tree; but it is growing green again before our eyes, and will, please God, grow greener yet. *Faxit Deus!*

June 17, 1927.

LORDS AND LIVERIES

It pleased me the other day to read of the little crowd gathered round Lord Bute's quiet house in Queen Anne's Gate, at the door of which stood the great state family coach, which was to bear the Marchioness of Bute and her pretty débutante daughter to Court. Londoners seldom see these fine sights nowadays. Those bidden to Kings' houses trundle thither in motor-cars; and no motor, not even a Rolls-Royce *de luxe*, has, or can ever have, the dignity of the old state coach. *It is too near the ground.*

I remember the family coaches of my youth—the yellow ones of Fitzwilliam and Lonsdale, the royal red liveries of the Inchiquins (who sported them as descended from the Kings of Ireland), and many others, and regret their disappearance. The coachman, too, clean-shaved and rubicund, with his tightly curled wig of yellow floss-silk; and the whiskered, powdered footmen, with their silk stockings, canes, and nosebags. (In Bayswater and Pimlico flour was used instead of powder: it saved the tax and looked just as well by gaslight.)

I think a Catholic peer and his wife, Lord and Lady Braye, were almost the last people to drive about town with these bedizened flunkeys, whom the denizens of Buckingham Gate (Lord Braye's then abode) probably regarded as relics of the Middle Ages, just as the good folk of Eatanswill did Mr. Pickwick's gaiters at Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy-dress breakfast.

The last time I had seen Lord Bute's state coach,

with all his innumerable quarterings blazing on the door, was at St. John's Lodge, his house in Regent's Park. I stood at the entrance with my lord's secretary and comptroller, as my lady (wife of the late Marquis) drove off in state with her daughter to attend one of Queen Victoria's daylight Drawing-rooms. As the great coach rolled away a sudden torrent of summer rain came thrashing down. 'There goes a hundred pounds,' said Mr. A—— with a groan, as he thought of the drenching and destruction of the gold-laced and embroidered liveries worn by the unsheltered menials. The unpretending chauffeur of to-day is luckier, or his master is. He wears nothing that a shower will spoil, and he is always under cover.

St. John's Lodge, on the Inner Circle, scene of the above incident, had been, if not 'filched from one of the royal parks,' like Crecy House, the Duke's palace in *Lothair*, leased from the Crown by Lord Bute for a long term of years, to the indignation of certain democrats who said that the London parks were for the People (with a big P) and not for millionaire peers. Lord Bute found the place a mere bungalow set in hayfields: he created the lovely gardens, and added to the house a beautiful Catholic chapel in the Greek style, a spacious library, round which hung the finest of his famous pictures, and a great ballroom with brocaded walls, and lit by lamps concealed in exquisite wreaths of Venetian glass.

A Benedictine friend often celebrated Mass in the chapel, and saying his office afterwards on the terrace, could hear nothing, in that extensive pleasance, of the roar of London—only, at feeding-time, the faint roar of hungry lions in the Zoo, not

far away. Lord Bute had built another quaint little chapel in the midst of a meadow, dedicated to St. John Baptist, patron of his house and parish. All one could see of it from outside was a round red dome; the chapel itself was underground, and a flight of steps led down to it.

June 24, 1927.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF STRAWBERRY HILL

I HAVE been looking at a bird's-eye view (it seems to have been taken from an aeroplane) of the new St. Mary's Training College at Strawberry Hill, and I have been reading a statement that 'the old Gothic architecture has been followed in the additions to the building.' I am glad to hear it; but I confess I cannot recognise from the picture the Strawberry Hill of my youth, where one used to be bidden to idle away a summer afternoon in the London season, drinking tea on velvet lawns under umbrageous cedars, and meeting everyone who was anyone in the society, less cosmopolitan than now, of a day long gone.

Our hostess at those unique reunions (I forget whether she was tenant or owner of Walpole's old home) was one of the most wonderful old ladies of her time. Frances Countess Waldegrave, daughter of the great Jewish tenor Abraham (beheaded into Braham), was already a Waldegrave by marriage when she wedded the seventh Earl, who left her all his property, so that his grandson and successor had to wait twenty years before coming into his heritage.

For third husband Lady Waldegrave chose a Harcourt, son of the Prince-Archbishop of York ; and for fourth Chichester Fortescue, afterwards Lord Carlingford, who left his fine library to his nephew, a Catholic Fellow and Dean of Balliol.

It was in the lifetime of her last husband (all her four marriages were childless) that 'Frances Countess,' as she continued to style herself, lived and entertained her friends in the 'Gothick curiosity,' which Walpole had created out of the simple little white house which he bought just a hundred and eighty years ago. A curiosity, indeed, it was, with its oriels and pinnacles and fretted roofs : its 'elegant library, the books ranged within pierced arches, taken from the choir of Old St. Paul's'; its great gallery with a fan-traceried ceiling like St. George's, Windsor ; its armour and china and pictures and bric-à-brac ; its 'painted glass and gloom' of which the owner wrote complacently to Montagu.

And the owner himself, wit and virtuoso, half aristocrat, half republican, author, collector, and above all letter-writer. 'My buildings are paper, like my writings,' he wrote, 'and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead.' He was wrong. Most of his books, indeed, are forgotten, or are sought after only as scarce productions of his private press ; but the *Castle of Otranto* (true romantic child of Strawberry Hill !) still survives, and his 'incomparable' letters, as Byron called them—3000 in print, and as many more still extant—have achieved a real immortality of their own.

And his house, 'the inn, its sign the Gothic Castle,' has not been blown away, as its builder prophesied.

It lives on still, just one hundred and thirty years after his death; and, I hope and trust, intact as when I wondered at it half a century and more ago. Well, our holy Mother Church takes to her bosom all that is offered her, and makes it her own. Architectural styles are nothing to her; and her work for God and for souls goes on serenely amid surroundings the most incongruous. So may it be with Strawberry Hill. *Prosit atque proficiat.*

July 1, 1927.

BERKELEY SQUARE AND FARM STREET

MOST of the callers in the last week or two at Lord Powis's stately house in Berkeley Square, where Lady Powis has been convalescing after a serious illness, are doubtless familiar with the antique, and unique, brass plate on the door, inscribed 'Earl of Powis.' I have said 'unique,' for though professional door-plates are as common as wasps in July in many parts of London—the City, Bloomsbury, the Cavendish Square district, and elsewhere—Lord Powis is perhaps the last private resident in London, noble or gentle, to have his name-plate on his private door.

And it suits its environment, for Berkeley Square still preserves, in a changing London, its old-world dignity. Onslow Square alone rivals it for the size of the trees which shade its garden: the south and west sides, at least, are still free from the roar and rush of traffic; and still only two shops, both immemorial, violate the sacred enclosure: one a

fashionable 'library' (how Early Victorian it sounds!), the other the famous caterer whose ices are still as unapproachably excellent as when Lady Clavering publicly consumed a large pink-and-yellow one, brought her by an obsequious flunkey, in her barouche drawn up under the trees, to the envy and admiration of crossing-sweepers and errand-boys.

Southward, it is true, the skyline is blocked by the monstrous edifice which has risen, like Babylon or Babel, on the site of unpretentious Devonshire House, all whose glory was within. But in the foreground still stands the noble mansion built by Adam for 'Jack Boot,' George III's Scotch and unpopular minister, and bought by the first Marquis of Lansdowne whilst still unfinished. Long may it stand!

Of course, some houses have been rebuilt in this old-world square—Lord Rosebery's, I think, is one of them—and some have disappeared, including the quietly exclusive hotel at the north-east corner, where country gentlemen and their wives used to take 'rooms' (not flats, though flats now occupy the site) for the London season. Vanished, too, is the 'haunted house,' with its fearful legends of housemaids going mad, and Guardsmen dropping down dead, from sheer horror.

Bishop Hedley used to tell how he met at a Catholic country house near Hereford a man whose singular appearance (pale face, snow-white hair, black eyebrows and scared hollow eyes) had caused him to be known as 'Ghosty' (I suppress the surname). He was said to have been the last occupant of the haunted house, and to have become a Catholic

at the end of his tenancy. He told the Bishop some strange stories, but I never heard what they were.

I remember passing the house in a hansom on my way from Eton for the holidays, and standing up in the cab to look at it. It was apparently unoccupied, the windows were open, and I saw into a big empty room, I suppose, the dining-room, with a dark-red wall-paper and a marble mantelpiece. 'Only that and nothing more.'

To Catholics Berkeley Square is inseparably associated with Farm Street and its church, only a stone's-throw away. It was only fifteen years after Emancipation when Scholes's beautiful chapel (much more beautiful in its first proportions as a chapel than now as an aisled church) was founded in a stable-yard (seclusion was doubtless still thought prudent), and in a stable-yard it still stands, though a singularly neat and clean one, as nearly every London mews is. Pugin designed the fine high altar, I think his only work in London north of the Thames. The Jesuits lived in Bolton Street at first, before moving to the terra-cotta'd elegance of Mount Street, and the eastern end of the church now almost peeps into Grosvenor Square.

A pious lady in the country, having occasion to write to the head of the Confraternity of the Holy Family connected with Farm Street church, and uncertain of the precise address, directed it to 'The Director of the Holy Family, Berkeley Square, London.' After some delay the letter was returned to her from the post office, endorsed in red ink, 'No Holy Family in Berkeley Square.' This is a fact. I have not heard the music in Farm Street church for many years. It was famous in my youth, and I

believe is so still, though I suppose that since Pius X's *motu proprio* the choir has no longer the adventitious aid of an orchestra to help it through the great Masses. The only orchestra I have heard in a Catholic church in England of recent years was at St. Mary Magdalene's, Brighton, where Father Tatum (whose sweet and thrilling tenor I remember intoning evensong at Magdalen, Oxford) kept up his band, I think, until his death.

Does one ever hear the grand Masses of Beethoven and Bach in church nowadays? Last time I heard the Mass in C at Farm Street (excellently rendered, of course) I thought, as I listened to the crashing chords of the *Gloria*, of some critic's remark, that it is 'less a hymn of heavenly praise and peace than a shout of victory raised by human passions triumphing over a fallen enemy.'

Bach's colossal Mass in B minor is, I see, 'starred' for performance in the Anglican Three Choirs Festival next month (seats in the nave of the cathedral £1 each). It is timed to last three and a half hours! with eminent solo vocalists of both sexes, and other solos by violins, flutes, trumpets, and horns. Cardinal Manning used to express his strong objection to 'Mass going on at one end of the church and a concert at the other'; but the Three Choirs Festival is, of course, a series of expensive concerts and nothing else.

A 'use' at Farm Street which gave pleasure to many in the days which I am recalling was the Sunday afternoon Vespers, chanted by an amateur choir of young men in the chancel, to the accompaniment of a small organ. It became the vogue for Catholic youths with any taste or aptitude for

church music to volunteer for this choir, which included members of the families of Langdale, Stourton, Petre, North, Clifford, and many others.

We rendered our Gregorians with zest and heartiness, if not with the restraint and refinement of Solesmes, and enjoyed these weekly services. But some of the *habitués* of the church found the function—Vespers, sermon, and Benediction (I recall a lovely diamond cross, given by some pious lady, which hung glittering from the monstrance)—too lengthy of a summer afternoon. Vespers were suppressed, and the amateur choir disbanded, I think for ever. I was sorry, and so were many others.

‘The chief practical scandals existing in the Church in England to-day,’ once said the late Lord Bute, ‘are figured music and appropriated sittings.’ Alas! he would have found them both rife in Farm Street and elsewhere. The denizens of Mayfair clung tenaciously to their privileged pews. A quiet lady, who had slipped into an empty seat just as the service began, presently found focussed on her the *pince-nez* of a haughty dame, standing at the entrance of the pew. ‘Pray, are you Lady X?’ she hissed. ‘No’ was the meek reply. ‘Well, I am,’ flashed back the lawful occupant, in a tone that sounded more like ‘Come out of that!’ The poor lady fled incontinently to the nearest free seat.

Large congregations, not all of our faith, thronged the church to hear the music and the sermons. Many of the fathers (all mature or elderly—I never saw a young Jesuit at Farm Street) were men of great distinction and preachers of note. There was Father Clare, most genial of Irishmen, the intimate

friend of Disraeli, whom he visited almost down to the day of the old statesman's tragic and solitary death in Bruton Street.

Father Christie, ex-Fellow of Oriel, who had followed Newman into the Church in 1846, and spent thirty years of his priestly life at Farm Street, and Father Coleridge, another Oriel Fellow, handsome and high-bred looking, like his father and brother, both distinguished judges; editor of the *Month* for many years, and author of the great *Life of Christ*, of which he wrote the last two volumes when paralysed, typing the pages with his left hand.

I heard him preach at Farm Street just after his brother had tried the famous *Mignonette* case, in which two shipwrecked sailors were charged with killing and eating a cabin-boy, the third member of their party, after duly drawing lots as to who should be the victim. I forget what the judge's decision was; but his brother's sermon was a luminous exposition of the Church's teaching as to the sanctity of human life, and the circumstances under which it is lawful to take it. I have never forgotten that discourse.

July 8, 1927.

HOLYROOD AND CRAIGMILLAR

WHAT a history has that old abbey church that stands forlorn and desolate at the eastern end of the historic palace of Holyrood. Founded almost exactly eight centuries ago to enshrine the holy relic brought by S. Margaret from Waltham; burned three times by the invading English;

restored for Catholic worship under James II and VII ; plundered and again burned at the revolution of 1688 ; only the lovely nave now stands, ruined and roofless, and as gloomy as (it could hardly be gloomier than) the black old palace of the Scottish Kings whose walls it flanks.

Gloomy indeed are both church and palace through most of the year, and full of melancholy memories. The sadness and seclusion of the devastated church are always the same ; but from time to time the adjacent palace wakes from its lethargy and prepares to house once again a King and Queen of Scots. So was it last week. The Royal Standard was broken over the palace towers ; the great bronze gates stood open ; the stir and colour of a great royal household gave life and movement to the long-empty halls ; continuous sunshine poured into the quiet quadrangles and lit up tapestried and panelled rooms of state ; and there, for a full week, King George and Queen Mary held high court, and extended royal hospitality to the flower of the Scots nobility.

Brave men in brilliant uniforms, and fair women in summer frocks of every hue, passed before the Presence, receiving courteous and smiling welcome from their King in full Highland dress, and their Queen, a stately vision of shimmering grey and silver and pearls. The Royal Archers (the King's Bodyguard for Scotland) were on duty throughout the week ; and from the palace windows one looked down on the crowded throng below—the Archers' flat caps surmounted with a single eagle's feather, interspersed with the plumed cocked hat of a general or lord-lieutenant, the curious headgear of the Flying

Corps, the full-bottomed wig of a Lord of Session, the violet skull-cap of a Catholic prelate.

Thousands of guests, summoned from every county in Scotland, assembled one afternoon on the vast verdant lawns surrounding the old palace, and were welcomed by their Royal host and hostess, who walked through the gardens quite informally, chatting with their personal friends. But perhaps the most popular and picturesque feature of the 'Holyrood Week' was the wonderful historic pageant under the grim old walls of Craigmillar Castle, a mile or two distant from the capital. A marvellous setting for a marvellous spectacle! The great green slopes beneath the frowning fortress crowded with a richly dressed assemblage of kings and queens, lords and ladies, bishops, monks, and friars, and hosts of happy children living once again the thrilling episodes of past history which had taken place on that very spot.

The great nobles of to-day, Buccleuchs, Queensberrys, Huntlys, Tweeddales, Lindsays, Galloways, Mars, Lauderdales, and many others, had been chosen to play the parts of their famous ancestors, and played them very well. The Countess of Stair was a beautiful and dignified, if somewhat impassive, Mary Queen of Scots; the young Duke of Norfolk and his sister represented Surrey (famous in the story of Flodden) and his Countess; Lord Elphinstone appeared in mitre, cope, and crosier in the character of his illustrious forbear, the great Bishop of Aberdeen. The group of Catholic prelates was indeed a striking feature of the pageant; and most striking, too, and most impressive was the beautiful rendering of Catholic hymns and chants

by one of the most efficient Catholic church choirs of Edinburgh. Catholic children, too, pupils of the Sisters of Charity, took part in the joyous songs and dances which were so delightful an element of the spectacle.

The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary, followed every scene with obvious interest and pleasure: above and behind and around them ten thousand spectators greeted each succeeding episode with delighted applause; and the evening sun, shining from a cloudless sky, lit up the grey battlemented walls and great motionless trees which formed the entrancing background to a scene of entrancing beauty. And the pleasure of us all in the unqualified success of this great adventure was enhanced by the knowledge that the profits derived from it—amounting certainly to some thousands—would be devoted to one of the most meritorious of objects, the Scottish Branch of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses.

July 29, 1927.

SYON TO LISBON—AND BACK

A SUMMER or two ago I was motoring with a friend on one of the loveliest roads in Devon, on our way from Exeter to Ashburton and Buckfast Abbey. We had swept over Haldon Hill, with its matchless view over moor and sea; and as we sped down the wooded vale of Chudleigh, under high-arched avenues chequered with the afternoon sunlight, we passed tall gates inscribed with the words 'Syon Abbey.' 'What is that?' asked my friend: 'a

convent or a country house ? ’ ‘ Both,’ I replied ; ‘ and a bit of English history as well.’ And our talk fell on all that Syon stood for, and the changes and chances, the lights and shadows, that had gathered round that venerable name during five long centuries.

It is rather more than five hundred years ago that King Henry V established the Bridgettine Order (which had come to England a few years before) at his Royal manor at Isleworth, himself laying the first stone of the monastery in 1415. Their very beginnings were connected with a glorious event in English history ; for it was in thanksgiving for the famous victory of Agincourt that the King founded Syon, as well as the Carthusian house of Sheen, on the opposite side of the river.

For a century and a quarter the monks and nuns on Thames-side served God in peace and quietness, according to the institution of their saintly foundress. Then came the *débâcle*. Expelled from their dear home, the blameless community crossed to Flanders, and Syon became a house of tragedy. Queen Katherine Howard, the nine-days’ sovereign Jane Grey, the Protector Somerset, John, Duke of Northumberland, were all in turn its inmates, and all in turn left its walls to perish on the scaffold.

So the good nuns fled overseas, and, save for a brief respite and return under Catholic Mary, seemed to have quitted England for ever. For thirty-five years they found a refuge first in Flanders and then at Rouen ; but the accession of Henry IV, a Protestant and a close ally of Queen Elizabeth, made France an insecure abode for them. After their many wanderings they found at length a permanent home at Lisbon, where they could fulfil

their holy vocations in peace. Not that they were exempt from all troubles : their convent was burnt to the ground in 1651, was rebuilt, and a century later again demolished by the great earthquake.

Once more rebuilt, it served during the Peninsular War as a hospital for Wellington's army. And then at length, revolutionary and anti-Christian troubles in Portugal, and Catholic Emancipation an accomplished fact in England, combined to bring about the desire of their hearts, a return home from their long exile. To England, then, they came in 1861, leaving behind much which they valued, but bringing with them a treasured and venerated statue of St. Bridget, and the iron cross which had surmounted their old church at Syon Abbey, Isleworth.

And what of Syon House, their ancient home ? James I granted it to Henry, ninth Earl of Northumberland of the Percy line. His ancestor, first Lord of Alnwick, had purchased that great domain in the north from Bek, Bishop of Durham, leaving the young heir of the de Vescis, from whom it had been filched, to die broken-hearted on the field of Bannockburn ; and now they became possessed as well of the fair heritage of Syon. A great quadrangular palace, with towers and battlements, designed by Inigo Jones, rose on the site of the old convent ; and within it the Earls and Dukes of Northumberland have lavished their wealth on halls glowing with marble and mosaic, tapestries and silken hangings, statues, pictures, and works of art of every kind.

Year after year, when I used to know the Syon House of to-day, the reigning Duchess threw open the stately mansion and lovely gardens to her

friends, and all London congregated in what had once been the quiet enclosure of the humble Sisters of S. Bridget. There were still scattered here and there, among the treasures of the house, some relics of the former convent ; and I remember a friend pointing out to me in the parish church, with its ancient tower, a small brass plate, with an effigy of a nun of Syon, inlaid in the door of the Duke of Northumberland's family pew !

And the nuns themselves, with this 'strange eventful history' behind them, have taken root once again and flourish in their native land. From Spettisbury, in Dorset, their first English home on their return, they moved after a quarter of a century to Chudleigh, in Devonshire ; and only recently they have again transferred their convent to a more commodious site in the same fair county. It is good to think that these transplantations have been due to their growing numbers ; and it is pleasant also to know that the head of the great ducal house which has owned Syon for three centuries helped them generously, when they came back, to find a home in England after their years of exile. Long may they flourish there !

August 5, 1927.

LLANTHONY—OLD AND NEW

READING the other day Lord Braye's interesting reminiscences of his long life, I noticed a reference to the strange career of the so-called 'Father Ignatius,' who, says the writer, settled, lived, and died in the romantic ruined abbey of Llanthony, in

the Vale of Ewyas, at the foot of the Black Mountains. There is, of course, a double mistake here. Llanthony never was an abbey, and the eccentric Anglican monk never lived in those picturesque ruins, his home having been, for the last forty years of his chequered life, close to the tiny hamlet of Capel-y-Ffin, where he built the choir of a church and the fragment of a monastery.

His hope and wish had been to obtain possession, for his new foundation, of the remains of the stately Austin Priory, founded by Hugh de Lacy in the twelfth century. It had passed from the Earls of Oxford to the Woods, and from them to the famous writer Walter Savage Landor. His son succeeded to the estate in 1864, and five years later 'Father Ignatius,' having failed to acquire the old Priory from its new owner, bought a site for his monastery, as has been said, some miles higher up the valley.

It was a few years after this that, in my undergraduate days at Oxford, I first saw Father Ignatius, then at the height of his reputation for piety and eccentricity. He had already been associated with some very 'advanced' English clergymen, including Prynne, of Plymouth, and Lowder, of the London Docks, had been in continuous hot water with the Bishops, among others, of Bath and Wells, Norwich, and London, had (being inhibited from preaching) lectured in music-halls and elsewhere, and was now stumping the country in quest of funds for his Welsh foundation.

I heard him preach, or lecture, in the Oxford Town Hall to a large audience : his eloquence was amazing, his appearance (in a half-Benedictine, half-Franciscan habit) most picturesque, and his hymn-singing,

accompanied by himself on a small harmonium, curiously impressive. Announcing some hymn from his collection, he warned us that no one should, or could, join in it unless he was certain that he was 'saved,' adding, 'To-morrow evening I shall conduct a special service in the Corn Exchange for the lost.' I never heard who attended the meeting on the following day.

I do not know what success attended Father Ignatius' efforts in Oxford, but he used to complain bitterly and publicly of the apathy and illiberality of those who came to hear him. I saw him once sitting at the end of the old chain pier at Brighton, dressed in his habit, and soliciting alms from the passers-by. He became a fervid Welshman after settling in the Vale of Ewyas, was elected a member of the Druidic Circle, and given the title of 'Dewi Honddu'—David of the Honddu (the river that runs through the Llanthony valley).

In the following year he conducted a great campaign in America, preaching in every important city from New York to Florida. A mysterious Syrian bishop (claiming to be Metropolitan of the Old Catholics in U.S.A.) ordained him priest at Llanthony in 1898, and there he was buried ten years later before the altar of his church. The church and property were left to one of his monks, who later joined the community of Caldey Island and ultimately became a Catholic, so that the foundation, such as it is, is now in Catholic hands.

Last time I visited Llanthony was on a glorious summer day, when the inn within the Priory precincts was full of visitors who come thither year after year, and find pleasant headquarters for

fishing, mountain rambles, and other country diversions. Few of them, probably, penetrate to the head of the valley where, sad and solitary among the great green hills, stands the new Llanthony in which its founder lies buried.

The rocky road, winding between beechen hedges, interspersed with beautiful hollies, and banks gay and fragrant with wild flowers, comes to an abrupt end at the little chapel of Capel-y-Ffin; and near at hand is the gate on which, years ago, I had read the uninviting inscription: 'Monastery of SS. Mary and Dunstan. NOTICE. No one can be admitted within the abbey enclosure on any pretence whatever.' The gate stood open at my last visit; but outside the fine Gothic choir—all that was ever built—of the monastic church were posted prominent warnings: 'Dangerous—No Admission.' The fine building, with its vaulted roof and lofty reredos carved in stone and marble, had, alas! through decay and neglect, become utterly unsafe, and was indeed threatening to collapse altogether.

The single Benedictine Father from Caldey Abbey, who gave us kindly hospitality, says Mass in a temporary chapel for a tiny flock. And in the cloisters (sole relic of Father Ignatius' monastery), now subdivided into living-rooms, I found the dwelling and the spacious studio of a famous Catholic sculptor, who finds among these austere green hills, and the relics of a monastery that never materialised, inspiration for an art as original as it is deeply religious. Perhaps Llanthony will rise one day from the ashes of its dead past as a real religious house. One can only hope and pray.

August 12, 1927.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE

THE news of the coming dispersal of the contents of Farnborough Hall, in Hants, so long the residence of the Empress Eugenie, reminds me of the last time I saw that venerable lady, then not far from her ninetieth year. Age and infirmities had long prevented her from attending the beautiful church close by which she had built, and in the crypt of which repose the bodies of her husband and son ; and Mass was said for her daily in the little private chapel of her house by one of the Benedictine Fathers of the adjacent monastery.

That privilege was mine one day. As I approached the *fauteuil* at which her Majesty was kneeling I bowed towards her (as I had been instructed), and the frail but still dignified figure rose and replied to my salutation by a profound reverence. After the Mass I had the honour of a brief interview with the widowed Empress in the shaded drawing-room, full of family treasures, which is so soon to be dismantled. I had known her son during his time as a Woolwich cadet ; and hearing of this she had desired to see me and to speak of him. There was little trace left on that worn countenance of the enthralling beauty which had once fascinated Europe. But it had charm and majesty still, and the trembling tone of her voice was deeply pathetic as she spoke of her only child and of his love for England.

I had seen the Empress of the French twice before ; the first time when I was a schoolboy on holiday in Paris, and she in the zenith of her loveliness, with a radiant smile, and her fair hair brushed

back from her perfect brow, as she walked beside her little son in the Tuileries gardens. My second glimpse of her was in Rome, ten or twelve years later, when she had lost all she loved best on earth, and came, robed in deepest mourning, to pay her homage to the Vicar of Christ, himself despoiled of all earthly possessions and practically a prisoner in the Vatican. That was an historic occasion, and one not to be forgotten, but I think I like best to remember her in extreme old age, kneeling before her altar in patience and peace and resignation, after her strange and changeful life, and waiting quietly for the end.

August 19, 1927.

SOME MID-VICTORIAN CONVERTS

THE noble house of Gainsborough, whose head has just died in early manhood, leaving the Catholic Church in England poorer by his loss, has been so long conspicuously Catholic—nearly eighty years—that one is apt to forget that it is not one of what are called the ‘old English Catholic families.’

It was in 1851 that the second Earl (then Viscount Campden) and his wife, a Hay of Erroll, came into the Church, in the good company of Manning, Hope-Scott, Bellasis, Coleridge, and many other men of note, in that second wave of conversions which followed five years after Newman’s submission to Rome. Lord Gainsborough, after his conversion, took little part in public life, spending his years quietly with his family (he had six children) at one or other of his beautiful country homes, in Rutland

or on the slopes of the Cotswolds. At both he built domestic chapels, which became new centres of Catholic life in those districts.

Like Lord Shrewsbury, he was a friend and patron of A. Pugin, who did much decorative work for him at Campden, in Gloucestershire. Apart from his children, Lord Gainsborough's own family remained staunchly, almost fiercely, Protestant. One of his sisters, Lady Louisa Agnew, married to a fanatically Presbyterian baronet and M.P., was a neighbour of ours in my childhood. I never met any of the Catholic members of the family staying at her Scottish castle. Another brother-in-law was the late Lord Southesk, whose sympathies also were quite un-Catholic.

I first met Lord Gainsborough, I think, in an ante-chamber of the Vatican, where he formed one of a deputation of English Catholic nobles who had come to congratulate Pope Pius IX on some anniversary of his long Pontificate, then nearing its end. The other members of the deputation were the Duke of Norfolk and Lords Ripon and Denbigh, all exceptionally worthy representatives of English Catholicism. Three of the four were converts, which struck me as a remarkable circumstance; and what was also striking was their curiously undistinguished, one might even say homely, personal appearance, with one exception.

Rudolph, ninth Earl of Denbigh, one of the handsomest and most aristocratic-looking men of his generation, had been received into the Church the year before Lord Gainsborough, and had built a beautiful chapel at his home in Warwickshire, as well as a fine church (now attached to a Capuchin

monastery) on the property in North Wales inherited by his first wife. Lord Denbigh claimed descent from the imperial Hapsburgs (this has rather been allowed to drop out of sight in recent years). There were always Rudolphs and Basils among the family names, and he was (as Mr. Verdant Green said) 'proud of the title.'

I once saw him looking in a pained way at a brass tablet commemorating his munificence to a certain religious house. The inscription designated him 'Rudolph Baird' instead of 'Rudolph Basil.' 'A very respectable name,' murmured the descendant of the Hapsburgs, '*most* respectable, I am sure. Only—it doesn't happen to be mine.' His third son, Basil, was a priest and prelate, whose career in the Church—an exceptionally promising one—was cut short by a drowning accident on the Rhine during a summer holiday.

Lord and Lady Denbigh had several sons besides the Monsignor, and several daughters, and entertained their friends very pleasantly at Newnham Paddox and in London, when I knew them first, in Eaton Square, and later in Cromwell Road. I remember some splendid portraits by Vandyck of Feilding ancestors, from whom their descendant may have inherited his good looks—although indeed all Vandyck's men are high-bred and handsome, and all his women beautiful.

After Lord Denbigh's death his widow occupied a little house in Mayfair, where she received a circle of devoted friends. Although close to Farm Street, there was a tiny oratory, where Mass was often said. Lady Denbigh was born a Berkeley of Spetchley, and I once pointed out what she had never noticed—

namely, that next door but one to her was a public-house called the ' Berkeley Arms ' ! The connection of the tavern was doubtless not with the ancient Worcestershire Catholic family, but with the noble house of Berkeley, the head of which had his town residence where Berkeley Street now stands, while the fine trees which adorn Berkeley Square to-day formed part of the garden.

September 16, 1927.

CATHEDRAL CONCERT-HALLS

I AM writing this a week after the close of the Three Choirs Festival, which began over two centuries ago as an unpretentious, and unadvertised, meeting for a joint service of the choristers of three Anglican cathedrals, and has grown into the greatest annual musical event in the country. The choristers, men and boys, still take part in the choral singing ; but they are supplemented, and indeed submerged, by the great body of vocalists and instrumentalists who sit, tier above tier, in the wide space under the west window of the cathedral.

Morning service is hurried over at an early hour without music ; and all day long, while the festival lasts, the consecrated building is in fact not a church, but a vast concert-hall. There rises to the vaulted roof, for half an hour before the opening, a hum of many voices as loud and unrestrained as at Queen's Hall or Covent Garden Opera House.

And the silence during the performance is quite obviously a tribute to the music, and not to the sanctity of the place where it is rendered, for with

the last note the conversation breaks out again louder than before ; and the emptying of the great building is like the emptying of the stalls and pit and gallery of a London theatre.

‘ A pity—nay, more, a scandal,’ lament, both in private and in the columns of their newspapers, certain devout Anglicans, who think that the financial support of a deserving charity is dearly bought by what they frankly call the desecration of the House of God, and by the letting out for the week of every inch of space within its hallowed walls to those who can afford to pay the highest price for their seats.

The Bishop in his rochet and the Dean in his surplice (each with his attendant verger) with a preliminary prayer or so and a concluding benediction, hardly do more, in the view of these good people, than give a semi-ecclesiastical veneer to what is simply a series of concerts, sacred or secular as the case may be. Some of the cathedral dignitaries themselves strongly object to the modern developments of what was originally a religious celebration pure and simple.

A certain canon whom I knew well (not of the cathedral where this year’s festival was held) invariably absented himself during the week, on principle, from his prebendal residence. As, however, he always let it for a considerable rent, he was able to satisfy his conscientious scruples without incurring any pecuniary sacrifice.

I assisted at only a few of the items which filled every hour of the four days’ programme. I heard two oratorios, one composed by an eminent Jew, the other by an even more eminent German

Lutheran : also a stupendous Mass, written by a man who devoted his colossal genius to the musical illustration of a religious mystery of whose meaning and significance he had not the slightest conception.

The most effective of the many soloists was a thunderous bass, whose diapasons filled the great church : rival prima donnas poured their sentimental souls, as female singers do, into their allotted parts ; and (once only) there came, like a falling star, into the empty space the perfectly trained soprano of a boy, pure, poignant, passionless, wailing out : ‘ No ! no ! there is nothing : the earth is as iron under me.’

The orchestra and chorus were magnificent ; and those who heard Beethoven’s Choral Symphony will not soon forget the astonishing finale, the singers piling climax upon climax, and hurling the mighty melody reverberating down the Norman nave. One great Catholic composer—the greatest living—carried off the honours of the last day, when Sir Edward Elgar conducted a symphony, a concerto, and a cantata of his own. His *Gerontius* had been given earlier in the week ; and, earlier still, the Festival had opened with his noble and massive setting of the National Anthem.

The life of great cathedrals, perhaps man’s noblest work on earth, is limited, like the life of man himself ; and from almost every cathedral close in England is sounding to-day a S.O.S. signal, appealing for thousands, and yet more thousands, to keep these memorials of our fathers’ piety from toppling into irretrievable ruin.

Well, in the eyes of many of us the ruin came four centuries ago, when the august Sacrifice ceased to be

offered, and the priests were driven from the altars. 'You know, my lord,' said a devout Anglican lady to a Catholic bishop, when the revival of Gothic architecture in England was at its height, 'we hope to restore all the old cathedrals and churches.' 'I am delighted to hear it, madam,' gravely returned the bishop: 'we have not got any of them back yet!'

One thinks of the desolate magnificence of Ely, with its shattered Lady Chapel and mutilated altars, and never a worshipper to be seen in the vast deserted nave. And one contrasts it with the scene last week—a devoted throng (devoted, that is, to music) crowding every corner of a great cathedral, and listening with rapt attention, hour after hour and day after day, to the masterpieces of famous composers.

It is better so, perhaps: yet as one sat behind a huge Norman pillar, and heard the waves of glorious harmony rolling through nave and aisles and choir and transepts, one seemed to listen once again to the words of the prophet of old: 'Son of man, thinkest thou that these bones shall live again? O Lord, thou knowest.'

September 23, 1927.

THE CULT OF THE WHITE ROSE

I AM writing this on the birthday, some two and a half centuries ago, of Anna, Queen of Sardinia, granddaughter of Charles I, and lineal ancestress of Maria-Theresa of Modena, Princess Regent of Bavaria, recognised by all true Legitimists as Mary III and IV of Britain, France and Ireland.

What a curious cult—one can hardly call it a creed—was that of the modern British Jacobites, who called themselves the ‘White Rose Society,’ and published annually their own *Legitimist Kalendar*, in which the claims not only of the Guelphs but of several other European reigning families were ruthlessly set aside and indeed wholly ignored. I have used the word ‘was,’ because one has not heard much of these good people since the late war. I think they still hang wreaths annually on the only respectable statue in London, and have a yearly memorial service (what they like to call a ‘requiem mass’) in some Anglican church in the city. But one does not hear much nowadays of Prince Rupert of Bavaria, son of the lady above referred to, and senior co-heir-general of the Royal Stuarts, as potential King of England by right divine.

In Oxford, thirty years ago or so, there was quite a flourishing branch of the ‘Legitimist League’ or ‘White Rose Society’ (I forget its official title), with its headquarters at Christ Church, and its secretary an enthusiastic undergraduate, only son of the then Primate of England. I mentioned to the Dean that I was invited to dine with the Society on the birthday of ‘Queen Mary III and IV’; and the good man was much perturbed. ‘Queen Victoria is the Visitor of Christ Church,’ he said, ‘and such a society cannot exist here.’ I assured him that it could and did, adding that I was certain that the young man from Bishophorpe Palace and his friends were not out for dynamite; but that as no one denied that Queen Victoria’s claim to the throne was a purely Parliamentary one, they thought them-

selves fully justified in agitating by constitutional means for the repeal of the Act of Settlement and restoration of the senior and Catholic line. I forget whether the Dean was satisfied ; but I went to the dinner, at which we drank the health of the Sovereign and confusion to the Pretender, although, as the old couplet runs :

Who the Pretender is, and who the King,
God bless my soul ! that's quite another thing !

The ' Queen by right divine ' was a comfortable German *haus-frau*, wife of the heir-presumptive to the Bavarian crown, and mother of an enormous family, and had, so far as I know, no idea at all of heading a forlorn hope, and risking a second Culloden, in order to recover the throne of her English ancestors. At the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee, she disconcerted her adherents in this country by announcing that she was sending over her son, Prince Rupert, to represent Bavaria at the celebrations in London, and did not wish him recognised or received, on this occasion, as *de jure* Duke of Cornwall. But the perfervid Legitimists of London could not be restrained. I happened to be present at Victoria Station when the Prince (then a mere youth) arrived ; and I recall his dismay when he stepped out on the platform and found himself welcomed with profound genuflexions by a deputation of the White Rose Society, headed by the Countess of Ashburnham, bearing a wreath of white roses as big as a cartwheel, which the unfortunate stripling had to accept and acknowledge. It was bundled by his valet into the brougham which bore him to the hotel where he was to sojourn.

The apostle of Jacobitism in Scotland in those days was one Theodore Napier, a short, stout man in a very abbreviated kilt, who used to strut about Princes Street, Edinburgh, in full Highland dress, and make fiery speeches at all sorts of anniversaries and centenaries connected with the Stuarts. After attending one of these gatherings he was so carried away as to despatch an ultra-loyal telegram to 'Queen Mary,' assuring her that Scotland was ready to die for her. This inspired me in turn with a set of verses which I copy here *ad rei memoriam*—they appeared first, I think, in some Scottish evening paper :

September 2, 1927.

A CALL TO ARMS

(Theodore Napier *log.*)

Awake, ye Jacobites, at last
 From slavish snooze and snore !
 The hour is come, the die is cast :
 My steed is at the door :
 My telegram is flying fast
 To Mary III and IV.

Too long with uncomplaining neck
 The Saxon yoke ye bore,
 And grovelled at the tyrant's beck
 Upon the tyrant's floor ;
 But now I give that tyrant ' check '
 With Mary III and IV.

There's no one knows so much as me
 (My grammar's rather sore)
 Of ancient Celtic history,
 And quaint sartorial lore :
 There's no one bends a barer knee
 To Mary III and IV.

Yet, though I push you from behind,
 And pull you from before,
 It seems to me you're disinclined
 To shed your loyal gore—
 Although I ask it (bear in mind)
 For Mary III and IV.

But when with your assistance I
 The Royal race restore,
 We'll cock our bonnets mighty high,
 And cry, 'Claymore! Claymore!'
Then there'll be pickings in the pie
 Of Mary III and IV.

Then every man shall wear the dress
 His fathers wore of yore :
 A kilt as short as mine, no less—
 The patriot read (and swore)
 A telegram : 'Gone. No address.'
 (Signed) 'Mary III and IV.'

THE PASSING OF A GREAT CHIEF

IN September, 1887, shortly after the Vanderbilts had entered on their tenancy of Beaufort, Lord Lovat, with his wife and daughter, drove from Inverness to Moy, for a shooting-party on Mackintosh's famous grouse moors. Next morning he started for the hill with his host and Cameron of Lochiel, but had hardly arrived on the ground when he fell down and died instantaneously. Thus suddenly passed away, to the grief of his family and devoted clansmen, the fourteenth Baron of Lovat and twenty-third chief of the Frasers. Suddenly, but not unprepared.

A professing and practising Catholic all his life, his last Communion had been on the day before his

death. And it was the death he would have wished. Like all true Highlanders, he revolted from a sick-room, and loved the open—the moors, the forests, the great hill-tops. His desire was that of the poet of nature: for ‘some fierce noble death, that leaps upon me while I move’; and it was granted him. He was only fifty-eight.

The American millionaire at once placed Beaufort Castle at the service of the family; and it was from the great house which he had himself built that the dead chief was carried to his last resting-place among the pine-woods in the quiet churchyard of Eskdale. One recalls the long wait in the little chapel, where the dirge was chanted by a choir of Benedictines from the monastery which he himself had founded.

Then in the distance the wail of the ‘Lovat Lament,’ played by the pipers of his own Cameron Highlanders; and the long, long procession of mourners following the bier—his young sons, and the heads or representatives of every great Highland house, Atholl, Sutherland, Chisholm, Grant, Macdonald, Mackintosh, Mackenzie, and many more. A Highland Bishop celebrated the Requiem Mass, assisted by two of the dead lord’s nearest relatives, both Benedictine monks. A moving rite, and one not to be forgotten.

Moving, too, was the scene some two years later, on the western seaboard of the great Lovat estates, when the pretty church, erected by Lady Lovat in memory of her husband, was opened at Morar, on the edge of the loch of the same name, the deepest in Britain. Morar has strangely dramatic associations with the Lovat family; for it was from his hiding-

place on an islet in this loch that old Simon of the '45, a broken and beaten fugitive, was dragged by George II's soldiers, and carried off on the long, weary march which was to end at the scaffold on Tower Hill.

The people of Morar have clung, almost to a man, to their ancient faith ; and one saw, on the morning of the opening festival, white-sailed boats scudding across the loch, bringing the faithful Highlanders from far-away glens to the joyous ceremony. They had an English sermon as well as a Gaelic one ; but I doubt whether, forty years ago, the great majority of the congregation understood anything except their own Celtic tongue.

How splendid is the tenacity with which, in certain favoured spots of the Highlands (and of the Lowlands, too), isolated groups of Scotsmen have adhered, through good and evil days, to the religion of their fathers. Not everywhere, thank God, has the prevailing Calvinism entered in and taken possession. Popery is still denounced from Presbyterian pulpits ; and still, year by year, the King's representative at Holyrood announces the continuance of the Royal gift of money originally granted to help in the extirpation of the ancient faith ; but all to no purpose.

The great industrial belt of Scotland, from Forth to Clyde, is very largely Catholic to-day, with a Catholic church and school in every town and village, unrestricted Catholic families, and a large and increasing body of devoted Catholic clergy. These, like their people, are mostly sprung, at least by descent, from Catholic Ireland.

But look further afield : to the country of the

Maxwells in Dumfriesshire, of the Gordons in Moray and Banff (nursing-mother of many Bishops), of the Macdonalds in Lochaber ; and further still, to Western Inverness-shire, and, even more remote, some of the most populous islands of the Hebrides. There you shall find Catholics who are neither immigrants nor converts (though for those, too, we thank God), but Scotsmen born and bred, pure and unmixed, who worship God as their fathers worshipped him, and will, by his grace, continue so doing to the end.

September 30, 1927.

ON CENTENARIANS—AND NEARLY

THAT fine old sportsman, and co-patriarch of the English Catholic nobility, William, eleventh Lord North of Kirtling, will have received many congratulations last Wednesday (October 5), when he entered on his ninety-second year. I have called him 'co-patriarch,' for he must share the honour with the venerable Earl of Abingdon, who kept his ninety-first birthday six months ago.

Both peers are converts to Catholicism, Lord Abingdon having been received into the Church in 1858, and Lord North, with his wife, a good many years later. He was in the prime of his sporting career at that time, and used to hunt with Lord Eglinton, his brother-in-law's, fox-hounds in Ayrshire.

'Billy North's' many friends were a little shy of him when he first appeared in the field as a 'holy Roman'; but they soon found, needless to say,

that he was just as good a man with hounds, and just as kind and jovial a comrade, as he had been before his conversion ; so all went well.

Lord North has loved hounds all his life, and not less since advancing age obliged him to drop fox-hounds for beagles, and beagles for bassets.

To be a nonagenarian is in itself a distinction. Lord North comes of a long-lived family : his grandfather was born one hundred and seventy years ago, and his mother lived to be nearly ninety. But to most of us fourscore, or a little over, seems the attainable limit, and even then it is often enough what the Psalmist called it, 'labour and sorrow.'

As to centenarians, which of us has ever known, or spoken with, a man or woman who had passed, beyond question, the hundredth milestone ? Very few, I opine. I can claim the rare privilege in the case of that gallant soldier the late Sir George Higginson. He was a connection of mine through his Irish mother, who died at ninety-eight.

I remember him a Guardsman of twenty years' service when I was a schoolboy ; and I had the pleasure of shaking his hand a few days after he had kept his hundredth birthday, on Midsummer Day, 1926.

A record, and a very interesting one ; and a confutation of a famous article written many years ago by Sir G. C. Lewis, expressing his absolute scepticism as to anybody, from Methuselah down to the present day, ever having lived to a hundred or beyond.

Certainly centenarians are very rare birds ; and it is curious to note how many men have missed the

goal by only a hair's breadth. Mrs. Haldane, mother of the ex-Chancellor, lived to keep her centenary and receive royal congratulations: kind, serene, and cheerful to the last.

I knew a good brother in a northern monastery—possibly the oldest monk in Christendom—whom his brethren tended with loving care, hoping to see him reach his century; but he died at ninety-nine. His father had been 'out' in the 'Forty-five with Prince Charlie; and the old man knew the name and history of every Highlander (Catholic to a man) in his native glen who had joined in that sad adventure.

The Earls of Halsbury, Cranbrook, and Wemyss all lived to a few years short of a hundred. I recall their names because a friend of mine (a mere youth of seventy-seven) once told me he had been dining with all three at the House of Lords. 'What was the *menu*?' I asked: 'basins of gruel and rusks sopped in milk?' 'Not at all,' replied my friend: 'they all ate an excellent dinner, and drank a bottle of port, which *I* can't touch.'

One of the most famous centenarians in Oxford, or in England, in modern days was Martin Routh, the president of Magdalen for sixty-three years. (I call him a centenarian, but he died a few months short of his hundredth year.)

I never saw him, but heard from his friends many authentic stories of the fine old man, who had seen Dr. Johnson fumbling with books on the Bodleian shelves, and had been accustomed to speak of the 'late troubles,' meaning the Revolution of 1689. This sounds incredible, but Routh's father had been born in 1726, when James II's abdication was little

further off than the death of Queen Victoria is to us to-day.

The old President was the last man in England to wear a wig—not an official or ceremonial wig, like a judge's, a bishop's, or a state coachman's, but a wig as part of his daily attire. Eighty years ago he gave to a young student a precept which has become immortal: 'Always verify references.'

A High Churchman of the old school, he welcomed the Anglican revival under Pusey and Newman; and Newman, with his unfailing felicity of phrase, dedicated one of his books 'To Martin Joseph Routh, who has been reserved to hand down to a forgetful generation the theology of their forefathers.'

October 7, 1927.

A DON OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Two elderly Oxford Dons were taking their morning 'constitutional' round Christ Church Walks. 'It seems to me,' said one, 'that one never meets now the eccentric old characters whom one used to see in Oxford in our young days.' 'Does it not strike you, my dear friend,' returned the other, 'that perhaps you and I may be the eccentric old characters to the present generation?'

I am reminded of this anecdote by a notice which I have been reading of a book of reminiscences just published by a 'Victorian Lady' (as the reviewer calls her), one of the many sisters of the distinguished Conservative statesman, the Earl of Midleton.

Mrs. Gell (*née* Brodrick) tells of the days she spent in Oxford as hostess for her uncle, the then Warden of Merton. The Hon. George Brodrick, whom I remember well in later years, was certainly one of the eccentric characters of the place—lovably eccentric, I hasten to add, for he had a host of friends, and, as far as I know, no enemies.

A quaint enough figure he was, as one met him walking through the old streets, with his spare figure, somewhat bent, one hand always pressed into the small of his back, the other grasping a stout stick ; and his shrewd, kindly face, with shaggy eyebrows and prominent teeth, which gained for him the playful nickname of ‘*Curius Dentatus*.’

He rode sometimes, too, ambling with rather uneasy seat over the cobble-stones (all the Oxford roads were cobbled in those pre-bicycle days). I always felt rather sorry for the horse.

Mrs. Gell was, I think, one of several nieces who used to come from time to time to keep house for their bachelor uncle in his quaint house (now replaced by a much more splendid edifice, outside the college precincts altogether).

‘I wonder you don’t think of marrying, Warden,’ once ventured an intimate friend : ‘think what a help a wife would be to you in the way of entertaining and so on.’ ‘Undoubtedly,’ was the rejoinder, ‘she would be of very great service to me during term-time ; but then what on earth should I do with her during the Long Vacation ?’

I once told this story to the editor of a great daily paper, who capped it by quoting the Warden’s reply to someone who had remarked how well the niece then in residence seemed to get on with the members

of the college. 'Yes,' returned the Warden, 'I think I may say that my niece, without in the slightest degree infringing the canons of maidenly decorum, has established with the undergraduate members of the college a spirit of *camaraderie* which is extremely gratifying.' It was one of his most marked characteristics that he invariably 'spoke like a book.'

The mention of a great daily recalls the fact that George Brodrick, before coming to Oxford, was for some time a leader-writer on the '*Times* newspaper' (as he always styled it) under the famous Delane. 'On one particular day,' he would remark, 'it happened that all the three leading articles in the paper were from my pen.'

He would also tell how, when Cavour died, in 1861, Delane sent an express messenger to his room, asking him to write an appreciative article on the great Italian statesman for next morning's issue. 'It was late at night, and I knew practically nothing about the man; but, with the help of my reference library, and under the stimulus of several cups of strong black tea, I completed in time the required article, which was pronounced by some critics to evince a very remarkable, and evidently life-long, familiarity with the subject!'

'The *Times* newspaper,' I once heard the Warden observe at his Sunday luncheon-table, at which there were generally some distinguished week-end visitors, 'appears to me nowadays somewhat lacking in the literary flavour which it formerly possessed. I read the three leading articles in the issue of yesterday; and it seemed to me that they might have been written—well,' added the old gentleman,

as he surveyed his guests—‘by anyone sitting at this table.’

The Warden’s ecclesiastical sympathies were decidedly Low Church ; and I think he was an original member of the National Club in Whitehall, an Evangelical institution where card-playing and smoking were discouraged, and where members were aroused from their after-dinner nap by the clanging of a bell summoning them to evening prayers.

Personally he was a kindly and tolerant man, and he was on terms of friendship with the clerical head of one of the Catholic halls, who was often his guest. ‘I do not think,’ he once said with a twinkle in his eye, ‘that Father X is the kind of man who would wish to put Me in the fire, and poke up the flames !’

The Warden, just before a dinner-party at his own house, informed his clerical friend that a young Catholic graduate had that day been elected a Fellow of the college, and that no objection whatever had been raised on the score of the candidate’s religion. ‘Most gratifying,’ murmured the Catholic, his fellow-guests smiling their approval. ‘Yes,’ concluded the host, ‘and I may say it would have been the same thing, I believe, had he been a Christian Scientist, a Jew, or possibly an esoteric Buddhist !’

I last saw the good Warden at a big garden-party on the wettest afternoon of a wet summer. In acknowledgement of some sympathetic remark on the weather, he replied in a melancholy tone, but sententious to the last : ‘I am now beginning to labour under an apprehension, which does not, how-

ever, yet amount to a certainty, that the damp on this grass has penetrated through my goloshes !' He died, I think, not very long afterwards ; but I trust that the humidity of the lawn did not contribute towards hastening his demise.

October 14, 1927.

ENGLISH WINE FROM ENGLISH GRAPES

It pleased me, driving the other day through the quaint old town of Tewkesbury, to read ' Vineyard Lane ' at the entrance of a narrow street near the noble abbey church. I remembered the same, or similar, street nomenclature elsewhere, at Abingdon, and I think Bury St. Edmunds ; and I fell to musing how the monks of old, anyhow in the south and west of England, all had their vineyards, and made good store of wine : wine for their own drinking and that of their numerous guests, wine for their poor retainers, wine (the best) for the service of the many altars of their abbey church and the many churches dependent on it.

And one finds mention in the old chronicles of an official (subordinate, doubtless, to the cellarer) called sometimes the *viticola*, or the *minister vinarius*, or by the odd name of *vitigator*, under whose special charge the abbey vineyard, and its pleasant product, must have been.

Does anyone make wine in this country nowadays ? In my young days we children used to gather geans and sloes (both sour beyond conception), and sweet

ripe blackberries (called 'brambles' in those parts) for the still-room.

The still-room maid (do still-rooms and still-room maids still exist in country houses?) distilled from these humble fruits delectable and syrupy drinks—cherry wine, sloe wine, and blackberry cordial.

Lime-blossoms provided a beverage of more medicinal kind, called lime-tea; and I remember a sweet foaming drink strongly flavoured with spruce fir-cones; but this last, I think, emanated from the butler's pantry.

English wines from English flowers are not, I think, quite extinct to-day. Talking lately with the lodge-keeper's wife at a ducal castle in the south, I heard with interest of the many wines she confected, each in its season.

Gooseberry wine, equal, I am sure, to the vintage which the Vicar of Wakefield's good wife gave to the friends who went out of their way to taste it: cowslip wine; elder-flower wine; and dandelion wine, of which, said my informant, her husband (an old soldier who had seen service) drank two good glasses every day.

Could one drink fourteen glasses of dandelion wine a week, and still live? 'Some people like a dash of brandy in the wine,' said the good lady: 'it does improve it, perhaps.' I am sure she was right.

But it was wine made from English grapes I set out to write about, and in this *win-monath*, or wine-month, as our Saxon fathers called October, I look back thirty years, to vintage-time at Cardiff. All day long, in the autumn sunshine, a procession of

carts laden with clusters of purple grapes made its way from the vine-clad slopes beneath Castle Coch to the pressing-rooms within the precincts of Cardiff Castle.

The new vintage had been duly blessed by a Benedictine Father, who had no grapes of his own to bless, for vines did not flourish in his far northern abbey, somewhere about the latitude of mid-Siberia. The lord of the Cardiff vineyards desired their choicest products to be made into altar-wine for the Catholic churches and chapels in which he was interested ; and he, his wife, and his daughter, spent several hours in picking the best berries from the bunches, with this destination in view.

I believe the altar wine was insufficiently fortified with alcohol, and was therefore not a success. But the best of the Cardiff wine, especially the vintages of 1885 and 1893, was of very excellent quality, and when fully matured commanded a very high price.

In these days of heavy and increasing duty on foreign wines, one would think that, given suitable soil and sufficient sunshine—the last an uncertain factor enough—it would pay English farmers to turn their attention to viticulture.

The late Mr. Gladstone, in one of his last public utterances, urged the Cheshire farmers to adopt ‘ what our French friends call “ la petite culture,” ’ and to grow grapes and strawberries, tomatoes and flowers, for the market instead of unprofitable wheat.

The G.O.M. had a reputation for omniscience as great as Whewell’s, but he made a bit of a howler here. ‘ What our French friends call “ la petite

culture " " does not mean growing miscellaneous vegetables instead of corn, but cultivating small holdings instead of large.

I am writing this in the heart of the cider country, where, after the sunless summer of this year, great supplies of apples will have to be imported from France to eke out the scanty home crop.

Cider is said in these parts to be a certain (and pleasant) specific against gout and rheumatism. 'It may be so,' I remarked to an enthusiast for apple-juice, 'but I am told that the Worcestershire peasantry suffer more from rheumatism than any country folk in England.' 'Exactly so,' returned my friend; 'and if they didn't drink cider they would all be dead!'

October 21, 1927.

THE TRANSLATION OF A GREAT BISHOP

A QUARTER of a century after his death, the remains of the beloved and venerated Miecislav Ledochowsky, Cardinal Archbishop of Gnesen-Posen, have been translated from Rome to the cathedral city of his Polish See, which he administered nine years from his episcopal palace, two from a Prussian prison, and nine more as an exile in Rome.

My thoughts are carried back to a March morning (the morrow of St. Benedict's feast), fifty-one years ago in Rome, when the Polish prelate and confessor, only a few days released from his dungeon at Ostrowo, and bearing on his noble countenance

marks of all he had suffered for the faith and liberties of Holy Church, was a conspicuous figure in a great gathering convened by Pius IX in the Hall of Consistory of the Vatican.

Surrounding the Sovereign Pontiff, then in his eighty-fifth year, was a galaxy of Cardinals—Schwartzemberg, Chigi, Hohenlohe, Bonaparte, Borromeo, Riario, Sforza, and others bearing great historic names. Eminences, too, were present from foreign countries, Belgium, Ireland, France, and even far New York; for to-day the Pope was to receive a great International Deputation, come from many lands to pay homage to the despoiled Prisoner of the Vatican.

Lord St. Asaph (afterwards fifth Earl of Ashburnham), convert and enthusiastic Carlist and Legitimist, headed the English contingent of twenty-six, of whom I think the Hon. Bernard Maxwell and the present writer are the sole survivors. After the fine address read by the Duc des Cars, and responded to by the aged Pontiff with wonderful vigour and eloquence, many members of the deputation were presented to the Polish Cardinal (who, like so many of his countrymen, spoke French with great fluency), and were much impressed by his singular charm of manner and address.

The Primate of Poland had been raised to the purple two years before, whilst still in rigorous confinement (we English thought of the precedent of our own William Allen, three centuries before); and ten days after the gathering I have mentioned he took the prescribed oath, and received from the Pope the biretta, ring, and kiss of peace, and the Presbyterial title of St. Maria in Ara Cœli.

Advanced to the Cardinalitial dignity at the same time was the eminent Jesuit theologian John Baptist Franzelin. I do not think Ledochowsky ever quitted Rome again. He never, of course, acknowledged the sentence of deposition pronounced on him by the Prussian Government, and continued to govern his extensive diocese from his modest apartments in the Vatican, treating with calm indifference the accusations and protests of his German enemies, who three times in the next two years sentenced him to fresh imprisonment for 'arrogating episcopal rights.'

I have a vivid recollection of the next (and I think the last) time I saw the great Polish prelate. It was at Eastertime, 1877, and he was just coming out of the Pope's private apartments after a long audience.

There were several Cardinals in the anti-camera, and I heard what Ledochowsky said to a little group of his eminent colleagues. 'The Holy Father is wonderful—wonderful. We come from the ends of the earth to try to console him in his trials and misfortunes; but what really happens? I come into the anti-camera, and find your Eminences sitting round with long faces, *gementes ac flentes* over the sad state of Holy Church. Then I go in to the Holy Father, who has suffered more—much more—than all of us; and he receives me with a smile and a little joke and a pinch of snuff, and kind words for everyone, even his bitter enemies. In fact, instead of our coming to the Pope to comfort him in his troubles, it is he who comforts us in ours.'

Yes, the Vicar of Christ had learned that lesson, the lesson of serenity and charity and forgiveness, from his Divine Master long ago; and I think the good bishop had learnt it, too.

So now, after long years, the exiled Archbishop goes back to his dear Poland, to rest among his own people whom he loved so well. There is a great fourteenth-century cathedral at Gnesen, the largest in Poland, whither thousands of pilgrims journey every year to venerate the body of St. Adalbert in its silver sarcophagus. But it is in the other cathedral of his twin-diocese, the cathedral of Posen, now known once again by its Polish name of Poznan, that the Archbishop, when dying, expressed his desire to rest.

It is an uninteresting enough eighteenth-century church, noted, however, for its famous 'Golden Chapel' of Rauch. There, among the graves and monuments of many of his predecessors in the See, Miecislav Ledochowsky will sleep well, but not forgotten; for he will live always in the grateful memories of the faithful Polish people for whom he laboured and suffered.

October 28, 1927.

‘WHY DON’T MEN COME TO CHURCH?’

I CAME across this stimulating headline as the title of a series of short articles in a journal which I was perusing the other day in the train on my way to Lancashire. Editors of popular papers are fond nowadays of serving up these *symposia* on subjects of the day for the delectation of their readers.

A big London daily has lately been inviting the whole Bench of Anglican Bishops to answer the even more stimulating query, ‘What is wrong with

the Church ? ' for the enlightenment of its million readers. But their Lordships, I fancy, are a bit shy of the implied proposition, and have not risen to the editorial fly.

The writers in my weekly paper seemed to be mostly ministers or adherents of the ' Free Churches ' (as Dissenting chapels call themselves now), and their answers to the question propounded were, like Sam Weller's acquaintance with London public houses, ' extensive and peculiar.' Stuffy churches, draughty churches, uncomfortable seats, too long services, mawkish and sentimental hymn-singing, over-insistence on dogma and a general mustiness and want of up-to-dateness in the average pulpit utterances, were all unkindly emphasised as factors in the absence of males from the pews.

I saw no expression of ' Anglo-Catholic ' opinion on the subject ; nor had any Catholic priest or layman intervened to explain ' Why Men Don't Come to Church.' Perhaps none had been asked : if one had been, he might, and probably would, have replied in two words : ' They do.'

My week-end visit to Lancashire coincided with the annual rally of the local C.Y.M.S. in a church on the outskirts of a great grimy town with a considerable Catholic population. It was a blustery Sunday, spirits of chilly rain alternating with fierce gusts of north-east wind. A procession of men, two miles long, marched from the centre of the town to the outlying church.

The banners which would have brightened the rather dreary road were perforce left behind, and the blasts with which the Bugle Band of the Boys' Brigade accompanied the procession were nearly

blown down their own throats. But the C.Y.M.S. came bravely on, nearly eight hundred strong, and singing as they went. Notices on all the church doors indicated 'Admission for Men Only'; and it was well, for the building—nave, aisles, gallery, passages—was packed to overflowing.

'Men only.' What do you think of that, Mr. Editor, with your pathetic and fatuous query, 'Why Don't Men Come to Church?' Go to Lancashire: see them at their prayers and hear them sing their hymns; and you too will answer your own peevish question in two words: 'They do.'

I have mentioned Lancashire because my late experience there comes first to my hand and freshest to my memory; but it is not, of course, peculiar to Lancashire, or to England, or to these islands. Everywhere, all over Christendom, there are, unhappily, men who have given up the practice of their religion, and women who (God bless them!) have to keep the lamp of faith alight in their own and their children's souls.

But my thesis is this; and it is not guess-work, for I speak of what I have seen and know: Wherever the Church of God has a free hand, wherever her influence is allowed to work unrestricted and unfettered, there you will find men as firm, as fervent, as faithful in fulfilling their religious obligations, and performing their religious duties, as women. It would be a libel and an injustice to say otherwise.

My memories carry me back to the villages of the fair Italian lake-land (not the lakes themselves, partly paganised as the playground of countless tourists); and I recall the quiet words of a good parish priest: 'Signor, my people fear God, men

and women alike : they keep his commands and the commands of Holy Church. You have seen them at Mass, at Communion, at their evening prayer in the church after the day's work. Grievous sin is unknown among them. God be thanked.'

I think, too, of old, happy days in South Germany, where three countries meet, and the infant Danube flows through green meadows under white limestone cliffs. A land of pilgrimages and wayside shrines and simple homely piety and devotion. And the men of the Bavarian Highlands—the Passion-players of Ammergau. Does any country produce a breed of stauncher and manlier Catholics than one finds among those deep-blue lakes and purple mountains ? I know of none.

Or take Portugal, sometimes deemed the Cinderella of Catholic lands. Avoid noisy, squalid, quarrelsome, Freemason-ridden Lisbon as you would a pestilence, and go north to beautiful Braga, or to spend some weeks or months, as I once did, among the pious, law-abiding, God-fearing, industrious peasantry who work in the port-wine district, where the purple grapes are festooned between tall grey pillars of stone.

I spent Lent and Easter there : the churches on Sunday were always full : the women, who had doffed their wooden shoes and black porkpie hats on entering (but their heads still closely veiled), packed under the gallery, and the whole body of the church filled with men. ' Yes,' said my friend, who owned most of the vineyards thereabouts : ' they are good workers and good Christians. They all come to Mass, and they all fulfil their Easter duties.' A cheering summary !

Our good editor, with his symposium of pessimists, knows nothing of these things ; but he will, for I hope to send him a copy of this paper. And I will ask him when he has a chance, to enter some great French church in Paris or Lyons or Marseilles, when there is a gathering (as in my Lancashire town, but a far greater one) of Men Only, to hear a conference or a sermon on the duties of a Christian and a Catholic. Let him put his question in a different form : ' Where, and why, do men come to church ? ' The Catholic Church, all the world over, will give him his answer.

November 5, 1927.

KING EDWARD VII AND CATHOLICS

WHEN, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, a clever pupil of the City of London School matriculated at Balliol College under the name of Solomon Lazarus, probably not even his shrewd and eminent master, Benjamin Jowett, who knew what his clever undergraduates were capable of rising to, foresaw that the young London Jew would as Sidney Lee—the change of name is said to have been suggested by Jowett himself—rise to the highest distinction in English letters, and would crown his career by writing a book which the whole English-speaking world is reading, the biography of perhaps the most popular king who ever reigned in England.

Sir Sidney Lee's masterly volumes (the second, unhappily, posthumous) are being reviewed, and can be considered, from many angles of vision. I have been musing, after closing the final volume, on the

distinguished author and his Royal subject, and on the passages in the Life of most interest to Catholics.

Describing, as he does in some detail, King Edward's extreme reluctance to pronounce the offensive Declaration against Catholic doctrine required of him when opening Parliament, the author seems nervously anxious to assure us that the King's feelings were due to his tolerant spirit, 'not to any leanings towards Roman Catholicism.'

And later on, when Edward VII pressed, and carried out, his intention of visiting Pope Leo XIII, in spite of the British Prime Minister's disapproval, we have more commonplaces from Sir Sidney about the King's admirable 'tolerance for religious beliefs other than his own.'

This curious insistence on 'tolerance' and 'toleration' as an all-sufficing explanation of King Edward's attitude towards Catholicism is, I think, quite intelligible. To the Jewish race toleration is, if not the supreme good, at least one of the most desirable things in life—a thing which they have been trying to secure for themselves—not always with success—for nearly twenty centuries in every country of Christendom.

Therefore Sir Sidney Lee commends King Edward's 'tolerance'—perhaps the highest virtue in his eyes. But personally I do not in the least believe that the word adequately expresses Edward VII's attitude or feeling towards the Catholic religion and those who professed it.

It was not mere tolerance which inspired his warm regard and esteem for Henry Duke of Norfolk—a man, if there ever was one, whose Catholicism made

him what he was—when he came into intimate touch with him during the long preparations for the Coronation.

It was not out of mere 'toleration' that he expressed to the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, when visiting Ireland in 1903, his sorrow at the death of Leo XIII—and that in terms as sincere, as heartfelt, and as moving (as the Archbishop himself described them) as any Catholic Prince could have used on a like occasion.

It was not as one simply tolerant of other men's beliefs that Edward VII, first of English Kings since the Plantagenets, crossed the threshold of the Papal Palace in Rome, and assured the Supreme Pontiff, in a memorable interview, of his deep interest in the welfare of the millions of Catholics who owned his sway.

Yet another precedent. King Edward alone among English Protestant sovereigns assisted many times at Holy Mass—on the first occasion, more than half a century ago, at a marriage in the Kensington pro-Cathedral, when his Premier, W. E. Gladstone, refused to attend, as he himself told Count Beust, 'lest there should be a popular outcry.'

In 1889 he attended another Nuptial Mass, at the Oratory; and twenty years later was officially present at a Requiem Mass celebrated for the murdered King of Portugal.

When staying at Marienbad he several times assisted at a Mass of thanksgiving on the Emperor of Austria's birthday; and the Premonstratensian abbot of Tepl, a warm personal friend of the English King, told the White Canons of his community how

the King did not look on this service as a mere formality, but followed every detail of it, missal in hand, with attention, veneration, and respect.

King Edward often visited convents and Catholic hospitals—much oftener than was reported in the newspapers—and was always interested by what he saw and heard there. ‘*Molto, molto amabile*’ was the verdict passed on him by the Superior of a famous Roman convent which he visited.

The recent death of the Duke of Braganza, whose mother (widow of King Miguel) was for years a Benedictine nun in the Isle of Wight, recalls the pretty story still told in the community of Ste. Cécile of King Edward’s visit to his royal and cloistered kinswoman at West Cowes.

The good nun assured him that she would pray every day that he might become a saint. Taken aback by this unaccustomed language, he was for a moment silent and then exclaimed with his most genial smile: ‘Thank you very much—very much indeed.’

Our biographer knows and says nothing of these incidents, which might be multiplied indefinitely, and have their own interest for Catholics. His account of the King’s death makes melancholy reading enough; but he, at least, does not know the whole and true history of those last hours.

Indeed, all through these pages, interesting as they are, there is little or no proof of any intimate knowledge of his subject. It is the Prince and the King we see, rather than the man. And there are slips and errors which should not be there.

The present Prince of Wales is twice, with a kind of uneasy familiarity, called ‘Prince Eddie,’ a name

which he never bore. The proper designation of Princess Mary's elder son is not ' Master Lascelles ' ; and the author should have known better than to talk of the ' rebaptism ' of Princess Ena, the future Queen of Spain.

A good book : one to read and perhaps to keep. But it has its limitations and defects.

November 12, 1927.

GLIMPSES OF AN EMPEROR

I AM writing this on the birthday of Edward VII, on certain aspects of whose life and reign I had something to say last week. And I have just remembered the coincidence that November 9 is also the anniversary of the abdication of King Edward's redoubtable and irrepressible nephew, William, second German Emperor.

Once the *enfant terrible* of Europe (one never thought of him in those days as even elderly, though he was nearly sixty when the crash came), and now—a bent old man with whitening hair and beard, dreaming of God knows what as he potters about his Dutch garden. Truly a strange, eventful history ! Can it be paralleled, except in that of Napoleon ?

I have three vivid recollections of William Second-to-None. The first at Berlin : the War Lord riding through the Unter-den-Linden with his two sons and a brilliant staff, the traffic on the pavement stopped, and all faces turned towards the imperial cavalcade as it passed.

' After all, the man is a mountebank ! ' muttered, too loudly, an Englishman impatient of the delay,

and promptly found himself escorted to the police station, charged with *Majestätsbeleidigung* (lèse-majesté) in the second degree. 'I named no names: ask your policeman,' he said in self-defence. 'No,' admitted the constable, 'but when he said 'the man is a mountebank,' I knew he must have meant our Kaiser!' So the Englishman got off and the policeman was charged instead.

My second glimpse was at Windsor, in the last years of Queen Victoria. The Great Western station: a guard of honour on the platform: royal carriages in waiting. The special train draws in, punctual to the moment: the All-Highest emerges in the uniform of a colonel of British Dragoons. Whilst he hurriedly inspects the guard, a swarm of Eton boys are busy (as their custom and privilege is) unharnessing the bays from the leading landau, and crowding between the shafts.

I fancy that this traditional compliment was new to the imperial visitor: he seemed disconcerted for a moment. Was it *Majestätsbeleidigung* over again? No: there was a hurried explanation: the Emperor climbed into the carriage, and astonished his young escort by standing up to make them a speech: "My de-ar poys!" (vociferous cheering) 'it is a fery great bleasure to me to come once more to beautiful Windsor to visit my dear gr-r-randmamma.' I heard no more: the carriage started suddenly amid renewed cheers, and I saw the imperial helmet bobbing up and down as the equipage bumped and swayed up the steep, stony street to the Castle.

It was, I think, a little later than this, just before the South African War, that I saw William II for the

third and last time, at Blenheim Palace, where he was paying a short visit to the Duke of Marlborough. Those who had gone over from Oxford to pay their respects to his Majesty were duly presented, but he was a man of many moods, and did not show himself particularly genial or cordial on this occasion.

I heard afterwards that he had been especially studying up, in view of this visit, the military exploits of his host's renowned ancestor, and was disappointed, and, indeed, a good deal out of humour, at finding the Duke much less conversant with them than he had expected.

The Emperor spoke to me about the Benedictines in Germany, in whom he seemed interested, and mentioned the Bishop of Metz, a member of the Order, as his 'good friend' (I believe he quarrelled with him later). He asked me if I knew the Abbey of Maria-Laach, in the Rhineland; and when I said that I had visited it some years previously, 'go there again,' said his Majesty, 'and see the high altar I have given to the church: it is very noble.'

The good monks, I am sure, knew the proverb about not looking a gift horse (especially when the gift was an emperor's) in the mouth; but, as a matter of fact, the imperial present, a marble altar in Renaissance style, was, and is, quite out of keeping with the architecture of the most beautiful and perfect Romanesque church in Germany, if not in Christendom.

Although personally quite unsympathetic towards Catholicism (as he showed very markedly on the occasion of the conversion of a near relative), Kaiser William had a real respect and regard for his Catholic subjects, who numbered nearly 40 per cent

of the population, both in Prussia proper, and among the 60,000,000 inhabitants of the Empire.

The relations between Church and State were on the whole harmonious under his rule, a state of things largely due to the statesmanlike qualities of the Prince Bishop of Breslau, Cardinal Kopp ; and he regarded the Catholic Church as a bulwark, and his ally, against the social-democratic advance which he feared and hated.

He greatly prized the gold medal of St. Benedict presented to him by the Abbot of Monte Cassino when he visited that monastery ; and it was always conspicuous among his decorations when he paid visits to the Catholic Bishops of the Empire, Breslau, Gnesen, Strasbourg, Hildesheim, or Metz. I think that German Catholics on the whole had a loyal affection for their sovereign, and sincerely regretted his downfall.

November 19, 1927.

THE MONTH OF REMEMBRANCE

WRITING in these last days of November, a month so inseparably associated with our remembrance of, and our duties towards, the faithful departed, I am led to reflect how much in these latter years the commemoration of their dead has come to be part of the religious life of our non-Catholic friends.

I am not thinking of dirges and requiems and similar observances, practised by the small minority of Protestants whose whim it is to copy Rome in all things ; but rather of that general, widespread, and (as I see it) pathetic desire to keep in touch in some

way—it hardly amounts in most cases to more than that—with loved ones who have passed beyond the veil.

It seems to me that this novel view—novel, that is, to those outside the Church—of their relations towards the departed originated very largely in two events dating from the beginning of this century: the South African War and the death of Queen Victoria.

All over England, for the first time, practically, within living memory (for the Crimean War was already almost ancient history), there was mourning for young lives suddenly wiped out thousands of miles from home. For Catholics, faith bridged the gulf, linked them closer than ever with their loved and lost, and sent them down on their knees in prayer for their dear ones' souls.

In Protestants, who had no such faith, no such consolation, and no such practice, there awoke a dumb yearning to do something, they knew not what, to mitigate what seemed like a hopeless separation from their beloved dead.

And then, in the middle of these bereavements and heartsearchings, came—suddenly, too—the passing of the great Queen; and everywhere her mourning people longed instinctively to do something more to keep in touch with her, even after death, than to attire themselves in black and read long accounts of stately funeral rites in the newspapers.

A curious wave of indignation surged over Protestant England when Cardinal Vaughan, with an almost blunt directness, reminded Catholics that the Church's solemn rites for the departed could not be celebrated for one who had died outside that Church's visible communion.

'*Your* Church may not pray in public for our dead,' they wailed, 'neither for our soldiers nor for our Sovereign. Nor does *our* Church make, in her formularies and her liturgy, any provision for such prayers or suffrages. Something we must do for them : what shall it be ? '

The outcome was the establishment of those 'memorial services' which have now a regular and recognised place in the religious economy of Protestant England.

Two features strike a Catholic in connection with these commemorative services, notified almost daily in the public Press. First, they are held, practically always, for important people only. The ordinary Christian, dying in village, town, or country, is laid to rest in the neighbouring churchyard, his nearest relatives and friends standing round his grave.

But when the prince, the great peer, the landed magnate, the famous soldier or actor or poet dies in his country home, very, very few of his friends now trouble about journeying as they used to do to assist at his actual funeral rites. All they need do, and all they *do* do as a rule, is to attend, at a convenient hour, a 'memorial service' at some conveniently near-by church in Mayfair or Belgravia, Kensington or Westminster.

The tribute of respect is thus easily paid ; and their names, as having done the proper thing, duly appear (for reporters are always present) in next morning's paper.

One could not help feeling that such an act of worship as the above could be of but little benefit to those taking part in it, or (least of all) to the poor soul whom it was intended to commemorate.

But should, or may, Catholics assist at such services at all? The late Cardinal of Westminster emphatically said no, and in particular on one notable occasion, which many may still remember. But since then has appeared the great *Codex* of Benedict XV, in which I read (Canon 1258): 'A passive or merely material presence may be tolerated, for reasons of civil duty and honour, at [non-Catholic] funerals, weddings, and *similar solemnities* [*similibusque solemnitiis*].'

I have heard no official interpretation of the words 'similar solemnities.' Perhaps it covers Protestant memorial services: certainly they are attended by Catholics whose orthodoxy is unimpeachable and undoubted. It is not for me to say that they are wrong.

Secondly, what one cannot but notice is the sad inadequacy, the melancholy insignificance (in its literal sense) of these largely attended memorial rites. I was present at one not long ago, held for a cousin, an aged lady with a wide circle of devoted friends.

The church, a favourite one for such functions, was full: there were white flowers and lighted candles: a group of choristers, sweet-voiced but inarticulate, sang several hymns: the vicar read a chapter ('impressively' I think the word is), recited some prayers, and preached a panegyric on the poor lady, in the middle of which at least a third of the congregation hurried out of the church.

This premature and unseemly exodus was, I found, due to the fact of their being another memorial service at Westminster, half an hour later than ours, for a distinguished general lately deceased; and

many people wished it to be known that they had put in an appearance at both.

November 25, 1927.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT ANGELS

It is exactly seventy years since Frederick William Faber, Superior of the London Oratory, dedicated a little volume, called *Ethel's Book of Angels*, to Lady Etheldreda Fitzalan Howard, then a child of eight, the future Sister of Charity whose privately printed biography—a beautiful record of a beautiful life—I have just had the privilege of reading. 'Suppose,' Faber wrote, 'we take angels instead of fairies, and the dead instead of ghosts, and see how we get on.'

All children, I feel sure, love instinctively to think and hear about God's angels; and it is a consolation to know that even in Protestant nurseries, where the little ones know nothing at all about the fascinating lives of the saints, they are made familiar from babyhood, in Scripture stories and hymns and pictures, with the existence and ministry of angels.

We loved as children to look on pictures of these celestial messengers, with their serene countenances (perhaps of rather too exclusively feminine type), pearly or iridescent wings, and clinging gold-embroidered robes; and I am sure it was in no spirit of irreverence that I once inquired how the angels got their nightgowns over their long wings, or if they hooked on their wings afterwards.

I do not think that the Church's teaching as to angels being an entirely different order of beings

from men is fully realised by non-Catholics. Nothing is more widely spread among them than the belief that good people when they die—men, women, children and all—immediately become angels, or even archangels. How often will a bereaved parent, husband or wife, brother or sister, reply to your condolence with the phrase, ‘I know that my dear one is now a bright angel in heaven.’

I remember noting down, years ago, a curious expression used by Archbishop Tait in accepting an address of condolence on the sudden death of his only son : ‘I can only bow in the belief that he was wanted for some other duty in God’s immediate presence.’ The Catholic’s first instinct is to pray, and get prayers, for his beloved dead : the Protestant finds comfort in the belief (whatever its foundation) that his lost one is already an angel, and that all is well.

The great archangels have, I regret to say, to some extent fallen out of the revised Kalendars of recent years. St. Michael, thank God, holds his own at Michaelmas time, but his May festival is no longer of universal obligation ; and Gabriel and Raphael are, I think, in like case, though the angel guardians have still all their old honours.

I am writing this under the shadow of a noble minster church, whereof St. Michael and all the angels are patrons, and where they still claim their full meed of liturgical observance. St. Michael’s statue, holding aloft the sword of victory, stands in the minster garden ; and I remember how a visitor, a good Anglican clergyman, reading on the angelic shield the triumphant and traditional question, ‘*Quis ut Deus ?*’—‘Who is like to God ?’—took

the interrogative pronoun for a relative, and murmured reprovingly : ' A great archangel, no doubt, perhaps the greatest ; yet I should hesitate to describe him as one " who is like unto God." '

John Henry Newman, on whose early life Swedenborgian doctrines had no little influence, tells us somewhere of one tenet then impressed on him and never afterwards lost sight of—a belief both vivid and profound in the constant and almost visible ministry of angels.

I once had the honour of conducting Bishop Hedley, who had the deepest veneration for the great Oratorian, on a little pilgrimage from Oxford to Littlemore, which he had never seen. As we stood within the simple village church (where Newman himself had stood, and wept, when he revisited Oxford many long years after his conversion) I pointed out to the Bishop the tablet on the north wall commemorating the laying of the foundation of the church by Newman's mother. Characteristically, he had had introduced into the design a representation of an angel standing beside his mother, and assisting her in her pious task.

The symbolism was misunderstood, and the relief was taken by some to represent the Annunciation, with Mrs. Newman as the Blessed Virgin. This misconception wounded the humility of the founder, who directed the sculptor to introduce a mallet into the lady's hand, and some scaffolding in the background, so as to make clear the meaning of the device.

Over and over again, in both his Protestant and Catholic writings, Newman brings in the *nearness* of angels with a simplicity and naturalness which show

what was his own intimacy and familiarity with those bright intelligences.

He might have been unconsciously alluding to himself when he wrote, in one of his hymns, of

saints who viewed
And heard angelic choirs in solitude ;

and one of his loveliest and best-known hymns is 'Angelic Guidance,' beginning with the familiar line :

Are these the tracks of some unearthly Friend ?

Most of all, in the immortal stanzas of *The Dream of Gerontius* (wedded now to music not unworthy of it), he has brought home to thousands outside the Church, as to General Gordon, calmly awaiting death in the African deserts, with his marked copy of *Gerontius* in his hand, what are the real relations, in life and in death, between the angel-guardian and the soul committed to its keeping.

December 2, 1927.

SCOTS EPISCOPALIANISM FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us.—BURNS.

I AM writing this on the Feast of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland ; and by a coincidence I have just been reading some recent numbers of the *Scottish Chronicle*, if I mistake not, the only organ of that curious exotic body which claims for itself nowadays

the comprehensive title of 'The Scottish Church,' but which used to be generally known as the 'Episcopalian' body, or, quite as often, the 'English Church in Scotland.'

A distinguished and zealous adherent of this denomination, the late Lord Forbes, premier baron of Scotland, once publicly expressed his conviction that if the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul were to return to earth and visit Scotland the only place of worship they could conscientiously attend would be the Episcopalian Cathedral in the west end of Edinburgh (and, presumably, other churches in communion with it).

I was rather reminded of this remarkable pronouncement in turning over the leaves of the *Scottish Chronicle*, which emanates, by the way, not from Edinburgh or Glasgow, but from a small town on the Scottish border.

What must strike any observant person in connection with the Scots Episcopalian body is the way in which it succeeds in ignoring all Christian denominations save itself, and in writing, speaking, and acting as if, anyhow in Scotland, it were the only Church that counts.

One of these magazines prints a long descriptive letter written from the United States by the Scots Protestant prelate who uses the dignified title of 'Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney.' The gist of the letter is an attempt to maintain that the small body, officially known in America (to the constant chagrin of 'Anglo-Catholics') as the 'Protestant Episcopal Church,' plays a part in public life, and wields a power and influence in that great country, immensely out of proportion to its small numbers.

I take leave to say that this is a curiously exaggerated statement. Everyone knows that the Catholic Church, admirably organized and increasing rapidly in numbers, is the largest, most powerful, and (in unity of doctrine and polity, if not in race) most homogeneous religious body in America.

Next to it comes the Methodist Episcopal body, possessed of great wealth and ardent propagandist zeal, much of which, however, is frittered away in the perfectly hopeless task of trying with 'Bibles and dollars' (as the Brazilians put it) to convert to Methodism the Catholic peoples of South and Central America.

Far down the long list of other sects comes the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose energies are chiefly confined to a few States on the Atlantic seaboard. The Scots Bishop might as well assert that Episcopalianism is the dominant factor in the Isle of Orkney as assign to it the preponderating influence which he does in the United States of America.

Bishop Deane, of Aberdeen, made a forcible protest the other day, when preaching on Deeside against what he called the 'absurd and egregious misnomer' of 'English Church in Scotland,' as applied to Scottish Episcopalianism.

A clerical correspondent of the *Chronicle*, however, urges that in disputing as to whether they are 'English' or 'Scottish' Churchmen they are in danger of forgetting that they are first of all 'Catholics.'

Here is a delightful story which I must quote in his own words :

'I do not believe that the great majority of our people have grasped the idea of the meaning of

the word "Catholic." The other day I visited a woman, who referred to the family living above her as "real Catholics." (Of course they belonged to the Roman Communion.) She asked me if St. X.'s Church was going to become "real Catholic." Naturally I told her that it was already Catholic, and I met with a flat contradiction.'

Bravo! A most edifying story and an excellent moral. I hope the good man profited by it.

The correspondence columns in the *Chronicle* are largely occupied with a long-drawn and occasionally acrimonious discussion as to whether the word 'Mass' should be applied to the Episcopalian Communion-service.

One writer asserts that, though the Mass was 'purified' at the Reformation, it is still the Mass, and should retain the name. He urges his friends to 'risk misunderstanding' by using the word, 'knowing as they do that the English or Scottish doctrine of the Mass is more pure than the Romish doctrine.'

One might speculate (were it worth speculating on the multitudinous shades of Anglican belief) as to how far this strange theory would be accepted by his 'Anglo-Catholic' friends.

It is significant that the point at issue seems to be not whether the Eucharist *is* the Mass, and should therefore be so called, but whether the use of the term is calculated to offend and perhaps alienate lay members of the body.

Personally I have no doubt that it is; and, as the Scots Episcopal Church is largely run on Congregationalist lines, the odds are against the general adoption of a term which would certainly

be unintelligible as well as unacceptable to the great majority of the lay adherents of the body.

December 9, 1927.

THE 'HERALDS OF CHRISTMAS'

I HAVE sometimes wondered how much, or how little, is conveyed to the ordinary Anglican when he sees, annexed to December the sixteenth in the calendar of his prayer-book, the words 'O Sapientia!' Some would-be antiquarians have put 'Sapientia' down among the early virgins and martyrs, and have even sought to identify her as a companion of the British Saint Ursula. And an Oxford don once seriously asked me, across the high table at dinner, whether 'Sapientia' was not simply the Latin equivalent of 'Sancta Sophia,' to whom the great church in Constantinople was dedicated.

I suppose people are better instructed now: anyhow, most Catholics, one hopes, know that 'O Sapientia' is the first of the 'Great O's' ('heralds of Christmas,' as Newman calls them) appointed to be sung, as antiphons to the 'Magnificat,' on the seven days preceding the Nativity.

They form, so to speak, the climax of the Advent Liturgy, and so the chanting of these antiphons has customarily, in monastic and other great churches, been accompanied with special solemnities.

I remember how, in an abbey church dear to me, the choir-lectern on those evenings was draped with a rich hanging: the Mary-bell pealed from the great tower during the singing of Vespers; and a special officiant, vested in violet cope, with attendant

acolytes; preintoned the first words of the antiphon and chanted the proper prayer.

Every evening, according to ancient custom, a different official of the monastery preintoned the words appropriate to his office: thus ‘O Clavis’ was assigned to the procurator, ‘O Radix’ to the gardener, and so on, while the closing antiphon, ‘O Emmanuel,’ was chanted with particular solemnity by the abbot himself.

There was, too, on the days of the Great Antiphons, traditional festivity *in foro* (as monks say) as well as *in choro*, though of a moderate and temperate kind, befitting the season of Advent.

At the great Cathedral Priory of Durham, we read that ‘the prior and convent did use, at that time of year only, a solemn banquet of figs and raisins, ale and cakes; and thereof no superfluity or excess, but a scholastical and moderate congratulation among themselves.’

What must interest all lovers of the past, and of the survival of ancient pious customs, is to note that the memory and the form of these old chants were preserved both in eastern and western England for centuries after the Reformation.

The late eminent judge Lord Lindley, who lived to be over ninety, and resided in Norfolk for many years, told me that he had heard the Song of the Great O’s sung at harvest suppers in that county, beginning with ‘I’ll sing the Twelve O’s.’

‘What makes the Twelve O’s?’ asks the chorus, and the soloist answers, ‘Twelve’s the twelve Apostles O’; and so it goes on. The answer to ‘What makes the Nine O’s’ ‘Nine’s the Gable Rangers O’—is most singular and interesting, as it

seems impossible that it is anything else than a corruption of 'Gabriel Angel.'

The distinguished antiquarian Mr. Baring-Gould describes a similar chant in the west, known as the Festal or 'Dilly' Song, which has eleven, not twelve, O's. A strange corruption in this version is 'Six the cherrybird watchers O,' which is explained to mean the 'Cherubim Watchers,' in allusion to the six wings with which they are often represented.

In East Anglia there is the 'Rare O,' believed to signify the Trinity, while the Western version is 'Three of them are strangers, O'er the wide world rangers,' an obvious reference to the Magi.

Last of all comes the One, indicating in both East and West God himself. 'One of them is all, all alone, And ever will remain O.'

These rude and curious ditties, as chanted by the rural peasants of modern England, have wandered far enough from the sublime yet restrained simplicity of the Advent Antiphons of the Church's Liturgy. But I do not think there can be any doubt as to their origin; and it is this that gives them their interest to-day, as well as the fact that they are a survival of a social and religious life which has passed away for ever from our land.

December 16, 1927.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

I LEFT our abbey some three hours before midnight on Christmas Eve, whilst the monks were chanting the night office of the Nativity in the great shadowy echoing choir. Down in the moonlight one passed

through the tangled underwood of our wild garden, where crickets and grass-hoppers were chirping, frogs croaking, and fireflies dancing and glancing in all directions, to the ramshackle station which served our small suburban city.

A queer little engine, stoked with wood and bark and dried sugar-canes, and sending out millions of sparks into the tropical darkness, dragged our queer little train some fifteen miles through the *matto*, a vast carpet of low green woods, broken here and there by the dark foliage of the mangroves and the tall stems and feathery crowns of the macahyba, most graceful of palms.

At the end of the short journey I was met by my host for the night, the part-owner and manager of one of the largest sugar factories in the country. He had brought saddle-horses, and was my escort as we rode for two hours, always through the thick forest, to his *ingenio*, where he had arranged for me to say the Christmas Midnight Mass for his good Catholic family and the hundreds of workmen—most of them had been slaves a few years back—in his employ.

‘Is there a chapel?’ I asked, as we drew rein before the long range of buildings, not unpicturesque under the moonbeams, backed by dark woods. Yes, there was (pointing with his whip to a high-roofed, shed-like structure), built and used by his father; but unhappily his brother (lately dead) did not *practise*, and had filled the chapel to the roof with bags of sugar! It was to come back to use again after next season: meanwhile his daughters had arranged an altar in the *patio*.

So they had, and well, too: a solid altar, richly

draped, furnished with all things fitting, and decked with lovely flowers—the foliage-flowers of that equatorial land: coleus, and begonias, and sweet stephanotis, flaming hibiscus, and great sprays of purple bougainvillea.

There were confessions first, many confessions; and gradually the great *patio* (court-yard) seemed to be almost filled with worshippers, white and black and dusky, the women veiled mostly in white, but with bright colours gleaming in all directions. The four daughters of the house sang sweetly during the Mass, choosing the hymns known and dear to those poor people, who joined lustily in the familiar refrain:

No céu, no céu, com minha Mãe 'starei.

But during the full hour that the communions lasted, there was perfect stillness, so that one could hear distinctly from the forest outside, beyond those hundreds of silent, kneeling worshippers, the mysterious, never-ceasing, indescribable sounds of a night in the tropics, where mother Nature never seems to sleep. The memory of that Midnight Mass will remain: it was a wonderful act of faith and devotion, in unforgettable surroundings.

It must have been near three in the morning that, still under my kind friend's guidance, I rode some miles further to the extremity of the sugar plantation, where I was to say my second or Aurora Mass, though there would be no dawn yet awhile.

Our course was always upward till we reached a clearing where, against the wall of a semi-ruined house, an altar had been erected, and 'all things were ready.' As we dismounted and turned round,

an enchanting prospect opened suddenly on us : far below the polished silver of the Atlantic, fringed by a line of coco-nut palms, and further away still, across a moonlit bay, the twinkling lights of a great city.

The congregation at this Mass of the Dawn were mostly men : one could not reckon their numbers, for they knelt on the slope that fell steeply down from the site of the altar, and many were hidden in the shadows of the wood. They, too, sang during Mass : ' Ave, ave, ave, ave, ave ! ' innumerable aves to a strange wild melody. They prayed, too, fervently and aloud ; and again one thanked God for the faith and piety of these his poor children.

There was still a third Mass to be said, when the miniature train had brought us back, just as day was breaking, to our city by the sea. The Mass of Terce was in a little abandoned Carmelite convent—abandoned, that is, and uninhabited save by one solitary nun, who on great feast-days had the privilege of Mass in the deserted sanctuary, and saw that it was well filled for the celebration.

So the people flocked into the little nave ; and the Sister sat, solitary, but beaming with joy, in her stall in the choir. I think that nun was a saint : she lived the life of a hermit, hearing Mass daily at the nearest church, and never once murmuring at her loneliness. It repaid one for all the fatigues of that long night to see the radiant happiness with which, after her own Mass in her own chapel, she responded to one's Christmas greetings. God bless her !

December 23, 1927.

THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR

IN Scotland, as in France (countries in many respects so nearly linked), New Year, not Christmas, is, from the social point of view, the 'festive season.' Catholic France keeps the Nativity as a great religious festival, but New Year is the time for family gatherings, congratulatory visits, and exchange of seasonable gifts.

So it was in Scotland in my young days, though now English Christmas customs have made their way across the Border, and even the Kirks have abandoned their bad old tradition of ignoring Christmas, as they ignored all the other festivals of the Christian year.

Our New Year's observance in Scotland began on the eve—'Hogmanay,' as they call it north of the Tweed, and I never in my youth heard it called anything else. As to what the word means—well, you can derive it from 'in hoc anno' (the refrain of an old Latin hymn), or from the French *Au gui menez* 'lead on to the mistletoe' (only mistletoe doesn't grow in Scotland), or from anything else as fanciful and far-fetched as you like.

Hogmanay at any rate it was and is; and many were the strange usages, some of them, doubtless, semi-pagan, observed on that day, both in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland.

The men of the clachan (village) did not work on Hogmanay. Repairing to the woods, they cut down juniper bushes, tie them into bundles, and bear them home in silence, together with pitchers filled with water from the 'ford of the living and the dead,'

the one which funerals cross on the way to the hill-side cemetery.

Early next morning the house-father lights the fire, then treats the members of the family who are still abed to a copious aspersion with the 'Hogmanay water,' which is afterwards poured over pieces of silver money, and finally given to the beasts to drink.

The windows and doors, and every chink in the living-room, are hermetically closed: the green juniper boughs are lighted on the heath, causing a suffocating smoke, the effect of which is counter-acted by a glass of whisky, probably the product of an illicit mountain still.

Later on are chanted strange Gaelic songs, appropriate to the season; and in the early afternoon are fought the great 'Camanachd' contests, the keen and strenuous games of shinty traditionally dear to every Highlander.

In the Lowlands, the Hogmanay celebrations were prolonged till 'Handsel Monday,' the first Monday after New Year. The dour-faced fathers of the Kirk frowned on these jollifications, and tried to suppress them, but in this they failed.

Most of the picturesque features of the season's programme have long ago died out. 'First-footing,' however, though hard hit during the years of the Great War, survives and still flourishes. In most towns and villages men still congregate in the market-place, and wait the stroke of midnight to proffer a dram to their neighbours, and wish them a 'gude New Year.'

The lasses meanwhile (I well remember the custom in the Ayrshire village where I was bred) crowd round the springs with their buckets; for it

is she who draws the 'cream o' the well'—the first draught of the New Year—who will have the best luck, and maybe a good husband to boot, in the course of the coming twelvemonth.

Mark well the 'airt' or quarter of the wind on Hogmanay morning: it is a presage of the coming year. A north wind portends storms and floods; south, heat and plenty, both of corn and wool; east, fruits in abundance; west, good store of fish and of milk.

Hogmanay is the proper day for giving presents to the King; and one reads how a gift of ten angels (£12) was made to King James IV 'in his bed in the morning.'

Kings gave as well as got on that day; and there are pleasant records of generous largesse and costly rings, set with fine pearls, bestowed by Royal hands on the last day of the year.

So much for Hogmanay and its ancient customs. Let us close these rambling notes by a seasonable Scottish stave:

A happy New Year! a happy New Year!
To the friend and the foe, to the far and the near:
Here's wishing them health, muckle wisdom and wealth,
And mony and mony a happy New Year!

December 30, 1927.

OF GREENGAGES AND CAMELLIAS

READING that Viscount Gage (sixth holder of the title) has lately been keeping his thirty-second birthday, I am reminded of a recent newspaper correspondence on the question as to whether one

of his noble predecessors, and if so which, had the honour of introducing into England, and giving his name to, the succulent green plum called in France *La Reine Claude*, but in England the greengage.

The first English mention of the greengage occurs in Miller's *Gardener's and Florist's Dictionary* (1742), under the pleasant heading, 'Some Curious Sorts of Plumbs.' This was four years after the raising to the peerage of Sir Thomas Gage, 8th baronet of Firle, whose cousin, the 7th baronet, had abandoned the Church of his fathers for the Protestant Establishment, and thereby gained a seat in Parliament.

A junior branch of the house, however, the Gage baronets of Hengrave, adhered to the ancient faith; and one likes to think that it was one of that line who brought the delectable fruit from Catholic France to his Catholic home in Suffolk.

The credit does in fact appear to be due to Sir William Gage, 2nd baronet of Hengrave, who died in 1727. The English Jesuits, on the other hand, have a tradition that England owes the greengage to a Father John Gage, of the Society, who was born near Hengrave Hall, and laboured as a missionary in Suffolk for many years.

Anyhow, it seems pretty clear that the fruit gets its name from a Gage, and a Catholic Gage, and has no connection at all with such barbarous German or Portuguese words as *quetsche* or *caranguigeira*, as some etymologists have vainly imagined.

The Jesuits, who have cultivated botany, like every other known science, and have penetrated to the ends of the earth, have certainly introduced many choice plants from far lands into English gardens. One thinks of the delicate and exquisite

camellia (once called the 'Japan Rose'), which got its name—given by Linnæus himself—from the great Jesuit botanist, G. J. Kamel or Camellus.

I was once shown, in the ill-fated Louvain Library (did it perish in the flames?), a wonderful MS., containing nearly four hundred of Kamel's original drawings of flowers, all grown in the Isle of Luzon, in the Philippines. Always beautiful, though wax-like and scentless, the camellia was extensively grown under glass in the last century. I remember towering blossom-covered trees in the Duke of Devonshire's great greenhouses at Chatsworth and Chiswick; and young ladies wore a camellia of an evening in the coils of their unbobbed, unshingled hair.

Perhaps the flower was discredited by the disreputable heroine of *La Dame aux Camélias*, Dumas' notorious novel; anyhow, it has long ceased to be popular in this country, where it was always, of course, more or less exotic.

To see the camellia in all its beauty you must visit Cintra (an hour's run from Lisbon) in March or April; and when you have climbed to the convent-castle of Pena, high above the town, descend through the luxuriant woods, and admire the cascade of camellia trees in full bloom, a mass of crimson, white, and yellow blossoms, which comes tumbling down the steep slopes among ponds, rivulets, and miniature waterfalls.

When I saw it the whole hill-side was a riot of gorgeous colour; and by one of the lakelets we came suddenly on a broad patch of vivid limpid blue. I recognised the familiar *myosotis palustris*, and told my little guide, an intelligent Portuguese

boy, that I thought the flower was called 'mouse-ear' from its hairy leaves. 'It is an ugly name,' replied the child: 'we call it "Naò-esquece-de-mim."' 'So do we,' I said: 'forget-me-not!' a pretty and interesting coincidence.

But I do not think that 'forget-me-not' is an old English name. Did not Coleridge, when he wrote in his 'Keepsake' of 'Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not,' have to append a footnote to the line, to tell his readers what flower he meant? It was the sentimental German, I think, who first called it *Vergeiss-mein-nicht*, and all Europe adopted the pretty appellation.

January 6, 1928.

ROME FIFTY YEARS AGO

I AM writing these lines on the fiftieth anniversary of a notable event which I remember very vividly. On January 9, 1878, five years to a day after the death in exile of Napoleon III, ex-Emperor of the French, Victor Emmanuel expired in the Quirinal Palace, which he had filched seven years before from the Roman Pontiff, and where, whether from superstition or respect (perhaps a mingling of both), he had never slept for a single night till he was brought there to die after a few days' illness.

It was by a strange chance that the newspaper correspondents who had gathered in Rome—Gallenga, of the *Times*, Trollope, of the *Standard*, Steele, of the *Daily News*, and all the rest—to chronicle, as they thought, the last events in the life of Pope Pius IX, then in his eighty-sixth year, found

themselves called upon instead to describe the dying of the robust monarch of fifty-seven, who had never known illness till the deadly Roman fever seized and crumpled him up like a withered leaf.

It was a sad enough death-bed, that of the soldier-king who had been all his life the tool or the accomplice of Cavour and his astute successors, who had conspired against his brother-princes of Italy and driven them one by one from their thrones, and had finally been the instrument of the crowning and nefarious crime against the Church and her rights.

Yet the tragic hour had its consolations. Victor Emmanuel had never formally abandoned the faith of his fathers, and in that faith he wished to die and did die. The aged Pontiff met him more than half-way in those last hours, removing all censures, authorising him to receive all the Sacraments, and sending him by special messenger plenary absolution and the Papal Blessing *in articulo mortis*. These things are not generally known, or have been long forgotten : it is well to put them on record here.

All Catholics, from the Pope downwards, learned with satisfaction that Victor Emmanuel had achieved a Christian death, but there was little enough satisfaction—certainly little Christian impressiveness—in the grandiose funeral a few days later.

It was the extremists, the *Italianissimi*, who insisted, contrary to the known wishes of his family, on his being buried in Rome after a great procession, and not with his wife and children at La Superga, in Turin, the burying-place of the Princes of Savoy. And it was they who selected the Pantheon, the one

church in Rome far more noted for its pagan traditions than its Christian associations.

Pagan enough it looked as I remember it arranged for the month's mind requiem on February 9: black and gold hangings, an infinity of blazing gas-stars, a monster catafalque, eighty feet high, surrounded by huge female figures (virtues or goddesses), and by emblems of all the chief Italian cities; a great deal of gaudy heraldry, and an extraordinary and most conspicuous inscription declaring (I noted down the opening words) that the deceased King 'reconciled truth with Holy Writ, and sealed by his death the faith of his life!'

I witnessed the funeral procession to the Pantheon from the window of an artist friend's studio in the Corso. There was a great show of military and naval uniforms, gorgeously robed judges, and gold-laced diplomatists.

The 'Patriciato' of Rome (the collective name for the great princely families) was conspicuous by its absence; but royal representatives of the Crowns of Germany, Austria, and Portugal walked abreast, in front of the lofty gilded funeral car, the sides of which were hung with magnificent wreaths of natural flowers.

On the top, level with our eyes as we looked from our first-floor balcony, lay the figure of the dead King in uniform, his hands clasped on the hilt of his sword.

Victor Emmanuel had been in life an extraordinarily ugly man, with coarse swollen features and a complexion of crimson deepening into purple. We both noticed the wax-like pallor of the still face on the bier, and remarked that it was hardly recognisable.

No wonder. The embalmers had utterly failed in their gruesome task, and the shockingly disfigured remains had had to be hastily consigned to a leaden coffin. But as it was thought absolutely imperative that the royal corpse should be seen by the thousands of spectators of the procession, the manager of a wax-works show then exhibiting in Rome was hurriedly summoned to the Quirinal and commissioned to make a waxen effigy as like as possible to the dead man.

It certainly was like him, though refined almost out of recognition : anyhow, this waxen puppet was what we saw from our window, and what the Roman crowds who lined the streets that day saw when they thought they were reverently gazing on the authentic countenance of their *Rè galant' uomo*.

I do not know whether this curious story, which came to me by a curious channel from an absolutely authentic source, has ever been printed. But there seems no reason why it should not be at this distance of time. It is a fragment of history, and as such not without its value.

January 13, 1928.

A PRINCE OF OLD ROME

WRITING last week of Rome half a century ago, I referred to the absence of the old princely families—the *Patriciato*—from the pompous funeral of Victor Emmanuel, whose connection with Rome, in death as in life, they had ignored as completely as the Legitimists of the Faubourg S. Germain in Paris had ignored the existence of Napoleon and Louis Philippe.

Among these old families, which confined themselves exclusively to their own society, and held no intercourse with the Piedmontese court established in the Quirinal, there was none more interesting, certainly in the eyes of British Catholics, than the great house of Giustiniani Bandini. They united in themselves the ancestral honours of the Giustiniani of Venice (created Roman Princes by Innocent X) who had given a Saint to Holy Church, St. Laurence, first Patriarch of Venice, and of the Bandini, Marquesses of Tuscany, who conspired against the all-powerful Medici in the fifteenth century, and had consequently to quit Florence for Rome.

The interesting fact to English and Scottish Catholics in the history of this illustrious house is that Cecilia, wife of the 5th Prince Giustiniani, was also granddaughter and heiress of Charlotte, in her own right Countess of Newburgh in the Scottish peerage.

Cecilia's mother had married a Neapolitan Count, had become practically an Italian, and had never claimed the Scottish earldom, which was consequently assumed by a younger branch of the family, and was held successively by Radcliffes and Eyres for more than a century.

It is just seventy years since another Cecilia Princess Giustiniani, wife of the 4th Marquess Bandini, was naturalised a British subject by Act of Parliament, and (though already in advanced years) came to England in order to claim the Scottish titles which had so long been alienated from her branch of the family.

The claim was successful, and the Roman Princess (who did not speak one word of English) was in July,

1858, duly adjudged by the House of Lords to be in her own right Countess of Newburgh, Viscountess Kynnaired, and Baroness Levingstone in the peerage of Scotland. Having won her cause, the lady returned to Italy with her friends, and never set foot in England again. Twenty years later she died, and was succeeded by her only son.

In April, 1904, I had the privilege of being present at the great ceremonies in Rome in honour of the centenary of St. Gregory, and even of taking a humble part, as one of the great choir (a thousand strong) which executed the plain-song Mass at the deeply impressive Papal celebration at St. Peter's.

After the long and magnificent function I dined with Prince Giustiniani Bandini, who was then in his eighty-sixth year, at a small hotel in the Foro Trajano, the whole of which he occupied, in patriarchal style, with his numerous descendants.

I recall how the whole family expressed with one accord their dissatisfaction with the music of the centenary Mass. Their ears attuned to the florid Italian singing, they had found the restrained Gregorian chants depressing to a degree, their only consolation being the melodious motets sung by the Papal choir, at intervals during the service, from behind a gilded lattice.

It was strange indeed to see the venerable head of this great Scoto-Roman house, which had for generations lived in princely state in their ancestral palace, making his home in his old age, as he did with perfect simplicity and absence of affectation, in a second-rate Roman inn.

The Palazzo Giustiniani, the former seat of the family, had been built on the ruins of Nero's Baths,

from which splendid ancient statuary had been dug up to adorn the halls and galleries of the palace. It had contained also masterpieces of Caracci, Domenichino, Poussin, and other masters, which had long disappeared, to be replaced by miserable daubs. It was of such a daub, labelled with Raffaele's name, that a visitor asked the attendant if it was really original, and received the immediate reply, '*Originalissimo*, Signore!'

From this palace could be obtained the first view of the wonderful temple known as the Pantheon, or Sta Maria ad Martyres; and another story tells how an English lady dining with the Portuguese Ambassador, who then occupied the palace, begged her host and hostess to have the windows opened that she might gaze on the majestic Pantheon by moonlight. They complied, but both thought her slightly deranged. '*Non lo capisco*,' was the comment of the Ambassadors: '*di certo, si può vedere più chiare di giorno che da notte*'—'I don't understand it; for certainly one can see plainer in the day-time than at night!'

January 20, 1928.

BISHOP ULLATHORNE: A CENTENARY

EXACTLY a hundred years ago, in the late winter (an unusually severe one) of 1828, could some nineteenth-century Asmodeus have removed the roof at midnight from the dormitory of the junior monks in the Benedictine priory of Downside—recently erected 'in the most elegant Gothick style,' and solemnly opened in presence of 'all

the respectability of the immediate vicinity'—he would have witnessed a curious spectacle.

After their long and hard day of prayer, study, and labour, the young monks would be, one may feel sure, sunk in profound and much-needed repose. But lying on the bare wooden floor, wrapped in some rough garment, with the light of a single tallow candle screened from the eye of his sleeping companions under the shade of a tin foot-pan, might have been seen (had there been eye to see it) the figure of a slim youth of twenty, or a little over, absorbed in study.

It was William Bernard Ullathorne, the future Archbishop and luminary of the English Benedictine Order, whose overmastering zeal for learning, as he himself has self-reproachfully told us, led him, night after night, to sacrifice discipline for his love of study, and to pore, long after the monastic curfew, and far into the small hours, over the books of philosophy his devotion to which had gained for him, among his junior brethren, the sobriquet of 'Old Plato.'

Writing in the centenary year of Brother Bernard Ullathorne's ordination to the sub-diaconate, one recalls that the studious Pocklington boy had not, like the majority of young Benedictine postulants, entered the novitiate straight from the guarded shelter of a quiet Catholic home or a monastic school.

His early experiences had been of a very different kind. 'Where do you think I spent my first novitiate?' I once heard him ask a group of young religious to whom he was talking of his far-back youth. 'My first novitiate was as apprentice and

cabin-boy on a brig in the North Sea and the Baltic : and my first novice-master was the bo'sun's mate with a rope's end in his hand ! '

The vessel, he told us (a very ill-found one), was named *Anne's Resolution* ; and he added that it was when hearing Mass at Memel, on that cruise, that he formed the resolution, as he expressed it, ' to serve God and try to save his soul.'

He entered Downside College a few months later, and in due course was accepted as a postulant for the Benedictine Order.

My first sight of Dr. Ullathorne was when I was an Oxford undergraduate, and, in company with a Protestant friend, saw the venerable prelate—he was then close on seventy and had been thirty years a Bishop—lay the foundation of the new Jesuit Church in the university city.

He gave an address from a little platform erected near the stone ; and I remember how we were both impressed by the short upright figure, the grave earnest face and keen eyes shining through great silver spectacles ; and, above all, by the perfect serenity and confidence with which he assured his hearers (most of them Protestants) that if St. Augustine of Canterbury were to return to Oxford to-day, he would leave cathedral, parish churches, and college chapels all unvisited, and would wend his way to the little humble sanctuary in the outskirts of Oxford, ' where alone he would find his God.'

' It's all very well,' commented my friend as we walked away, ' and the little man certainly spoke like one having authority. All the same, if St. Augustine had been at that ceremony to-day he would

probably have asked, "Who the dickens is the Bishop of Birmingham?"

My friend did not see then, but he came to see later, that the same supreme authority which sent Augustine to Canterbury in the sixth century sent Ullathorne to Birmingham in the nineteenth. It is more than half a century since this little episode, and exactly fifty years since my friend, who is still working for souls as an austere religious and a fervent missionary, followed me out of the City of Confusion into the Church of God. *Sit nomen Domini benedictum!*

January 27, 1928.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S YOUNGEST SON

QUEEN VICTORIA'S lately published letters, which we have all been reading with interest, contain a rather pathetic reference to the death of her youngest, and perhaps best-loved, son, Prince Leopold. His last wish was to be laid to rest, not in the family mausoleum at Frogmore, but in St. George's Chapel, 'so that there should always be singing over him'; and his Royal mother, who ruled her children in life, and (as far as was possible) in death, yielded, though not without reluctance, to his desire.

I am touched by this allusion to the Prince and his love of music, which calls up pleasant memories of far-back Oxford days. Prince Leopold and I were almost of the same age, and matriculated at the University in the same year, he at Christ Church, I at Magdalen.

According to the then Royal usage he did not

reside at the House, but with his tutor and attendants in a hired villa called Wykeham House, with a life-size statue of the great Catholic Bishop of Winchester prominent in a niche over the porch.

We were both, I think, original members of the newly formed Musical Society, which had weekly concerts of chamber music. I first met him there, another friend being Walter Parratt, who had lately succeeded Sir John Stainer as organist at Magdalen.

I spent many happy evenings at Wykeham House, and played endless duets with H.R.H.—all Haydn's symphonies, some of Beethoven's, and other immensely lengthy 'pieces'—on H.R.H.'s excellent grand piano.

Some years later I met the Prince at a Scottish country house and reminded him of those Oxford musical evenings. 'Yes,' he said, 'and I remember you always wanted to play the treble part. Very dull for me, but as I was host I had to give in.'

The Prince was like his father, a really excellent musician—a much better one than his elder brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, though the latter became known to the public as an active member of the Amateur Orchestral Society, and by occasionally playing the fiddle in public—rather to Queen Victoria's annoyance—at the Albert Hall and elsewhere.

Parratt, who was a charming companion, a first-rate chess-player, and a lover of letters as well as a musician, became very intimate with the Prince, who got him invited to Windsor, the outcome being that he succeeded Sir George Elvey as choir-master at Windsor and Master of the Queen's Musick.

At chess Parratt (who played for Oxford against Cambridge in that absorbing pastime) had many long-drawn bouts with Prince Leopold, whilst I (by request) played soft music in the corner of the room. Parratt had a curious theory, or conviction, that there was no future at all for English music or English composers. Time, and Elgar, have falsified that pessimistic prediction.

Prince Leopold was interested in religious movements at Oxford. His sympathies were markedly High-Church: he often attended service at St. Barnabas' and at the old tin church of the Cowley Fathers, and was intimate with Canons King and Bright of Christ Church, the trusted leaders of their party in those days.

The Prince accepted an invitation to attend—perhaps to take part in—the opening of a hospital-chapel in Oxford, under 'Ritualist' auspices. On the eve of the ceremony a peremptory message came from Osborne (I think by telegraph) that if vestments were to be worn, and incense used, at the function, H.R.H. was not to be present. I forget who 'climbed down' in the event; it was probably not Queen Victoria.

The late Marquis of Bute once entertained Prince Leopold for a week-end visit at Mount Stuart, his home on his titular island. The Prince, accompanied by the county M.P. (who was a Presbyterian and an elder of the Kirk in Scotland, and an Anglican and a churchwarden in England), went to the morning worship of the Established Church on Sunday.

The Episcopalian clergyman of Rothesay had counted on his presence in the evening, and had even advertised a special service, with some choice music

in honour of the Royal visitor. But the Prince preferred to assist at the evening devotions in Lord Bute's tiny Catholic chapel. 'It is very Low Church,' said the host, 'with no chaplain and no choir; but it is all we can do.'

The service consisted of Compline in English, a couple of unaccompanied hymns, and a sermon read by Lord Bute himself, very slowly and impressively—on that occasion, if I remember aright, a translation of one of the less familiar works of a Greek Father, I think St. Epiphanius.

February 3, 1928.

THE WONDERS OF WIRELESS

"I am entirely ignorant on all matters connected with wireless."—JUDGE HARINGTON, at Kingston County Court.

I AM afraid that my attitude towards the mystery of broadcasting has up to the present been one of—I won't say scepticism as to its possibilities, for that would be to write oneself down a fool, but of doubtfulness as to its advantages, or (shall I say?) attractiveness to an average person like myself, with perhaps old-fashioned ideas and a liking for a quiet life.

It is, of course, vain to think that one can get away from the wireless, any more than from the other amenities (?) of modern life. Wherever one finds oneself, in town or country, in great cities or rural solitudes, in seaside villas or secluded monasteries, or remote country houses, there it is, inevitable and insistent and triumphant.

The current number of the *Radio Times*, or 'To-day's Broadcasting Programme' in the daily newspaper, lies open on the table, and at all hours of the day and night 'London (and Daventry) calling—calling.'

It is a kind of tyranny, beyond a doubt. I went last year to spend an evening with a near and dear relative whom I seldom see. A pleasant party and a pleasant meal; but it was barely over when we were summoned to sit around a room in silence and hear Sir Oliver Lodge talking, in his curiously resonant voice, on 'Relativity,' with the discouraging preface: 'I don't suppose that one-tenth of my hearers will understand a single word of what I am going to talk about.'

It was certainly Greek to most of our little party; and it was instantly followed by an outburst of jazz music from the Savoy Orchestra, to which I for one flatly refused to listen.

No, I am not a wireless 'fan,' nor in any sense an enthusiast for this new form of *actio in distans*, which we used to be taught was a philosophical impossibility and a scientific heresy. But it has come to stay, like flying and motoring and telephones and gramophones and syncopated 'music,' and other adjuncts of our modern civilization unknown in my youth, but ubiquitous and indispensable to-day. And one has just to accept it like the rest.

Considering these things, and one's general frame of mind in regard to the dominant wireless, it gave one a slight shock to receive a courteous invitation from the B.B.C. to take part, the other Sunday afternoon, in one of a series of popular broadcast talks on 'The Church in History.'

The particular subject allotted to me was 'The Contribution of Monasteries to Scottish History.' 'Would I come to Edinburgh or Glasgow on the appointed day and hour, and "speak my part"?' 'No, that would be impossible, for I should be then resident in western England.' 'Then could I speak from London, the talk being relayed to all Scottish stations?' 'Yes, I could and I would'; so *that* was settled.

Sunday afternoon, in the many-storied building (hard by the quaint old Savoy Chapel) which is the headquarters of the B.B.C. The big house is full of activities and hurrying figures; but there is perfect quiet in the 'studio,' a heavily curtained room where one sits before a sloping desk and sees three things: a little disc or microphone, through which one is to talk to the Universe; a small red lamp; and a notice-board on which one reads: '1. If you cough, you will distract and deafen thousands of listeners. 2. Do not rustle your papers, or no one will hear anything you say. 3. Keep your eye on the red lamp.'

The clock (synchronised with Greenwich) struck the appointed hour: the lamp flickered up redly: the announcer did his announcing and shook a finger dumbly at me, and I 'spoke my piece' to my silent and unseen hearers behind the veil. A weird experience!

'How did it go to Scotland?' I inquired in my ignorance: 'through the ether?' 'Not at all; but by underground telephone to Leeds; thence to Glasgow, and thence by wireless to every station in Scotland.' 'Oh, and how long did all that take, roughly? A friend of mine in Aberdeen was listen-

ing-in : how long would he take to " get me " ? ' ' Well, as the current carrying your words travelled at the rate of (say) 180,000 miles a second, I leave you to calculate how much time—that is, what fraction of a second—they took to reach Aberdeen.' As Dominie Sampson said, ' Pro-deegious ! '

I was, and still am, ignorant how these things could be. However, I had, like Scheherazade in the *Arabian Nights*, ' said my permitted say.' As Mme. Craven somewhere remarks, ' one of the greatest consolations in life is to get things over.'

I believe I had got over my allotted task creditably ; the announcer, anyhow, said that I was exceptionally articulate. As to what my unknown audience said or thought, *nescio* : *Deus scit*. Like the archer in Longfellow's poem,

I shot an arrow into the air :
It fell to earth, I know not where.

Who listened ? Who profited ? Who was interested by that eerie talk into the void ?

' I know not now, but I shall some day.'

February 10, 1928.

AN UTOPIA WITHIN THE EMPIRE

WHAT a delightful change it would be if the ' gloomy ' Dean of St. Paul's, who draws his weekly cheque from a London evening paper for groaning over the decadence of Catholic countries, and reiterating his belief in the utter irreconcilability of dominant Catholicism with prosperity and progress, would leave Scotland and Spain alone for a time, and

look a little further afield, to a corner of the far flung British Empire, where flourishes what he would certainly call one of the most 'fanatically Catholic,' and at the same time one of the most prosperous and progressive peoples in the Empire or the world.

It would be an agreeable shock to the innumerable Wednesday readers of the *Evening Standard* (which is, we are assured in the columns of that journal, perused by every single railway traveller from the City to his suburban home) to find, say, the following headlines to the familiar page :

'Popery not Incompatible with Progress.'

'Dean Inge on the Prosperity of Catholic Canada.'

Rather a large subject, perhaps, for a single page, even for a writer who has a distinct gift for (as Sam Weller expressed it) 'tying things into a small parcel.'

One might suggest that the Dean should confine himself to the Province of Quebec, and, with that happy knack of combining statistics with picturesque description of which he is a master, illustrate his thesis with facts and figures which are irrefutable, and which no one, indeed, could dispute or call in question.

The population of the province is 80 per cent Catholic (not nominally, but really, Catholic); and both the population and the percentage are annually increasing. Artificial birth-control is unknown.

'Quebec owes its position and its prosperity,' said a Minister of the Dominion recently, 'to the number of its cradles'; and the Dean, who has a

sense of humour, would not forget to record that a bonus of 100 acres of free land to fathers of large families had very speedily to be withdrawn, or the fathers in question would have become owners of the entire province.

'Steady, industrious, thrifty, devoted to his religion, his family, and his home,' as the *habitant* of Quebec has been described by an outside observer, he is also so law-abiding that of 2000 municipalities, 1500 do not employ a single policeman.

The rural Canadian is far less rural and isolated than he was, owing in great part to the wonderful development of roads throughout the province. £20,000,000 sterling have been spent on roads in less than twenty years, and the system is now perhaps the best and most complete in all America.

Education is in the highest degree progressive. Quebec spends just ten times as much annually on schools and colleges to-day as it did fifteen years ago, and has granted millions of dollars to the splendidly equipped universities of Montreal and Laval.

French-Canadian writers have been ten times crowned by the French Academy. Every branch of literature is encouraged; and the output of theological, philosophical, and scientific works by the Catholic clergy is large and valuable.

The French-Canadian countryman loves the soil, and as a matter of course keeps one or two of his (probably) many sons to work with him on the land. But he appreciates, too, the educational advantages offered by the city; as likely as not there will be daughters at one of the admirable convent schools

and a son at college, for nothing will make him happier than to have in his family a doctor, a lawyer, or, above all, a priest.

We in this country are accustomed, perhaps, to think of the Canadian chiefly as an indefatigable country worker—a 'lumber-man' without equal, whether as a tree-feller in the great forests or a log-driver in the great rivers. But, as elsewhere, there is a constant influx from the country to the cities; only not, as elsewhere, a great consequent social problem.

The Canadian is, as a rule, as steady, industrious, and trustworthy in the town factory as in the country farm. Essentially conservative, he has no use for the professional agitator or the fomenter of industrial revolution and unrest. In a word, he is content; and when one has said that one has said all.

Have I been describing an Utopia? Every country has its drawbacks, every population its failures. But when one can characterise the great mass of the people of any given land as religious and loyal, industrious and content, one comes, perhaps, as near to defining a perfect state as is possible in this imperfect world.

Let Mr. Dean spare a few weeks from his not too exacting decanal duties, and spend them among the kindly *habitants* of the Province of Quebec. It will perhaps give a new point of view to himself and to the tens (or is it hundreds?) of thousands of home-returning workers who read his Wednesday *causerie* in the columns of the evening paper WITH THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD.

February 17, 1928.

A PROSPECTIVE POPE IN SCOTLAND

I HAVE been reading with interest a story of the discovery, on a river bank in Derbyshire, of a leaden *bullæ*, thought to be the seal of Pope Pius II (1405-1464). On the obverse are the usual heads of SS. Peter and Paul; and on the reverse the words 'Pius PP. S.,' which a local antiquary interprets as 'Secundus.'

This, one may say at once, seems frankly impossible; the superscription of the Pope in question would certainly be (as indeed it is in authentic seals of his) P.P. II, not P.P. S.

Even more impossible is the conjecture of the same gentleman that this interesting object may be a 'relic' (as he calls it) of a mission on which Æneas Piccolomini, afterwards Pius II, was sent to England and Scotland in 1435.

He did not become Pope, or assume the name of Pius, for close on a quarter of a century after this journey to Britain; and the suggestion that a document bearing his pontifical seal should have reached England while he himself was still a mere layman and under-secretary, is not only impossible, but fantastic.

Putting these improbabilities aside, one is led to muse on the particulars of that memorable journey nearly five hundred years ago, of which the future Pope has left us most curious details written by his own hand.

We read of his twelve days' voyage from Flanders to Scotland, amid tempests which drove his vessel almost to Norway: of his pilgrimage barefoot,

immediately on landing, to the famous sanctuary of Whitekirk, ten miles inland (he suffered from gout in consequence to the end of his life), and of his first impression of fifteenth-century Scotland—not a very favourable one :

‘ A cold land, producing little fruit, in great part treeless : it possesses a subterraneous sulphureous stone, which is dug up and used as fuel ; the towns are unwall’d, the houses roofed with turf, built without mortar, and closed with doors of ox-hide ; the people are poor and uneducated, living chiefly on flesh and fish, with bread as a luxury : the men small in stature, but plucky, the women fair-complexioned, handsome, and of warm affections : there is no wine except what is imported : the horses are small, and neither horse-shoes nor reins are in use : their oysters are better than those in England : they export to Flanders leather, wool, salt fish, and pearls : the Scotch hear nothing with more pleasure than abuse of the English : there are two distinct races, one more civilised, the other living in the forests, eating the bark of trees, and speaking a different language : there are no wolves in Scotland : in winter there are hardly more than four hours of daylight.’

One hopes that this rather unpromising ‘ first impression ’ was counteracted by the young envoy’s reception in Edinburgh, where, he tells us, he got everything he had come to ask, including the repayment of his expenses, and a present from the King of Scots of fifty gold nobles and two high-stepping horses.

In the Piccolomini Library at Siena, built in memory of Pius II by his nephew, is a famous fresco painted by Pinturicchio in 1502, depicting the audience of Æneas with the 'King of the Caledonians.'

Nothing can be more delightfully Italian, and entirely un-Scottish, than the great artist's treatment of his subject. The King is an exact presentment of a Doge of Venice ; and he is receiving his visitor in an early Renaissance *loggia*, which opens on to an enchanting panorama of lake and wood, redolent of Italy.

I cannot dwell on the envoy's return journey through England, which was as curiously adventurous as his voyage to Scotland. He was very glad to find himself at Newcastle, where he 'seemed once more to behold the habitable face of the earth,' and he got safe back in due course to Italy, travelling, like countless pilgrims after him, by way of Dover, Calais, and Basle.

How many Popes have ever visited Britain ? I mean, of course, future Popes, for no reigning Pontiff, so far as I know, ever set foot on British soil. Apart from the Hertfordshire Pope, Breakspeare (Adrian IV) in the twelfth century, I can name but two.

Archbishop Pecci (afterwards Leo XIII) spent a month in London, nearly eighty years ago, at the close of his five years' Nunciature in Brussels. He is believed to have lodged over a music-shop in Regent Street ; but the late Mgr. Talbot, rector of the Church of the Assumption hard by, once told me that he had tried in vain to ascertain the exact place of residence of the distinguished visitor.

The sojourns of H.H. Pius XI, happily reigning, in London, Oxford, Liverpool, Manchester, etc., are, of course, matters of contemporary history. I know of no other authenticated case, though I was certainly informed, many years ago, by a learned Bishop in Rome, that Giovanni Mastai-Ferretti, the future Pius IX, at the end of the mission to Chili on which he was sent in 1823, sailed from S. America to Liverpool, and travelled through England on his return to Rome. But I have no proof of the truth of this story, which, frankly, I disbelieve.

February 24, 1928.

JUBILEE OF THE SCOTTISH HIERARCHY

NEARLY fifty-one years ago, on May 9, 1877 (I remember it as if it were yesterday), the venerable Pontiff, Pius IX, received from a representative deputation of Scottish Catholics congratulations on the golden jubilee of his episcopate.

Surrounded by members of the noble houses of Maxwell, Gordon, Lennox, Hastings, Douglas, Kerr, and others, Bishop Strain, the future Primate of Scotland, read an eloquent address, closing with an expression of conviction that the hoped-for restoration of the hierarchy to Scotland would, as had been the case in England, give a fresh impulse to religion, and lead many to return to the faith of their fathers.

Prophetic words! to be fulfilled thereafter to an extent of which the good Bishop little dreamed. The Holy Father's guarded reply, recommending

fervent prayers, and recourse to the intercession of St. Margaret, for this great intention, barely indicated what was the fact—that the necessary inquiries and negotiations were already on foot for bringing about the long-desired change.

Pope Pius's long life and reign were to close in peace less than a year later; but, so far was the matter advanced at his death, that his successor, only a fortnight after his election, was able to issue his Bull 'Ex Supremo Apostolatus Apice,' carrying out the expressed wishes of his predecessor. This was on March 4, 1878, exactly fifty years ago next Sunday.

I remember sending from Rome to Scotland for a sheaf of daily and weekly newspapers, in order to see what kind of reception Scotland was giving to this important Pontifical Act.

It was, in fact, received in the northern kingdom with a tolerant indifference which contrasted strangely with the furious outbursts of popular fanaticism which had broken out less than thirty years previously, when the hierarchy was restored in England.

The leading lawyers published an opinion that the Papal Act was contrary to Scottish Statute Law, but that the prelates concerned incurred no pains nor penalties by adopting their new titles.

And the Bishops of the curious exotic and Erastian body known as the 'Scottish Episcopal Church' issued a formal protest 'in the name of God,' against the 'intrusion' of Roman prelates into the Sees occupied by themselves. Presbyterian Scotland merely smiled at this manifesto, and the peace remained unbroken.

I recall two amusing incidents in connection with the restoration of the Diocesan Bishops to Scotland. Dr. Begg, a pillar of the Free Kirk, and a somewhat eccentric divine, announced in the General Assembly that he had telegraphed to the Pope (I forget whether it was 'answer paid') : ' If your projected hierarchy is proclaimed in Scotland, proceedings will be taken against you in the Court of Session.' The message, however, was received by the Assembly ' with loud laughter,' and nothing more was heard of the threatened litigation.

The other incident was a letter in the *Times* from Mr. Whitaker (of Almanack renown), who wrote that Leo XIII had stated in his Bull that ' S. Ninian was instructed in the faith by Venerable Bede,' the fact being that Ninian died 243 years before Bede was born !

The *Times* gave prominence to the letter (it was a great thing to catch an infallible Pope making a real historical howler !) and also to a subsequent letter from G. A. Sala, suggesting that the Pope may have had in mind not *the* Venerable Bede, but another earlier monk of the same name !

It transpired later (as the newspaper rather grudgingly admitted) that what Pope Leo had really said was ' Ninian, as Venerable Bede testifies, was instructed in the faith at Rome.' So the ' Papal chronology ' (as Mr. Whitaker had sarcastically headed his letter) was right after all.

Leo XIII planted, or re-planted, the hierarchical garden in Scotland half a century ago. It has been watered by an unbroken succession of faithful clergy, and God has given the increase. What has that increase been ?

Here are just a few figures (Dean Inge says he loves statistics. I think I do, too).

NUMBER OF CATHOLICS IN SCOTLAND, in 1878, say 350,000 ; in 1928, 600,000.

NUMBER OF PRIESTS (secular and regular), in 1878, 260 ; in 1928, 638.

NUMBER OF CHURCHES AND CHAPELS, in 1878, 253 ; in 1928, 436.

It is to be noted that Catholics, who numbered 9·4 per cent of the population in 1878, now number 12·3 ; also that, whereas the increase of the whole population in half a century has been 30·9 per cent, the increase of Catholics has been 71·4 per cent.

The above figures, which have been carefully worked out, speak for themselves. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'

March 2, 1928.

FREEMASONS: BRITISH AND LATIN

I

IN an English journal lately sent me from South America, I have been reading how the British Freemasons in that part of the world have been welcoming a special delegate of high Masonic rank, sent out by the Grand Lodge of England in order to visit the British Lodges in Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, and possibly in other republics.

All this sounds eminently proper, respectable, and British. The envoy from England goes out to Latin America with credentials from the Prince of the

Blood who holds the office of Grand Master of the Freemasons of Britain. The membership of the Lodges to which he is accredited is, in practically every case, confined to British subjects; and the members will to a man repudiate all connection with the native or indigenous lodges of those countries.

They themselves, they will tell you, are Englishmen, working under and subject to, the Grand Lodge of England; and they know nothing, and want to know nothing, of the principles or practices of Freemasons belonging to other countries. So far, so good.

It is, however, to be noted, that the mandate of the delegate to South America is officially declared to include not only the visitation of English lodges, but 'the cultivating of relations with such foreign Freemasons as are in friendly association with the Grand Lodge of England.' This last phrase has a very dubious, not to say sinister sound to those who know what the spirit and aims of Masonry really are in Latin countries.

In the vast Republic of Brazil, for instance, the object, policy, and *raison d'être* of the Masonic body is, as everyone there knows, firstly, a perpetual and untiring warfare against the Catholic Church, and, secondly, the education of children in schools from which every semblance of Christian teaching is expressly excluded.

Can the Royal Grand Master of English Freemasonry and his advisers possibly be ignorant of this? But if they are aware of it, what kind of 'friendly relations' are they setting out to cultivate with a body whose very existence is bound up with principles not only anti-Christian but Atheistical?

It is more than fifty years since the Grand Lodge of England Freemasons passed a formal act of renunciation of communion with French Masonry, in consequence of the Grand Orient of France having officially expunged from its ritual and formulas all references, even of the most remote and indirect kind, to Almighty God.

And only last year it was announced that the Grand Lodge of the United States of North America had resolved to break off all relations with the International Masonic Committee at Geneva, in consequence of that body having formally repudiated the name of God.

What do these publicly advertised 'breaking-off of relations,' and formal 'renunciation of communion' really mean? In practice, nothing at all. The separation between England and France has never taken any effectual shape, in spite of the solemn and official protest, half a century ago, of Lord Carnarvon, who had succeeded the Marquis of Ripon as Grand Master on the latter's resignation after his conversion to Catholicism.

The fact is that not only are British Freemasons welcomed to-day in any Continental Lodge which they may choose to visit, but those resident in Latin countries frequently join in fraternal union and intercourse with Lodges whose members are sworn to an undying hatred, not only of Catholicism, but of every form of dogmatic belief.

A near relative of the present writer, a Scotsman of the highest character and repute, held for some considerable time the highest Masonic office in the northern kingdom. He invariably maintained that he knew and cared nothing about the tenets or

doings of Continental Freemasons. In Scotland, at any rate, their motto was ' For God, the law, and the people.' They taught and practised religion, loyalty, and good citizenship.

' Why, then,' I would ask him, ' do you continue to call yourselves " Freemasons," thus practically identifying your body, at least in the eyes of all outside the Craft, with men whose principles you repudiate and whose teachings you hold in detestation? Why not style yourselves by some such harmless title, say, as " The Royal Benevolent Goose Club," and then there will be no danger of your being taken, or mistaken (as you certainly widely are at present) for allies and confederates of, or at least sympathisers with, men with whom you profess to have nothing whatever in common? '

The good man could not, or would not, admit the force of my contention. But when he upheld, as he did with some vehemence, that in British Masonry, at least, in its teachings and tenets, its formulas and its rites, there was absolutely nothing repugnant to, or subversive of, good morals, good citizenship, or the laws of God and man, I could not resist pressing on him this dilemma :

' You, my good Grand Master, began your Masonic career, as an " entered apprentice " in the Craft by taking a formal oath in the name of God, that you were willing, should you ever reveal the Masonic secrets, to be put to death, with circumstances of the utmost atrocity, at the behest of the Superiors of the Order.

' This oath was also taken by your second in command, your Senior Grand Warden, who in civil life holds the exalted office of Lord Justice General

of Scotland, and by every single Freemason in the Kingdom. That oath was, as I say, taken solemnly, in God's name, and with due kissing of the Sacred Book.

'I put it to you that that oath either meant nothing at all, and was therefore an act of blasphemous irreverence, or else it meant what it said, and was, in that case, in the highest degree unlawful, criminal, and immoral. Which of the two it was I leave to your conscience and that of the Lord Justice General to decide.'

II

There is a grand old parish church in a northern town, towards the restoration of which a local banker and his wife, being rich, generous and devout, contributed munificently. After that they both became Catholics, and built a Catholic church in the same town. Years later the lady had occasion to attend a ceremony in the old Protestant church—namely, the marriage of her maid, for whom she had a great regard.

Next day the vicar (whom she hardly knew) came to call. 'My dear lady,' he said with unction, 'I was touched to see you yesterday once more in that venerable building; and I felt how moved you must be, thinking of old happy days when you worshipped there with us all!'

But the lady was not to be caught with chaff. 'Well, do you know?' she said, 'I *was* thinking rather seriously as I stood in that old church after so many years, and looked round me. I was thinking how much I wished that all the money my husband

and I gave to restore that old church was back in our pockets ! ’

These things are a parable. When I look back across the lengthening years to my early manhood, and consider all the money I wasted on the follies and futilities of Freemasonry, I am inclined to wish, like my good friend Mrs. L——, that all that money was back in my pocket.

There was a vigorous Masonic propaganda going on in my University, and my college, when I went into residence, fresh from a great public school. The Vice-president of the college was Deputy-Master of the University lodge ; a highly respectable local clergyman was Master. But I was surely too young ? much under age. That didn’t matter : Grand Lodge would give a dispensation.

This cost several guineas, so did my entrance to the Lodge ; so did my annual subscription ; so did my dues to Grand Lodge ; so did the purchase of the insignia or regalia of the brotherhood ; so did the ‘ banquets ’ or suppers which took place after each lodge-meeting ; so did one’s share in the expenses of annual Masonic balls and other occasional festivities.

What did one get by the way of *quid pro quo* for all these guineas ? Well, the privilege of assisting at a good deal of what struck me from the first as a silly and childish ceremonial ; and of listening to long-winded exhortations, expressed in very indifferent English, mouthed out in a clerical drone by our reverend Worshipful Master, and recommending to us the practice of various social and civic virtues, in which, as far as I know, Freemasons had no sort of monopoly, although some of them seemed to think that they had.

'Why,' I asked the undergraduate who had been my sponsor into the 'fraternity,' 'is the Name of Our Lord expressly and ostentatiously left out of every prayer in the Masonic ritual? Is not our Worshipful Master a Christian, let alone a parson? And I thought that the prayers of Christians had to be offered in the Name of Christ, "the only name by which we can be saved."' '

'It strikes me that his reverence, every time he repeats those prayers, is publicly denying Our Lord, and we are every bit as bad for joining in. I object to the ritual; I object to the preliminary oath imposed upon us; and I object very particularly to these un-Christian prayers.'

These candid expressions of opinion from a recruit to the Craft caused, I think, some flutterings in the Masonic dovecotes. Some high official (was it the Provincial Grand Chaplain?) was called in to administer soothing explanations.

Ordinary Craft Masonry, it was pointed out, was as admirably comprehensive as the Church of England itself—nay, more so, for it welcomed within its fold not only Christians of every shade, but theists and deists and everyone who believed in a Grand Architect or a Grand Geometrician of the Universe.

But if I wanted something definitely orthodox, why not go in for the further and more esoteric mysteries of 'Christian Masonry,' to which Craft Masonry was, so to speak, merely the portal or vestibule?

This sounded both promising and interesting. It certainly entailed the payment of a good many more guineas, but the gate of entrance was not in any recognised lodge working under the Provincial Grand

Lodge, and ultimately under the Grand Lodge of England, with its advertised annual meetings, published balance-sheets, long list of noble and even royal officials, and all the excellently managed paraphernalia of a highly respectable benefit society.

The entrance into 'Christian Masonry'—a real secret society, which ordinary Freemasonry can hardly be called—was something quite different. One travelled up to London with a sense of deepening mystery, and somewhere back in a quiet square, I think in the purlieu of Soho, was inducted into a great hall, with a flower-bedecked altar blazing with lights.

There, with strange mediæval rites (an echo, I hope, not a travesty, of the deepest Christian mysteries) you were gradually and by slow stages, as you were found worthy, initiated into one degree after another of this singular fraternity. It was no local magnate, a mayor, or a marquis, as in the ordinary lodges, who performed the ceremony of admission (and took your money).

Quite elderly gentlemen, some of them of foreign name and appearance, presided over these curious rites. They were members of the Supreme Grand Council of the 33rd Degree. I never got further than the 18th.

Then I conceived an aversion for the mummery—and, as I had reason to think, dangerous mummery—of the whole business. I cut myself off from it all. But I have often wondered what those mysterious old gentlemen did with all my guineas.

March 9, 1928.

A GLADSTONIAN CENTENARY

CENTENARIES are the fashion just now ; and I am musing to-day on one such anniversary in connection with a man who bulked large in the political and religious life of the nineteenth century. It is just a hundred years since W. E. Gladstone left Eton College, after six years spent as a pupil in ' Henry's holy shade.'

The chapter which Lord Morley devotes, in his voluminous *Life of Gladstone*, to the future Premier's school days is one of the duller in the book. I have some much more vivid and interesting impressions of Gladstone as an Etonian, communicated to me by the late Dr. A. C. Benson, who had them from the Grand Old Man's own lips when he was nearly ninety.

I write them down exactly as Arthur Benson heard them on a certain evening after dinner at Hawarden Castle, where he was the old statesman's guest. You are to imagine his venerable host, seated in his cushioned elbow chair at the head of his table, and sipping port at intervals from his own particular bottle, out of a little glass studded with blue stones which he always used : also the deeply lined face, compressed lips, eyes still keen, clear, and bright, and the emphatic, almost staccato, utterance in which he brought out these reminiscences of boyhood's far-back days.

' Eton, sir,' said the old man, ' was a comparatively small school when I entered it in 1821, with less than five hundred scholars. It was the only public school with much reputation—most of

the others had fallen on evil times after the long war—and it suffered for that pre-eminence. A miserable monopoly, sir ! (this was said with great emphasis.) Many of the masters were sad scoundrels. They would take the upper boys up to London in post-chaises, and make them tipsy, and bring them back in time for school. There were, however, some singularly virtuous boys at Eton with me, at a time when virtue was very little encouraged.

‘ One of them was Arthur Hallam, whose name is perhaps familiar to you [this, of course, was the Hallam of Tennyson’s *In Memoriam*]. A most winning and lovable boy, and perhaps my dearest friend at school, though two years my junior, which is much at that time of life.

‘ Another very virtuous boy was Walter Hamilton, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury (I nominated him when Prime Minister). Hamilton arrived at Eton in the middle of the half, on a Thursday, when we were just going into afternoon church [he did not call it “chapel”]. He took a prayer-book in with him ; but it was not our custom to take prayer-books into afternoon church. So he was at once nicknamed “Methodist.”

‘ On the following Sunday morning he was careful to take no prayer-book into church. But it *was* the custom to take prayer-books into morning church ; so Hamilton was immediately called “Atheist.”

‘ Hallam and Hamilton, though exceptionally good boys, were both flogged, I believe quite unjustly. There was a great deal of flogging then : I was flogged once, I consider unfairly, for omitting from my list, when præpostor of the form, the names of three boys sentenced to be punished.

“ “ Did you not, sir,” Benson ventured to ask, “ consider that you had committed a breach of trust, considering the position you held ” ? “ Certainly not,” was the old man’s quick reply. “ It would have been so had I accepted that position voluntarily ; but it was thrust upon me.” Rather a dangerous doctrine !

“ “ I suppose, sir,” said Benson, “ that the headmaster (the famous Dr. Keate) was a more humane man in reality than tradition has made him ? ” Gladstone smiled grimly. “ There was very little humanity about him. I remember I used to think that the difference between my father and the headmaster was this : my father was sometimes in a passion, but Dr. Keate was *always* in a passion.”

“ “ Does the custom of *booing* still exist at Eton ? ” the old man inquired. “ I never heard of it, sir, in my time : pray what was it ? ” “ Well, it was Dr. Keate’s custom to assemble the whole school on Sunday morning in Upper School, and to give us a lecture, known as ‘ Prose ’—the only substitute, and I am bound to say a very inefficient one, for every form of religious instruction.

“ “ During the course of this lecture it was the habit of the elder boys to make a continuous humming sound, with closed lips, so that the culprit could not be discovered. This was called ‘ booing.’ ”

“ I think the practice is quite extinct, sir, quite,” said Benson. The old gentleman struck his fist vigorously on the table. “ I am sorry to hear it, sir, very sorry. It was a fine old custom, *the national privilege of disagreeing with persons in authority.*” A very Gladstonian utterance ! ’

One more Eton reminiscence of the G.O.M., and that a personal one of my own. Forty years after he had left the school, and just sixty years ago this coming summer, I met Mr. Gladstone, on a bright June afternoon, in his youngest son's little room at Evans's famous house, where all his sons, and all his nephews (sons of the fourth Lord Lyttelton) were in turn boarders.

Herbert (then and always known as 'Twopence'), his distinguished father, and I sat at the open window looking out on Keate's Lane, and discussing together the contents of a pottle of strawberries. 'Yes,' said Mr. G. pensively, 'it is just as it used to be. I once asked the old woman who sold strawberries in my time why she always put all the best ones on the top. "Why, to be sure," she answered, "to save you young gentlemen the trouble of looking for 'em!"'

'Twopence,' with his curly head and jolly smile (now a Viscount and ex-Governor-General), was, I think, almost exactly my own age, and we were very intimate for a time. I wonder if he remembers this little incident as well as I do?

March 23, 1928.

THE CREATIVE FACULTY IN WOMAN

I HAVE been reading with interest and amusement Lord Birkenhead's provocative speech at the Authors' Club, in which, in presence of distinguished writers of both sexes, he upheld to his own satisfaction, if not to that of all his hearers, the thesis that women had never held their own with men in

the literary field, and had, in fact, no real place in literature at all.

Lord Birkenhead was concerned only with woman's achievements in the domain of letters ; but, musing on his witty speech, I have been led to ask myself the wider question : Is man, creatively and intellectually, the superior of woman ? And my unhesitating answer is : As regards intellectual creative power, woman is not only inferior to man, but in point of fact does not possess it at all.

Let us take the arts, in which woman has never been handicapped, at which she has worked for generations as assiduously and as industriously as man.

In painting I take three names (I know none more distinguished), Rosa Bonheur, Angelica Kauffmann, Elizabeth Butler. Where do they stand among the immortals, these three, with their studies of horses and cattle, their cold historic portraits and painted ceilings, their battle-pieces and Chelsea pensioners ? I need not answer the question—it answers itself.

In sculpture, where are the women ? They do not even exist. In music, we think of Grisi, Jenny Lind, Patti, Nilsson, Melba, queens of song ; and of Madame Schumann and Norman-Neruda, instrumentalists of the first rank. What was the musical genius of these gifted women ? Beyond a doubt, *interpretative*, not *creative*. No women (it sounds like irony to mention Liza Lehmann and Ethel Smyth) have ever entered even the vestibule of the Valhalla which enshrines the world's great composers ; and they never will.

So, too, in drama : we have Mrs. Siddons, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse, Ellen Terry, all

pre-eminent in the dramatic art, but as *interpreters* only. No woman has ever created a great drama, either tragedy or comedy. To style Mrs. Patrick Campbell the 'creator' of Paula Tanqueray is journalese, not literary English. Paula was created by her author, not by the actress who portrayed her on the stage.

In scientific research, what has woman ever done? Practically nothing. But what about Madame Curie? Well, Madame Curie worked for years in industrious and patient collaboration with her distinguished husband. It was in collaboration that they discovered polonium and radium, just as in the previous century Caroline Herschel, working in constant contact with her gifted brother (the discoverer of Uranus), herself came on some unknown comets. Neither woman can justly be called an independent scientific discoverer.

I once asked the professor of pure mathematics at a northern University, where male and female students were almost equal in numbers, 'How do the women do in higher mathematics as compared with the men? I suppose not so well.' 'It is not,' was the answer, 'that they don't do it so well: they don't do it at all.'

The same reply would, I venture to think, be given in respect to every subject implying, or entailing, original research, or what might be called scientific initiative.

Women may, and do, attain high honours—sometimes the highest—in many departments of University studies. An astonishing power of absorbing facts, a capability of sustained industry, a remarkable gift of lucid expression, a faculty of

marshalling with clarity and order all that comes within their ken—these are some of the elements which help them to pass difficult examinations with credit and success.

But the instance, or, if you please, the exceptional case of Madame Curie cannot for a moment be allowed to disprove the universal truth that in the region of pure and applied science, as well as in practical inventions, women are nowhere. As far as the intellectual world is concerned they lack the power to create.

Catherine of Russia, the Queen of Sheba (!), and Joan of Arc, who have been dragged into the argument by some ardent feminists, do not really come into it at all. Let me throw into the scale Maria Theresa, SS. Catherine of Siena and Teresa of Avila, the foundresses and generals of half a dozen religious Orders, and (if you like) Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria.

Women in all ages, given the opportunity, have been great administrators, as they have been great heroines and great saints. This is not a question of creative intellect : it is indeed beside the question altogether.

In his speech at the Authors' Club, Lord Birkenhead commented with much emphasis on the very small number of women—and this although there had always been more women than men in the world—who had ever attained to great literary distinction. Literary immortality indeed he denied to them altogether.

There have been, of course, feminine protests against this verdict ; but the best letter which I have seen on the subject is one from a distinguished

woman writer of the day, Miss Marjorie Bowen, who exactly supports my thesis by speaking of the literary heights 'from which woman's lack of creative originality deters her,' and declares her opinion that 'there seems no prospect of a truly great woman writer in the future.'

In the domain of poetry, what names have we? Two, perhaps, outstanding: Sappho, of whose writings, 'all fire and dew,' we can judge but by a few scanty fragments; and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' have placed her, say her admirers, truly among the immortals. It may be so; but what are these among the galaxy of poets whose name and fame fill the centuries? And save those two who are there?

Among prose writers, what woman, in any country or any age, can pretend to a foremost place? Jane Austen reproduced the provincial life of her own day, seasoned with her own delicious humour. The charm of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* is in the same category.

The native genius of the Brontë sisters stands by itself, a thing apart; and Emily Brontë's sombre romance, *Wuthering Heights*, is, I incline to think, the most powerful book ever penned by a woman. 'George Sand' and 'George Eliot' wrote, significantly enough, under masculine pen-names; and one cannot study the details of their lives without realising that there was little or nothing of the woman about either of them.

When all is said and done, what literary work of absolutely the first class have women-writers (and I know no names more eminent than those which I have cited) given to the world? The answer can

only be—none. It must have been with his tongue in his cheek that Lord Birkenhead concluded his witty harangue by assigning to ‘Ouida’ and the author of *Lady Audley’s Secret* a niche among the immortals.

Women, I have said, lack the power to create. Intellectually, yes: it is impossible to doubt it. But they do possess a creative power of a very different though not less elevated kind. It is to be the mothers of the human race that their mysterious creative faculty has been given to them.

There lies their true, their high, vocation—not in painfully panting after man up the steep slopes of a Parnassus whose summit they can never hope to attain. The Christian family, domestic life, the atmosphere of home: this, excepting for the few who are called to the supreme sacrifice of the religious state, is the true sphere of the creative power vouchsafed to woman.

The old, old German definition of where her work in the world should chiefly lie—*Kirche, Kinder, Küche*—may not appeal to the feminist of to-day; but there is truth and wisdom in it all the same.

One final word. There are women who claim the power and right of taking their share in the government of the nation and the world. They have already made a breach in the walls of Parliament. But the American peeress who sat for a time in solitary triumph on the green benches of Westminster, although a source of amusement to her friends and of irritation to her opponents, will never be taken seriously as a politician; and the British electorate shows no great alacrity in sending women to keep her company.

As to governing the world—well, in the last resort (in spite of all the Leagues and Conferences), the world is, and will continue to be, governed by physical force. Women can never be efficient soldiers or sailors or policemen—*ergo*: the argument admits of no refutation.

The eminent physician, Dr. Almroth Wright, *rem acu tetigit*, in other words, hit the nail on the head, when, in a two-column letter to the *Times*, he laid down, in language as plain-spoken as was ever addressed to a public print, the indisputable fact that physiologically, anatomically, temperamentally, constitutionally, women are for ever incapable of doing man's work in the world. The feminists foamed and shrieked, but they could not reply. *Causa finita est*.

Woman is endowed with a hundred gifts, which she can exercise in innumerable ways, and in innumerable spheres, for the welfare and elevation of her fellow-creatures. Let her not wrong her delightful sex by arrogating powers and functions which God and Nature have denied to her. And, as for us, let us (as old Johnson put it) clear our minds of cant, and not advance on women's behalf untenable and fantastic claims which, after all, the vast majority of them are far too sensible to think of making for themselves.

March 30, 1928.

ON HYMNS AND HYMN-SINGING

I HAVE been reading some of the contributions to a subject which comes up perennially for discussion in Catholic circles—the goodness or badness of our

popular hymnology. I do not propose to enter into the matter further than to say that I think most of the critics forget or ignore the most powerful factor in the matter, namely, the immensely strong *sentiment*, whether of association, long use, or anything else, which endears to so many people hymns of perhaps very little intrinsic merit.

Take, for instance, the hymns which the Oratorians (chiefly Faber and Caswall) introduced and made popular seventy years ago in England. It is of no use to denounce them as 'mawkish,' 'flowery,' 'saccharine,' and so on. Generations of English-speaking Catholics have been brought up from childhood to listen to them, to sing them, and to love them.

The melodies may in some cases be as poor as the words. No matter: they have become, by a hundred sacred ties and memories, enshrined in the popular love and devotion; and there, whatever the critics may say, they will remain.

I once heard, or read, an expression of opinion that nothing had helped to 'pull together' the Church of England, after the defection of the Oxford Converts, so much as the publication of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. That remarkable compilation has certainly been an asset to the Establishment, and to some extent a link between the widely varying elements which compose it. Of course, with much that is admirable, there is a deal of rubbish in the collection, both words and music.

Many of the verses, though meant to be poetry, are so hopelessly prosaic as to be almost grotesque, though I remember nothing quite so bad in that line as a quatrain which I used to listen to in a

Scots Episcopal church, on certain feasts of the Apostles :

Ever noble be our aims,
Like Saint Philip and Saint James :
Ever striving to be good,
Like Saint Simon and Saint Jude.

The leading defect in many hymns is, I think, their utter unsuitability for congregational use. I will refer to one only, Newman's 'Lead, Kindly Light,' that cry for illumination and guidance wrung, at the greatest crisis of his life, from the solitary pilgrim tossing on the stormy Mediterranean in an orange-boat, tormented by a hot sun, a head wind and a heavy sea, and sick almost unto death in body, mind, and soul.

Was there ever a poet's prayer so poignant, so personal, so subjective ? Think of it warbled, to the well-known sugary and sentimental tune, in the average Anglican church by an average congregation, who have joined with zest in a ' hearty ' service, and are looking forward to enjoying an equally hearty luncheon. *Non tali auxilio.*

Hymns were not sung in the secrecy and silence of Catholic worship in the penal days. A Scots priest, greatly daring, introduced the ' Adeste Fideles ' into his Edinburgh chapel a century and a half ago ; and as the sweet melody floated down from the attic which served as a church the passers-by in Blackfriars' Wynd listened entranced.

They caught up the tune, and hummed it as they walked, and soon, the old chronicler tells us, errand-boys began to whistle it on their rounds, and even the sparrows chirped it on the house-tops. But the singers reckoned without their austere and

cautious bishop (George Hay), who denounced the introduction of music into the chapels as 'most imprudent,' and absolutely forbade it.

Fifty years later, after the first relaxation of the stringency of the penal laws, the good prelate not only sanctioned hymn-singing, but himself prepared, with his coadjutor, a *Collection of Spiritual Hymns and Songs*; and a most curious compilation it is.

The idea carried out in this hymn-book was to take the familiar tunes of current secular songs and to adapt to them sacred words in the same rhyme and metre. I have space for one extract only: two stanzas of a hymn written to the well-known melody 'The Mill O':

Then let who will shine out in gold,
And ride in coach and six O:
I still in virtue's sacred path
My happiness will fix O.
I envy no man's wealth and power,
Nor those who me excel O:
Their happiness increases mine,
For I wish all men well O.

With pleasure I expect the hour
Which will the knot untie O,
And free my love-sick longing soul
That she may mount on high O,
To those celestial blest Abodes
Where purest Joys do spring O,
And there her Saviour's praises loud
For endless ages sing O.

Other 'sacred songs,' not less pious, and some even quainter, were written for such familiar tunes as 'Whirry Whigs,' 'Alloa House,' 'The Lass of Patey's Mill,' and many others. But the above specimen must suffice for the present.

'Other times, other manners.' We cannot read,

we could not sing to-day without a smile, these strains dear to our pious and persecuted forefathers in the faith. But most of us, I suppose, have our own favourite hymns, whatever the abstract merit of words or tune. Mine is (let me confess it) 'Mary Immaculate,' set to its haunting French carol melody, 'Jésus enfant, par une nuit obscure.' I humbly trust that its closing verse,

Bend from thy throne at the voice of our crying,
 Bend to this earth which thy footsteps have trod :
 Stretch out thine arms to us living and dying,
 Mary Immaculate, Mother of God !

may be sung at my dying pillow, when eyes and ears are closing for ever to the sights and sounds of earth.

April 13, 1928.

WHERE POETS HAVE NODDED

SWIFT says somewhere (I suppose in his essay on 'The Art of Sinking in Poetry') that 'bathos is the natural taste of man.' It is certainly the infirmity of poets, the greatest as well as the most obscure. From musing, the other day, on the bad prose which too often passes for poetry in popular hymn-books, I fell to thinking of poetical bathos in general—a subject surely as entertaining as it is inexhaustible.

Wordsworth, whose theory that every subject under heaven, from the sublime to the most commonplace, was susceptible of poetic treatment led him into inevitable bathos, is indeed *facile princeps* in this regard. Somebody (was it Dean Inge or the headmaster of Eton ?) lately recommended the

searcher for such absurdities to glance over an index to the first lines of Wordsworth's miscellaneous poems.

Curiously enough, I am writing (away from home) in a library where the only copy of Wordsworth discoverable is Volume III of Methuen's three-volume edition. I am consequently tantalised by lighting on such delicious and promising openings as :

Clarkson ! it was an obstinate hill to climb :
 I hate that Andrew Jones ! he'll breed :
 Let thy wheelbarrow alone :
 We had a Female Passenger who came :
 Jones ! as from Calais southward you and I :
 Spade ! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands :
 How disappeared he ? ask the newt and toad :

What possibilities are here ! But the romance that lies behind and beyond these beginnings is closed to me. Was Wilkinson of the ' Spade ' the same whom the poet elsewhere unforgettably described as—

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman ?

which in turn recalls Tennyson's calamitous line in the ' May Queen ' :

And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

The only other line in the above *catena* which seems to convey something to me is the last. Was not the unhappy wight, as to whose disappearance we are invited to consult the newt and toad, the last of the Macfarlanes, whose spirit haunts an islet in Loch Lomond ?

How many prize poems have been made, or marred, by a single couplet, or even a single line ! There was Burgon's perfect line on Petra :

A rose-red city, half as old as time ;
and that other magical line on the Miracle of Cana :

The modest water saw its God and blushed ;

latine redditum—

Vidit et erubuit lympa pudica Deum.

I forget whether the English line or the Latin pentameter was the original : and who wrote either of them. But their beauty is undeniable.

Oscar Wilde, in his prize-poem, ' Ravenna,' had a fine couplet (though the sentiment of it need not appeal to us) :

The Palatine hath welcomed back her King,
And with his name the seven mountains ring.

But what shall we say of the following, the only surviving couplets of prize poems on (respectively) ' Nebuchadnezzar ' and ' The Voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers ' ?

- (1) He murmured, as he chewed th' unwonted food,
It may be wholesome, but it is not good.
- (2) Thus, ever guided by the hand of God,
They sailed along until they reached Cape Cod.

I think I award to the last distich the palm for supreme bathos, a good second being Wordsworth's enchanting couplet on

A Household Tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes.

and the third prize to the last line of ' Enoch Arden,'
telling us how the little port

Had seldom known a costlier funeral.

A kindred subject to bathos in poetry, but one on which I cannot dwell here, is the incredible *ugliness* of some lines written by great poets. Browning, of course, stands pre-eminent: was there ever a harsher or more hideous cacophony than this of his?

Irks fear the cropfull bird : frets doubt the maw-crammed
beast.

Yet Browning, according to Swinburne, no mean judge (' that pipe,' as Tennyson called him, ' through whom all things blew into music '), wrote the most beautiful couplet ever penned by poet :

As the king-bird, with ages on his plumes,
Travels to die in his ancestral glooms.

Without disputing Swinburne's dictum, let me end these rambling notes by quoting what has ever seemed to me the most musical distich in the whole range of English poetry :

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmur of innumerable bees.

April 20, 1928.

OF EPISCOPALIAN BISHOPS

A CURIOUS designation, some of my readers will say. Are not all bishops 'Episcopalian'? I suppose they are, in a sense; but I am using the word as it was universally, and is still very generally, applied, North

of the Tweed, to the Scoto-Anglican prelates, lawful and lineal descendants of the Erastian hierarchy which James VI and his two sons intruded into Presbyterian Scotland some three centuries ago.

In my young days these worthy gentlemen, though they officially enjoyed the titles of the ancient Catholic sees, did not use them in common life, being generally known as 'Bishop Wilson,' or whatever their surname was. They were not styled 'my Lord'; nor did they dream of calling themselves Catholic, or even Anglo-Catholic, bishops.

They knew—everybody knew—that there *were* Catholic bishops in the country, exercising authority in those districts where the people, or the majority of them, had clung through good and evil days to the proscribed religion of their fathers. They themselves were Episcopalian bishops, and were quite content with that title.

The bishops of the 'English Church' (as the Episcopalian sect was commonly called in Scotland) used to dress in those days exactly like their Presbyterian brethren, in sober black garments and voluminous white neckcloths, and never affected the quaint Georgian attire peculiar to the prelates of the Anglican Establishment.

I remember a youngish bishop, an old Oxford friend of mine, who confessed that when waiting on a station platform, or in some other public place, he felt like a fool in what he irreverently called 'this outlandish rig.'

I read only lately of how the bishop of a northern diocese justified and explained, one by one, the items of episcopal attire from a public platform in his cathedral city. The whole kit, he pointed out,

dated from days when a bishop's only, or at least ordinary, method of progression about his diocese was on horseback.

It was, in fact, the common riding-dress of the period—the buttoned gaiters, the much abbreviated cassock (now nicknamed ‘apron’), and the cords for tying his Lordship's hat under his chin in case of a breeze.

It is of Lord Rosebery that the tale is told, how he was once standing bareheaded at a hatter's counter, while his ‘topper’ was being ironed. A dignified prelate entered the shop, doffed his singular head-gear, and handed it to the peer with the question: ‘Have you got a hat like this?’ ‘No,’ replied the other emphatically, handing it back after very careful inspection. ‘I *haven't* got a hat like that; and if I had, I'm blest if I'd wear it!’

A bishop in the *tout ensemble* of episcopal attire is certainly a dignified and even formidable personage. I remember one with whom I was on most friendly terms—indeed, a sort of relation, as his wife was my brother-in-law's sister. We used to meet when he was on his summer holiday, and have long bicycle rides together, my friend looking not the least episcopal, or even clerical, in his loose-fitting grey suit.

A month after one of these expeditions I encountered him in Pall Mall, fully panoplied as a prelate, and really almost unapproachable. ‘I am sorry that I cannot ask you to luncheon,’ he observed. ‘I am now going to write letters in the Athenæum; and at one precisely I have an appointment with the Archbishop at Lambeth Palace.’ I retired hurt.

Nowadays, of course, the prelates of the 'Scottish Church' (as it pleases them to call the esoteric religious body over which they preside) sport the full episcopal get-up, with pectoral crosses, pontifical rings (usually worn on the wrong finger), and occasionally violet collar-stocks thrown in.

Such a prelate I once saw, when I was visiting Rome, standing in the street outside his *pension* in the Via Sistina. A beautiful vision in the bright Roman sunshine, and one that attracted the admiration of a group of children who had gathered by. 'Ecco il vescovo inglese!' they exclaimed with joy, which grew to rapture as a portly lady emerged and took her lord's right arm. 'Ecco! la vescova inglese!' they cried enchanted.

But the crowning welcome was reserved for the three fair-haired children who ran out and joined their parents. This was the climax. 'Ecco! ecco! i vescovini!' chanted the delighted chorus of on-lookers, as the quintet stepped off sedately in the direction of the Trinità de' Monti steps.

April 27, 1928.

ROME UNDER LEO XIII

My memories this week take me back exactly fifty years, to my last sojourn in Rome as a layman, and my last visit to the Eternal City for more than a quarter of a century, when the pontificate and personality of Pope Leo XIII, of whose household I had had the privilege of being a humble member, had almost receded into history.

Those Roman days, from February 20, 1878,

when Gioacchino Pecci was elected to the Chair of Peter after a two-days' Conclave, to the May morning when I bade a long farewell to the Holy City, were full of incident and interest.

There was the first audience given by Pope Leo to his private chamberlains, and the thrill one felt at seeing enter the audience-chamber the grave, austere, and majestic figure of the new Pontiff, so singular a contrast to that of his beloved and lamented predecessor.

Nor was the contrast only in external bearing and demeanour. Things had become slack in the vast household of the Vatican in the troubled years that followed the Revolution of 1870; and order, discipline, and economy were the watchwords under the new régime.

I met the Marchese Serlupi, the Pope's Master of the Horse, coming down the great stairs almost in tears, having just received definite orders that all the horses in the Vatican stables were to be sold.

'What are we to do,' sighed the Eminent and Most Reverend prelates *in Curia*, 'now that no coaches and horses are available to bring us to and from the Vatican?'

'Monsignori,' the Pope is reported to have said with a smile, 'non c'è difficoltà. The Cisalpine Government has done some deplorable things in our city of Rome; but it has set up an excellent service of tramways, which will carry you to the Trastevere, and back, for twopence.'

One incident, which I well remember, indicated the strained relations between Church and State half a century ago. Crispi, the Radical Minister of the

Interior, strictly forbade the syndics and other civil functionaries throughout Italy to take any part in celebrating Leo XIII's accession, though they were permitted to assist at the innumerable requiems for his predecessor. The Government, in other words, was willing to bury the late Pope, but not to acknowledge the new one.

Another sign of the times was that, firstly, almost all the palaces of the old Roman aristocracy and princely families were brilliantly illuminated on the night of the Pope's Coronation ; and, secondly, the authorities permitted disorderly mobs to smash the illuminated windows.

I myself saw the Palazzi Massimo, Theodoli, Salviati, and others brilliantly lit up, and, later in the evening, the windows broken by volleys of stones without the slightest interference by the police. Those were strange times.

The last solemn Church function I attended in Rome was the funeral of Cardinal Amat, Dean of the Sacred College, who was born when Napoleon was a lad of fifteen, and Prince Charlie was still living in Rome. I had seen him carried into the Vatican (for, though paralysed, he refused to be dispensed) to assist at the Conclave which elected Leo XIII.

I was present when a deputation of the Catholic Union, headed by Lords Gainsborough and Denbigh, came to congratulate the Pope on his accession. Lord Petre was an absentee at the last moment, detained in England by the disastrous fire which had just destroyed Thorndon Hall, his noble seat in Essex.

It was my particular privilege, I think in the same week, to accompany, to a private audience with his

Holiness, my friend Philip Fletcher, the newly converted curate of St. Bartholomew's, Brighton, whose loss the Catholic Church in England is lamenting to-day.

My last glimpse in life of the great Pontiff was on a bright spring morning in the Vatican Gardens, where he was visiting the flock of goats sent to him, with their rustic shepherd Cacciotti, by the people of Carpineto, the Pope's native place.

I saw the Pontiff turn away, Cacciotti kneeling for his blessing, and stand for a few moments, a motionless figure in scarlet and white, in silent prayer before the near-by image of the Madonna. I thought of the scene years afterwards, as I read his swan-song, addressed to God and his blessed Mother, when the end of his long pilgrimage was at hand.

O may I win to Heaven, and there enjoy
Th' eternal vision of God's Light and Face !
And Mary, whom I loved when yet a boy,
And loved still more as years crept on apace
Welcome me now to Heaven, while I confess
'Tis to thy help I owe this blessedness.¹

¹ Here is the original—not easy to translate, as those know who are familiar with Leo XIII's scholarly but difficult Latinity.

O cœlum attingam ! supremo munere detur
Divino æternum lumine et ore frui :
Teque, o Virgo, frui : matrem te parvulus infans
Dilexi, flagrans in sene crevit amor.
Excipe me cœlo : cœli de civibus unus
Auspice te, dicam, præmia tanta tuli.

May 4, 1928.

A DAY'S RAMBLE IN MILAN

'THE Milanese churches, which always tend to be overlooked, in spite of their immense interest, through the Cathedral drawing so much attention from tourists, are historic monuments never to be passed by. Who that has stood before the massive doors of Sant' Ambrogio, which St. Ambrose clanged in the face of the impenitent Theodosius in the fourth century, to justify the authority of the Keys, has not felt thrilled to the core with the memories those gates enshrine? Yet hundreds of tourists pass through Milan seeing only its arcades and shop-fronts, and deaf to the call of its past.'

A note in the *Catholic Times*, regretting that visitors to Milan neglect its matchless churches in order to concentrate their attention on the majestic, but far from faultless Duomo, is my text this week.

I want to turn *cicerone* for once, and ask my readers to retrace with me a memorable pilgrimage which I made, one April morning, to some unforgettable churches in the Lombard capital. Perhaps these notes may be of some use to future visitors to Milan.

A short distance westward of the Duomo, on the long Corso di Magenta, we come on the small but fascinating church of San Maurizio, a perfect treasure-house of the frescoes of Luini and his school.

I recall the haunting beauty of some of these early sixteenth-century paintings—the wonderful St. John in the Crucifixion group, an exquisite angel with

SS. Cecilia and Ursula, and above all the surpassing charm of the heads of woman-saints, Catherine, Lucy, Agatha, and the rest : ' a sisterhood of stainless souls,' as Symonds calls them, ' the lilies of love's garden planted round Christ's throne.'

Not far off, in the same street, stands the monastic church of Sta Maria delle Grazie : the convent a barrack when I saw it, but, reserved to the Academy of Arts, the refectory on which da Vinci painted (in oils, unfortunately, hence its almost hopeless decay), his world-famous Last Supper.

Contemporary copies in the same room help one to understand and appreciate the unsurpassed perfection of the great master's composition and treatment of his sublime subject. More than that one cannot say : what one sees is a mere shadow of a painting, the ghost of a masterpiece.

Personally I was far more impressed by some of the wonderful studies for the heads (especially that of Our Saviour) in the Brera Gallery.

From this deserted convent we pass down a street almost as deserted, that of St. Victor, past St. Victor's Church, worth a visit by reason of the extraordinarily elaborate baroque decoration of the interior.

Hence in a few minutes we reach the piazza of Sant' Ambrogio, and the culminating point of our pilgrimage : the wonderful church of St. Ambrose with its venerable atrium, and the historic altar, under its simple, soaring ciborium, at which nine Emperors assumed the Iron Crown of Lombardy.

I think the special charm of this church is that, though it dates, at earliest, from the eleventh century, it appears from its style to be far older, and, indeed, to recall St. Ambrose himself.

The interior of the basilica is as simple as it is beautiful ; but its crowning glory is the marvellous goldsmith's work of the ninth century, of gold, enamel, and precious stones, which adorns the altar. Nothing in Milan, or in Italy, or indeed in any country, ever impressed or charmed me more than this venerable temple.

We turn south-eastward now, and soon reach the oldest church in the city, San Lorenzo, octagonal in form, and once, it is said, the central hall of a Roman bath.

It is modernised now, and of much less interest than Sant' Aquilino's chapel on the right, adorned with mosaics twelve or thirteen hundred years old. Older still is the imposing Corinthian colonnade just opposite the church, perhaps built by Maximian, and the chief remaining relic of the Roman city of Mediolanum.

Following the busy, bustling Via di Torino, we must not pass without entering the church (a very ancient foundation but a modern building) of San Giorgio in Palazzo ; for in one side chapel, far older than the main building, we shall find one of Luini's most beautiful works, an ' Ecce Homo,' and more frescoes by the same master ; and in another a fine St. Jerome, by Gaudenzio Ferrari.

Our walk ends here, for we are back in the cathedral square. Perhaps we have seen enough for a day ; but, if opportunity offers, the Dominican church of Sant' Eustorgio, an interesting all brick building, with the beautiful shrine of St. Peter Martyr, will repay a visit.

So will the simple but charming sixteenth-century San Satiro ; the Church of San Nazzaro (built by

St. Charles Borromeo) with its noble monuments ; the devotional Santa Maria di San Celso, entered from its cloistered court ; San Sepolcro, with its curious carved wooden figures, and many others. We could spend another day with profit and pleasure in visiting some of these.

I have one recollection of Milan Cathedral, which 'cancels out,' and atones for, many grievous impressions wrought on me by the hideous sham roof, the uniformly unsatisfactory tracery, the mediocre marble statuary, as seen in the garish light of an Italian noonday.

I entered the great church very early one morning, after a night journey from Rome. It was just after daybreak, and I had never seen the building look so strangely impressive ; the vast spaces in deepest shadow, and the high jewelled windows gleaming faintly radiant in the dull morning light.

I like to think of the Duomo as I saw it, perhaps for the last time, in that mysterious kindly dawn, which had wiped out all its defects.

May 11, 1928.

LATIN AMERICA AND CHRIST THE KING

ALL visitors to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil's incomparable capital, are familiar with the wonderful peak called Corcovado, which rises sheer and steep behind the great white city to a height of nearly 3000 feet, and commands a view of unsurpassed beauty over the world-famous bay.

It was a fatiguing enough ascent on foot to the

summit in old days, through the dense tropical *matto* or forest which clothes its base, changing, as one mounted higher, into the vegetation first of sub-tropical, then of temperate, zones ; and only the robust kind of traveller could undertake it.

Now hundreds of tourists, and of natives, too, escaping from the steaming city into the cool, fresh upper air, are transported to the top every day in an electric train.

A fruit-stall and a picture-postcard shop were all that one found on the summit of this cloud-piercing peak when I last ascended it. But I hear with thankfulness and pleasure of a great act of faith and thanksgiving which has been initiated there by the Catholic people of Rio, with the full concurrence of the Brazilian Government.

Deep foundations have been excavated in the living rock which forms the extreme summit of the mountain ; and on them will rise a domed chapel, large enough to hold five hundred people, its cupola to be surmounted by a colossal statue of Christ the King, now being executed by a famous sculptor.

Every night, and all night, the sacred image will be illuminated by reflectors from arc lamps of immense power, and will be visible for a great distance out in the Atlantic Ocean.

The work is already begun ; and the Cardinal Archbishop of Rio, notwithstanding his advanced years and grave infirmities, had himself transported to the mountain-top that he might lay and bless the foundation stone of the sacred edifice.

An act of faith I have called this unique sanctuary, and still more the spirit of piety and devotion which has prompted its erection in the capital of the great

Brazilian Republic. Nor is it the only manifestation of the kind.

Ten degrees north of Rio your steamer will touch at the ancient city of San Salvador, for more than two centuries the metropolis of Brazil, and now called Bahia from the magnificent Bay of All the Saints, as it was named by its gallant discoverer, Thome da Sousa, nearly four hundred years ago.

And while your ship waits at the busy quay, taking in, perhaps, an odorous cargo of the strong tobacco which is one of Bahia's staple products, you will have time to drive northwards, to where on an elevated site, commanding a wide view over the noble bay, its shores aglow with the richest tropical vegetation, stands the great statue of the Saviour—'Christo Redemptor,' a majestic figure of pure white marble.

One more fact—the most striking of all. In the very heart of the stupendous range of the Andes has been reared, with infinite labour, a colossal monument known as 'El Cristo de los Andes' (the Christ of the Andes).

It stands 14,000 feet above the sea-level, on the boundary-line separating Argentina from Chile, and commemorates the final settlement, by both nations, of the difficult delimitation question which had so long threatened their mutual peace.

The colossal statue of Christ is cast from old bronze cannons left by the Spaniards; and its erection is due to the energy and generosity of an Argentine lady and a zealous bishop of the same country. Since the opening of the Transandine Railway the mountain road that passed near the votive statue is almost disused; and the great figure of Christ

stands there now eternally alone, a cross in His left hand, his right raised in blessing, and his gaze fixed on the everlasting snows.

Christ the Redeemer! It is the pre-eminent devotion among the far-flung Latin-American races. They all have, of course, their famous shrines and sanctuaries of the Madonna, and, in every country, special honour and particular devotion to their own particular saints and patrons in the Court of Heaven.

But throughout the vast continent, wherever the lamp of faith and piety burns brightest, it is God Incarnate, the Second Person of the Trinity, who is the object of the people's passionate worship.

Nowhere in Christendom did the burning words of the Supreme Pastor, instituting the great festival of Christ the King, meet a warmer or more fervent response than from the Catholic peoples of the South American Republics. A good omen, surely, and an earnest of the Divine blessing on them and theirs.

May 18, 1928.

LINKS WITH THE LONG PAST

I MENTIONED the other day how I had seen carried into the Conclave which elected Pope Leo XIII, in 1878, a Cardinal who had been born when Napoleon was a schoolboy, and Prince Charles Edward was still living in Rome.

I never spoke to that venerable Prince of the Church, whose benevolent countenance and white hair I perfectly recall. But I have a vivid and personal remembrance of another figure of the long past, who had also seen Prince Charlie when, thanks

to the care of a devoted daughter, he was spending his last days in the Eternal City in decency and comfort.

My earliest recollection is sitting, a child of four, on my grandfather's knee, while he crooned into my ear the old lament, 'Bonnie Charlie's noo awa'.' 'Poor Prince Charlie!' he said with a shake of his grey head. 'I remember him in Rome, walking about with a big stick and a red nose. Far better if he had been killed at Culloden!'

The dates in connection with this incident are of interest. It happened in the summer of 1857, and the old man was looking back to the year 1787, when he, a little boy of nine, was spending a winter in Rome just after his father's death. Prince Charles Edward died in January, 1788, aged sixty-seven. He was born two hundred and eight years ago.

Links with the long past, such as the above, have always been of absorbing interest to me; and I treasure them with care. Such a link I met at Oxford, not many years ago, in the person of the oldest commissioned officer in the British Army—a full General, and Colonel of the Royal Irish Rifles.

'He wants to know you,' said the friend at whose table we met, 'because he served with your father in Canada.' 'What? In William IV's reign?' I asked: 'my father served in Canada in 1836.' 'I daresay; but the General is ninety-four!' So he was, but he looked thirty years younger.

Here was a link with the past! as indeed I learned from his own lips. His father had served as Chaplain, and two of his uncles as combatant officers in the Napoleonic wars. One had been on the Duke of Richmond's staff and secretly affianced to one of the

Duke's daughters ; but he fell at Waterloo, and the lady, nine years later, married Lord de Ros, and lived to be almost a centenarian.

After Waterloo my friend (then a very small boy) went to Vienna with his father, who had been appointed Chaplain to the British Ambassador, Lord Stewart. The English child was chosen by Metternich to be a playfellow of Napoleon's son, the young Duke of Reichstadt, their other companion being Dom Miguel of Braganza, future King of Portugal, whose widow (born a Princess of Löwenstein) died a few years ago a Benedictine nun in the Isle of Wight.

'We three boys,' said my friend, 'were taught to ride in the great riding-school at Schönbrunn by the Imperial riding-master—such a brute and a bully that he frightened us almost out of our wits. One of my recollections at Vienna is sitting one evening on the Emperor Francis II's knee, and listening to (I think) the first performance of Rossini's opera *Cenerentola* conducted by the composer.'

This detail might give one the exact date ; but imagine my interest, with my love of links with far-back days, at finding myself talking over the dinner-table, in the twentieth century, with a man who had sat on the knee of the father-in-law of the great Napoleon ! A link with the past indeed !

All London was flocking that season to see Rostand's famous and moving play, *L'Aiglon*, with Sarah Bernhardt playing the rôle of Napoleon's ill-fated son. The General, of course, had witnessed it. 'Did the great actress,' I asked him, 'bear any resemblance to the boy as you remembered him ?' 'Not the very faintest,' he replied, 'but I was, of

course, immensely interested. Two ladies were sitting behind me, one a niece of the great Duke of Wellington, known for many years as Lady Burghersh. "Do you think that she is in the least like the young prince?" her neighbour asked her. "Well, my dear," she said, "there's only one man living can tell us, and that is General W. B." They did not recognise me, and I did not give myself away.

'In the year 1839,' said the General, 'I happened to be quartered at Windsor, or, rather, billeted at the railway inn at Slough, as the Victoria Barracks at Windsor were just then being built. My landlord asked me one day if I knew German. Certainly, I said, I was brought up in Austria, and talked it as well as English. Would I then, kindly make acquaintance with a young German gentleman who had arrived at the inn with very little luggage, and tell him (the landlord) if I thought it was all right? Certainly, I would, and I did, have a cigar and a chat with him in the garden. I was soon able to assure our host that all was well. The "young gentleman with very little luggage" was Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, who had just arrived from Germany and was having a "wash and brush up" at the Slough inn, before going up to Windsor Castle to be proposed to by Queen Victoria.'

May 25, 1928.

AMMERGAU FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO

I READ lately with mingled feelings that extensive works were either projected, or were actually being carried out, in the world-famous village of Ober-

Ammergau, in the Bavarian Highlands, with the view of improving, if not rebuilding, both the stage and auditorium of the theatre, in view of the next decennial representation of the Passion Play.

One has heard from time to time many croakings about 'modern innovations,' the 'decay of the ancient piety,' the 'creeping in of the commercial spirit,' and so on, in connection with this great religious drama. To me, who have witnessed it three times, with an interval of thirty years between the first and the last occasions, these muttered apprehensions have no meaning.

The good Ammergauers have acted their great play for nearly three centuries now, in the same spirit of faith, gratitude, and simple devotion which inspired their pious forefathers to institute it in the seventeenth century. As long as that spirit persists—and I see no sign of its waning or decay—the indescribable charm of the representation will persist and endure.

It was fully two hundred years before the fame of the Passion Play spread to the outside world beyond the Bavarian mountains where it had its birth. The performance of 1840 was described in glowing terms by the great Bavarian writer, Görres, and that of 1850 by the most famous actor of his time, Emil Devrient.

After 1850 it became known in England from the vivid pages of an immensely popular novel called *Quits*. Very many visitors, English and others, consequently journeyed to see it in 1860; and such was the impression made on, and reported by, them that in 1870, until the Franco-Prussian War interrupted the representation, a veritable flood of

interested pilgrims poured week after week into the sequestered village.

My first visit to Ammergau was in the late summer of 1871, when the performances were resumed after the war. I was a youth of seventeen on a foreign tour with a tutor, at the enthusiastic and impressionable time of life between public school and university. While the play was essentially the same as to-day, everything else—means of access, accommodation for visitors, etc.—was incredibly primitive. It was all intensely interesting to me, and I cared nothing for the discomforts.

I remember a short railway journey from Munich, then a drive of six or eight hours in a two-wheeled, almost springless trap, through lovely park-like country, with wayside crosses everywhere, and pious paintings over every cottage door. There was a long ascent of Alpine steepness, a glance at the great abbey of Ettal, then a brewery, but now happily restored to monastic uses.

We got to Ammergau later in the evening, and found our lodging with the stalwart village baker, who impersonated Herod in the play, while his four tall sons acted as Roman soldiers. I recall this fine family at their midday meal—a great wooden bowl of potatoes and a jug of milk, prefaced by a devout grace said with deeply bowed heads.

We found that our reserved seats chanced to be next those taken by Dean Stanley and his wife, Lady Augusta. I looked for some interesting comments from this accomplished divine, but remember one remark only which fell from him: 'My dear Augusta, I see this is going to last all day: how fortunate that we brought some sandwiches!'

As the sacred drama progressed, the lady, who sat next me, seemed deeply moved, as indeed were many others present. I saw a big officer of the English Life Guards, whom I knew slightly, crying like a child. A peasant in the audience, just in front of me on the unreserved and uncovered benches, 'let himself go' unrestrainedly as one emotion succeeded another.

When Pilate (a singularly stately and dignified figure, who had acted the Christus ten years before), asked the mob which of the two prisoners should be released, and they cried 'Barabbas,' my friend jumped up, shook his fist, and shouted 'No! no! the other one!'

During the whole Crucifixion scene he sobbed and cried very audibly; and when the tableau came (typifying the Resurrection) of a huge open-mouthed whale, and Jonas issuing therefrom, he laughed with delight. Good man! He was certainly a distracting neighbour, but I loved his simple enthusiasm.

I was deeply impressed with the choral music, led by Johann Dimmer. A good deal of it was suggestive, if not reminiscent, of Mozart; but we were told that it had been practically all composed by the schoolmaster of Ettal, about 1810. We tried, but in vain, to procure copies of some of the most striking numbers: this, we were assured, was absolutely prohibited.

My companion and I did not rush off with the crowd when the Passion Play was ended. We spent a fortnight in the enchanted village, enjoying some excellent trout-fishing, some splendid walks and climbs, and—most of all—our intercourse with the devout and simple villagers, whose courtesy was as

marked as their Catholic faith and piety—one cannot say more. My memory of those far-off Ammergau days is a very happy one—*un souvenir qui restera*.

June 1, 1928.

THE LAST OF THE ROYAL STUARTS

THE wonderful road to beautiful Frascati, passing the great Paoline and Claudian aqueducts, and ascending from the arid Campagna into a land of corn and olives, nectarines and almond trees, is traversed after spring by thousands of visitors to Rome.

They spend a few hurried hours admiring the varied and entrancing views, the deep woods and ever-plashing fountains and world-famous villas. And, if Catholics, they may find time to visit half a dozen churches, full of memories of great saints who have worshipped there—Ignatius, Francis Borgia, Philip Neri, Charles Borromeo, Aloysius, and others.

But probably few, even of the British pilgrims to Frascati, advert to the long connection of the little cathedral city with one of the most solitary, pathetic, and withal lovable personalities in the long history of British Royalty, Henry Benedict Stuart, Duke of York and Cardinal Bishop of Frascati, last direct male heir to the Royal line of Stuart, who died there, universally respected and lamented, a hundred and twenty years ago.

Some visitors may take a hasty glance at his poor tomb in the uninteresting modern cathedral, and at the monument in the same church erected by him

to his ill-fated elder brother, Prince Charles Edward, styled thereon 'successor and heir to his father's rights and Royal dignity.'

Not one tourist in a hundred probably ever enters the episcopal seminary of Frascati, in which the Cardinal Duke of York took a warm and lively interest, and to which he bequeathed his choice and valuable library, including some rare editions, and many finely bound volumes of patristic and theological learning.

Apart from the intrinsic worth, which is, of course, considerable, of this fine collection of volumes, it should surely have a special value and interest for our countrymen, and especially for Catholics, as a relic of the last of the Royal Stuarts, a Prince of the Blood as well as of Holy Church.

I am moved to call attention to this unique library because I do not suppose that it is generally known that it has recently been, and as far as I know now is, actually and practically in the market.

The late occupant of the suburban See of Frascati, the Salesian Cardinal Cagliero, had, I believe, made up his mind to discontinue the episcopal seminary; and it was understood that the buildings, including the library and the books (comprised among which was Cardinal Stuart's collection), were for sale.

The late Dr. Walter Seton, the accomplished antiquarian and secretary of University College, London, was greatly interested in the matter, and was in hopes that the Stuart Collection, if not the seminary itself, would be secured either for the British School in Rome, by one or other of our national colleges there, or, if possible, for the Scottish National Library in Edinburgh.

Dr. Seton visited Rome several times in connection with this matter, and interviewed Signor Mussolini personally as to possible difficulties in the way of the library being taken out of Italy. He also saw Cardinal Gasquet on the subject, and in a private audience with the Holy Father asked and obtained his approval of what was proposed.

Since Dr. Seton's premature and lamented death, in the same year as that of the Cardinal Bishop of Frascati, I have heard nothing more of the matter. Nor do I know what are the views of Cardinal Lega, the present occupant of the See.

I hope that possibly some reader of the *Catholic Times* who reads this may be able to afford information as to the present state of things. Certainly the matter should not be allowed to drop.

I may add that Dr. Seton, in the course of his inquiries about the seminary and library, became acquainted with an extraordinary history of some valuable church plate given or bequeathed by Cardinal York to the Cathedral of Frascati.

I have not space to give the full details, as to which I have perused many and voluminous documents. Briefly, the story is that some fifty years ago the Chapter of Frascati, being much in want of funds for repairing their Cathedral, first offered to sell, and finally agreed to pawn or pledge, these *pretiosa* (which are of solid gold) to the rector of one of the Roman colleges, for the ridiculous sum of 5000 gold lire (£250).

The pledge was never redeemed ; and the rector, at his death in a home kept by nursing sisters, bequeathed the plate to the convent. The community, presumably, sold it ; anyhow, after many years it

came by purchase into the possession of a wealthy private collector.

Dr. Seton found that the canons of Frascati were most anxious to recover these precious objects, and through their procurator, Commendatore Farina, were trying to find out whether the present possessor would restore them for the £250 originally paid—probably about a tenth part of their actual value. I have not heard whether their efforts were successful. Personally I should think it highly improbable.

June 8, 1928.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE VALE OF MOWBRAY

BIDDEN to accept the hospitality of a great college in the north on the occasion of their annual prize-day, or 'Exhibition' (as the old word was in English Catholic schools), it pleased me to find that one of the chief items in the pleasant programme, the *pièce de résistance*, so to speak, in the varied and abundant feast set before us, was a performance by the school-boys of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

I love to see this gay fantasy played by children, within the range of whose delicate art the *Dream* falls, perhaps, more than does any other of Shakespeare's immortal comedies. For in the *Dream* (I think it is Darrell Figgis who stresses this point in his admirable *Shakespeare: A Study*) the real action and interest of the play lie, not in the responsible volition of the mortals, but in the aerial spirits that hover ever about them, above all in the satirically mischievous Puck.

And so this exquisite drama comes well into the scope of the young, wayward, half-fledged boy-children for whom Shakespeare really wrote it. One thinks of those troops of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century singing boys—the Children of Paul's, of the Chapel, of the King's and the Queen's Revels, of Windsor and Bristol, Eton College and Westminster School; and one pictures them dancing, darting, singing, gambolling their way through these elfish scenes of faery-land, just as the children of our time, unconscious inheritors through the ages of the true puckish spirit, do to-day.

I mused on all this as I sat the other evening in the Gothic theatre of the great northern college, in the transparent dusk of a midsummer night, with the soft June breezes blowing through open casements over Brandsby Brow, and up from the scented meadows of the sweet Vale of Mowbray.

And as I mused, sixty years rolled away, and I saw myself a little pupil (one of the littlest) in the famous 'College of our Blessed Lady Sainte Marie at Eton beside WyndSOR,' and playing a little tiny part in this frolicsome faery play. I was Mustard-seed, dressed in pale yellow satin from cap to shoes, and with but one single word to speak.

Our Puck was poor Cyril Oliphant (son of the well-known novelist), who played that almost impossible part as I have seldom seen it acted since. The Bottom was a very excellent actor also, Tindal, grandson of the great Chief Justice.

Bernard Coleridge, son and grandson of eminent judges, and himself a future judge and second baron of his line, was a pretty sweet-voiced Hippolyta; and a plump, languid, yellow-haired boy called

Tufnell the most substantial Titania, surely, that ever frisked through faery-land.

Our young players in the Vale of Mowbray had been, as was evident, trained with much patience and careful zeal to speak their allotted parts. Indeed, they were letter-perfect one and all, nor was the prompter's voice once heard in this faery-land. But what impressed me most was the whimsical *individuality* of the young actors.

Having once learned their parts (I am thinking now of the fantastic scenes where Oberon and his Queen held sway), they seemed to toss them all in the air like balls light as thistle-down, catch them as they fell, and mould them into a hundred fanciful and changing shapes. How delicious were the troupes of little elfin dancers, with their misty draperies of yellow and green floating about them, white waving arms and coquettish glancing eyes.

And Puck, all life and mischief—the very spirit, indeed, of mischief incarnate, flying across the stage with no sound of footfall, a fluttering boyish figure in silk of brightest red, now fading to pink, now deepening to crimson in the ever-changing lights. With what a spirit he spoke his pretty lines in his pretty flute-like soprano ! How deftly he combined unbounded deference and reverence for his august master, the 'King of Shadows,' with an equally unbounded impertinence towards all other beings, mortal and immortal.

Essentially flighty, perverse, and inconsequent, as he said of himself :

These things do best please me
That befall preposterously,

he could yet inform with pathos the words with which he cast his magic spells :

Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.

And there was pathetic appeal in his rendering of the enchanting epilogue or ' Envoy ' which ends the play. Shakespeare would have the words of dismissal spoken by no other lips than Puck's. Our little Puck of the Vale realised it, I think, half unconsciously, that he was the pivot on which the poet-creator of the *Dream* designed his fairy comedy to turn. In this he and Shakespeare were at one. Is there higher praise ?

June 15, 1928.

A SCOTTISH ISLAND BRIDAL

IT is high noon as our train steams out of the great gloomy Central Station of Glasgow, and turns her nose south-westward to The Coast, as the shores of the Firth of Clyde, beloved of trippers, are called by dwellers in Scottish cities.

The fog which has brooded all the morning over Glasgow (a fog at midsummer !) has lifted now ; but a low, leaden, most un-June-like sky pressed like a pall upon the landscape, which has little that is rural about it : ugly towns, so closely packed as to be almost continuous, thrust into our view, as we rush past them, only gaunt chimney-stacks and square, unlovely factories and unending rows of dingy tenements.

Our course lies along a high ridge, over above the

ever-broadening Clyde, on whose banks these busy towns lie thick ; but now we begin to descend, and rapidly, too. Soon we alight at the little port whence we are to cross the estuary to our desired haven.

There is a rush of many feet down slippery steps and along wet planks : a big luggage-laden lorry comes thundering down behind and among us ; and following, sheep-like, we presently board one of the many river steamers that ply across the Firth, and convey myriads of jaded Glaswegians to the ' doon-the-water ' resorts which their souls love. Let us mount to the upper deck and look about us.

Ah ! this is better. We are already well away from shore. The smoke and squalor and sin of Glasgow and Greenock are out of sight and out of mind, and we are—yes, we are in Highland waters ; for there to the north are the blue hills of Argyll, and Loch Striven darting its sinuous length between them : to our left is the green ridge of Greater Cumbrae : Rothesay Bay is opening up in front of us ; and far to the south the Goat Fell of Arran, most majestic of Scottish mountain peaks, rears her serrated crests.

A long south-westerly swell is rolling up from the Irish Sea : the sun is through the clouds, and is touching blue hills and distant purple peaks into golden beauty as we speed Butewards.

We touch at two or three piers, and in an hour or so we reach our own destination, Craigmore—the Big Rock, which towers precipitously behind the pier : once, perhaps, the haunt of eagle and wild goat, but it is crowned by a modern villa now.

We are whirled swiftly along a level road, close to the sea all the way ; then through great bronze gates

and up a long approach, through a wealth of shrubs, tall bamboos, mighty laurels, and rhododendrons—in spring a wealth of colour—that flourish in these sheltered woods.

We stop under a massive porch of red hewn stone and mount a short flight of broad steps: a great curtain of green velvet swings aside; and traversing a vast hall lined with rare marbles—pavonazetto, emperor's red and pink-flushed alabaster—we pass through high oaken doors into a spacious lofty chapel of rare and singular beauty.

From high-vaulted roof to floor of intricate and exquisite Alexandrine work, it is all glistening white, lined throughout with pure white Carrara marble. There are reminiscences in the tall Gothic windows, the lofty octagon lantern dome, and the beautiful tripartite groining of the Sainte Chapelle, the Cathedral of Saragossa, and the upper church of St. Francis of Assisi.

The only notes of colour are supplied by the many-hued windows of the apse, the wonderful oak carving of the organ case, and the rich golden brown of the elaborately wrought bronze altar, set about with delicately chiselled figures in solid silver of the old Celtic saints connected with this historic island.

Our island is keeping high festival to-day; for it is the wedding morning of the fair daughter of the feudal lord of the island; and it is within this lovely sanctuary that the august rite is celebrated by the Bishop of the diocese, assisted by the Provost of his Chapter and other clergy, in presence of a large congregation which fills the chapel, and consists almost exclusively of relatives of the bride and bridegroom.

As the white-robed choristers, clustered on a dais in the apse, intone the traditional melody of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, the midsummer sun shines bravely in through the southern windows on the dark-haired bride, with her train of pretty child-bridesmaids all in turquoise-blue; on the vivid purple of the prelate's robes, and the sombre black of a Benedictine Abbot who kneels before that lily-decked altar, and muses with mingled feelings (in which thankful happiness predominates) of his long and unbroken friendship with three generations of a Christian family.

Ite missa est. The last blessing has been given and received: the goodly company has gathered together to exchange last cordial salutations and affectionate good wishes; and an hour later the young couple are afloat on the blue waters of the sun-kissed Firth, on their way to spend a few days of happy solitude among the hills and lochs and moors of Grey Galloway, which to the youthful bride, at least, has a hundred associations with happy holidays in the not far-distant past. God bless them both!

June 22, 1928.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON UMBRELLAS

THE picture of our recent African guest, a potentate from the Gold Coast, walking through the drab London streets in golden brown, resplendent robes, and with the State umbrella borne over his head, is a very pleasant one.

What concerns me at present is the umbrella, which is, of course, in this case, not so much a protection against sun or rain (though it serves that purpose too), as an immemorial symbol, in Eastern eyes, of royal dignity.

One sees it often in the imperishable sculptures of Egypt and of Nineveh ; and in those far-off days it had all the ceremonial significance of a baldachin or canopy.

The Greeks and Romans, and after them the Italians, seem to have always known umbrellas in common, as apart from ceremonial, life ; but their use was confined to women. When did English men and women first adopt the umbrella habit ?

Jonas Hanway, traveller and philanthropist, is generally said to have first carried one about London, in spite of the jeers of chairmen and hackney coachmen. But women were carrying umbrellas when Jonas was a baby at Portsmouth.

Queen Anne's reign was young when Swift wrote of the ' tucked-up semstress ' who

Walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides,

and Gay, in his *Trivia*, describes how women

Underneath th' umbrella's oily shed
Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread.

Once introduced into England, umbrellas became speedily more in favour with men than with women. The great Duke of Wellington, it is said, once reprimanded some officers who were protecting themselves with umbrellas from the rain whilst actually under fire at Bayonne.

'The Guards may carry umbrellas if they please,' said the Iron Duke, 'whilst on duty at St. James's, but to do so on active service in the field is not only ridiculous, but unmilitary.'

Meanwhile umbrellas had crept into use at Eton, to the disgust of the great Dr. Keate, who warmly declared that this effeminate innovation had reduced the famous college to the level of a girls' school.

One of Gladstone's contemporaries at Eton has told how some sixth-form boys, nettled by their master's sarcasm, sallied to Slough and brought thence the notice board from over the gate of a female academy. Keate, on entering Upper School next morning, was confronted by the board, inscribed in conspicuously large letters: 'Select Seminary for Young Ladies.'

The sequel was probably many floggings. The modern Eton etiquette is, I understand, that only 'bloods' may furl their umbrellas: the undistinguished crowd must carry them flapping round their sticks.

Royal ladies, it may be remarked, are great patrons of the umbrella habit—possibly because it acts as a support during the long standing which is their lot at ceremonial functions. Queen Victoria owned a sunshade entirely lined with the finest chain mail; it was given to her after one of the attempts on her life during her sixty years' reign.

An umbrella, of course, can be a weapon of offence as well as of defence. Mr. Amery, our genial Minister for the Dominions, has told us how he once had occasion to use his for the former purpose during his African visit. A sharp-pointed, heavy-handled umbrella might, one imagines, prove a serviceable weapon in time of need.

Staying many long years ago at Danesfield, the lovely riverside home of the late Mr. Charles Scott-Murray, I noticed, hung over his library fireplace, a rather shabby old umbrella.

'That,' he said in reply to an inquiry, 'was, under God, the instrument of my conversion'; and he told me how, travelling in Rome as a young man in company with his friend, Edward Douglas, he had accidentally left his umbrella in St. Peter's, in an empty confessional which they had been curiously inspecting.

Returning to recover it, they found the confessional locked, and were directed to go to the Convent of the Ara Coeli, of which the confessor was a member. They duly called at the convent, and made the acquaintance of the good Father, who not only restored the missing umbrella, but incidentally brought them both to a knowledge of the Catholic and Roman faith, and in due course to reception into the Church.

Young Scott-Murray married into a noble Scots Catholic house, and founded a new Catholic family; his friend and companion entered the Redemptorist Order, of which he was instrumental in founding a house in London, another in his native Scotland, and a third in Rome, where he lived and died with the repute of exceptional sanctity, and where, more than fifty years ago, he baptised and reconciled to Holy Church the writer of these lines.

Who will say that that old umbrella was not an instrument in God's hands? Its owner certainly regarded and prized it as such.

June 29, 1928.

SCOTS FUSILIERS AND THE FAITH

I HAVE been privileged lately to take some part in the celebrations with which a gallant regiment, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, has been commemorating the 250th anniversary of its foundation. Never out of the main tide of European war, the corps won name and fame at Minden, Blenheim, and Sheriffmuir ; in the West Indies and North America ; against desperate odds at Inkerman ; in Zululand and Transvaal ; and, in the Great War, engaged with their nine splendid battalions in almost every one of the main actions of the campaign.

Its second battalion was all but annihilated at the second battle of Ypres, but it did not perish in vain, for it had held for ten days the key of the whole position, and without that magnificent tenacity the whole allied front might have crumbled away.

I thought of this glorious record as I sat the other day with a goodly company in the chequered sunlight of the great barrack square at Portsmouth, and saw the old regiment, on its day of jubilee, go through the always moving ceremony of trooping the colours, in the presence of its royal Colonel-in-chief, the Prince of Wales, who took the salute and addressed the battalion in a few sentences of congratulation and commendation, couched in the terse, clear, soldier-like phrases which he knows so well how to utter on such occasions.

And as the drums beat and the pipes skirled, and the regimental band played the old well-remembered tunes, my thoughts flew away from the Hampshire garrison town to the ' bonnie toun ' of Ayr on the

western sea-board of Scotland, where year after year I spent happy weeks encamped with a battalion of the same old regiment, within sight of Ailsa Craig rising sheer out of the sea, and of the high, serrated peaks of the Isle of Arran across the blue waters of the Firth of Clyde.

Our battalion, fully a thousand strong, comprised in those far-off days some hundreds of Catholics, recruited mostly from the mining districts of Ayrshire, with a sprinkling of stalwart Highlanders. To me, as the only Catholic officer in the regiment, it fell to escort the Catholic contingent to Mass on Sundays.

The Presbyterian majority had a drum-head service of their own in camp: a tiny Episcopalian party was conducted through a back lane to the 'English chapel,' but our three strong companies marched through High Street, headed by drums and fifes, to a special military Mass at the pretty church of St. Margaret.

'The Roman Catholic soldiers going to church' made quite a little stir of a Sabbath morning in the quiet old Presbyterian town: it was an act of faith of a kind, and I like to remember it as such.

One recalls the legend of the C.O.'s word of command at church parade: 'Roman Catholics, right turn; Presbyterians, left turn; remainder stand fast. To your respective superstitions, quick—march!' I had a much larger contingent of 'R.C.s, right turn' to march to church one summer, when we were encamped on the breezy heights of Holmwood Common, in Surrey, for a month's manœuvres.

Our regiment was brigaded with another from Scotland, and with three Irish battalions, the Royal

Armagh (very smart with their pale blue facings), the Wexfords and the North Corks. The Armagh's were mostly Protestant Orangemen, the other two regiments Catholic almost to a man.

We got into camp on Friday, and I found myself in orders to conduct the Catholic contingent, at least fifteen hundred strong, to 'Divine Service at Dorking' on Sunday morning.

The fine church in Falkland Grove, Dorking, was not built until twenty years later; and the faithful worshipped in a tiny chapel in Coldharbour Road, barely large enough to hold themselves, let alone the invading army which marched unexpectedly down upon them on Sunday morning (no previous notice having been given by the military authorities!).

I halted my army outside: the rear companies round the corner in a winding lane could not even see the chapel, but knelt down with much composure in the dusty road and started at their prayers. I was edified by their simplicity and faith: however, on the following Sunday things were better arranged.

We had an open-air Mass in camp at 6 a.m.; I arranged an altar and all things fitting *sub Jove*; and the good padre (Father Ballard, formerly an Oratorian) drove up in an open fly, in full vestments, his two little surpliced servers in the front seat, to the great hollow square in which his soldier-sons were drawn up.

I remember that he was afflicted with a bad stammer, which did not prevent him from delivering an excellent sermon, although it took him a very long time to get it out.

Our sergeants were nearly all Irishmen (a smart Irish soldier quickly rises from the ranks)—a

sprinkling of Catholics, the rest of a pronounced Orange type.

When I arrived at camp for my last summer training and shook hands with my friend the sergeant-major, an excellent Scot named Lockhart, he remarked, 'Well, Captain, we've both got promotion since last year.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'I've got my company, but what have *you* got?' 'I don't mean *that* sort of promotion, sir: we've both got our conversion to the Catholic faith, by the grace of God.'

I was not less astonished than (I need not say) pleased. The good sergeant-major had, I fear, more to put up with than I, and had, as I found out later, a very poor time at the hands of his Irish fellow-N.C.O.'s, who could put up with born Catholics (who knew no better), but were far from well-disposed towards what they called a 'turn-coat.' The petty persecution and partial boycott to which he was subjected brought the good fellow, I am sure, merit to which I could lay no claim.

July 6, 1928.

TIDWORTH AND STONEHENGE

It fell to my lot recently to spend a few days in one of those great military encampments which, in certain sparsely populated parts of our island, have been dumped down, or rather built up, on quiet plains and solitary rolling downs, and present to the eye of the outside observer an extraordinary and impressive spectacle of warlike industry and concentrated military energy.

Such centres are the two great camps of Bulford and Tidworth, on Salisbury Plain, where the Government has acquired extensive tracts of land, and where thousands of soldiers, cavalry, foot, and artillery, with their full equipment of horses, guns, tanks, and all the complicated equipment of a modern army, are keeping the flag flying and the ball rolling, until such time as universal disarmament becomes more than a Utopian dream.

I have spoken of encampments ; but Bulford and Tidworth are not cities of tents. Everywhere one sees the cheerful type of building—substantial and permanent enough to look at—favoured by the War Office to-day : neat edifices of scarlet brick and cream-coloured plaster and deep red roofs ; nor are green lawns and playing-fields and gay flower-beds wanting to add to the amenity of the settlement.

Church buildings, too, are handsome and conspicuous : the Anglican garrison church at Bulford is a really imposing specimen of florid Gothic ; and at Tidworth one of the prettiest buildings is the Catholic church of SS. George and Patrick, a typically Wiltshire structure of flints and freestone, raised in great part, one was told, by the voluntary labours of the men belonging to an Irish regiment (Catholics, of course, almost to a man) recently quartered there.

One drives from Tidworth, which is on the eastern border of the great plain, due south-westward, by Beacon Hill and Cholderton, and the old-world town of Amesbury, across the grey chalky waters of Avon, to visit the ‘ first wonder of the land,’ as

Michael Drayton (Shakespeare's senior by one year) called Stonehenge in his *Polyolbion* more than three centuries ago.

Sixteen hundred years before that Diodorus Siculus, in his great *History of the World*, had referred to the 'Island not smaller than Sicily inhabited by the Hyperboreans,' and of the 'Sacred enclosure,' the 'magnificent circular temple adorned with rich offerings.'

How long Stonehenge had stood there when he described it no man knows: but what a *catena* of illustrious visitors, all down the ages, have stood and wondered, as I did three weeks ago, at the overwhelming majesty of this half-destroyed monument of the past.

Hear John Evelyn, in early Cromwellian days: 'Stone-henge, indede a most stupendious monument, appearing at a distance like a castle.' And Samuel Pepys describing in his own inimitable way his ride, 'over the plains and some great hills, even to fright us. I find the stones as prodigious as any tales I ever heard of them, and well worth going the journey to see. God knows what their use was: it is hard to tell but may yet be told.' And good gentle Gilbert White, in search, as always, for the wild bird life of which his contemporaries knew nothing, remarks: 'Another most unlikely spot is made use of by daws to breed in, and that is Stonehenge, where the birds deposit their nests in the interstices between the upright and the impost stones of that amazing work of antiquity.'

The grandeur of Stonehenge looms up too in the pages of how many modern writers! Borrow describes it in *Lavengro*, Hudson in *Afoot in*

England. It is the background of the final tragedy in Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Wells, the scoffer, calls it a 'poor little heap of stones,' and one of his characters says that 'it looks as though some old giantess had left a discarded set of teeth on the hill-side.' Wells' great antagonist, Chesterton, on the other hand, declares: 'It is the very greatness of Stonehenge that there is so little of it left. It is its chief feature to be featureless.'

The mighty stones still look, motionless and almost menacing, over the great grey rolling plain. A wrecked and dismantled aerodrome, relic of the Great War, totters near them: the big guns of Bulford and the rifle-ranges of Tidworth are well within hearing; and a few hundred yards away we came on three great tanks at driving-drill, burrowing and blundering, like sentient monsters, over fields and ditches and dykes. But Stonehenge still stands, unmoved and impressive as ever. Nothing disturbs, or will ever disturb, its infinite composure.

July 13, 1928.

A MENACE TO OXFORD'S BEAUTY

I HAVE been invited lately to co-operate in the endeavours of some (I think newly founded) society to preserve the amenities of Oxford, and to secure against the ever-encroaching urban builder the still-remaining open spaces which encircle the old university city, and form the fairest conceivable setting for its manifold and matchless architectural beauties.

My sympathies are all with the aims and objects which this society has in view ; for I have loved every stone of Oxford—and not only her stones, but her lawns, her gardens, her verdant surroundings—ever since the far-off days when the loveliest of all her colleges received me as her son, and shed a glamour which has never faded over my enthusiastic and impressionable youth.

What changes, internal and external, have come over Oxford since I rumbled on a dark winter's evening, more than fifty years ago, over her rough, cobbled, dimly lit streets from the mean station to enter on residence as an undergraduate ! Railway stations, by the way, always (at least in England) seem to be situated at the squalid end of historic cities. ' Say, porter, why did they put the station so far from the colleges ? ' asked an American visitor to Oxford. ' Well,' was the answer, ' I don't know, except it was that they wanted it somewhere near the railway.'

The first object to confront the visitor at Oxford was (perhaps still is) the staring red factory of marmalade, which, with beer, was the sole manufacture of Oxford in my time. Now they have progressed from marmalade to motor-cars, and Oxford is fast becoming the chief industrial city of the Middle West of England.

The ' Oxford Preservation Trust ' is not, I understand, concerned with the buildings of the various colleges, which, it may be supposed, can look after themselves. When I went into residence the first frenzy of the pseudo-Gothic revival was past. Gilbert Scott and Butterfield and their contemporaries had done their worst with Christ Church

and New College, Merton and Exeter and Keble ; and I have lived to thank God for the new spirit—a spirit of sobriety and restraint and reverence for the true medieval spirit—which has inspired so many of the restorations and additions carried out in the last forty years.

As to the city's building achievements—well (as St. Benedict says), *Melius est silere quam loqui* 'It is better to be silent than to speak.' I think of the lovely old houses, Jacobean, Elizabethan, or more ancient still, which once beautified Oxford's narrow age-worn streets: 'incommodious structures' (I quote the exact words of the leading local journal) 'which are being rapidly demolished, and replaced by convenient business premises, with terra-cotta fronts and plate-glass windows.'

The zenith of the city's architectural enterprises in my time was the great pseudo-Jacobean town hall: the nadir, perhaps, the dreadful thoroughfare called after some King Edward (not the seventh), all of squalid yellow brick, which cuts at right angles into the 'High,' and does its miserable best to disfigure what Wordsworth called 'The stream-like windings of that glorious street.'

The new Trust does not aim at repairing what is irreparable, or hindering what is inevitable. It does not set out to stem—a task as hopeless as Mrs. Partington's—the growth and spread of new industrial Oxford ; but to keep intact, if possible, the lovely verdant belt of wood and garden, park and meadowland, round the Oxford which our fathers knew and loved ; and to let New Oxford grow up and expand beyond that belt, and not swamp and overrun it.

One thinks of the old approach to Oxford from London, whether by Henley or Wycombe, the two roads converging near Magdalen Bridge, and the first building to meet the traveller's eye, the grey walls and gables and pinnaced chapel and matchless tower of Magdalen. To-day he tramps through miles of depressing and unlovely suburbs before he comes in sight of real Oxford. That cannot be undone now ; but it is at least within the purview and the compass of the Trust to save for posterity what is left of the sylvan beauties, which are the setting for the unique and unsurpassable charms of the collegiate city.

One may hope that the admirable objects of the Trust will appeal to many who love their Alma Mater, and are ready and willing to make some sacrifice to preserve her beauties unimpaired. It is an appeal which may well come home to Catholics, who are frequenting the venerable university, with its thousand Catholic traditions, in ever-increasing numbers.

Within the city, and all round it, Catholic institutions have within recent years taken root and flourished in a way which to those who remember Victorian Oxford seems all but miraculous. The sons of St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Ignatius, contemplative nuns and teaching sisters, with their separate homes of work and study and prayer, have, under God, brought back something of the fragrance of her Catholic past to derelict Oxford ; and her schools and lecture halls are open once more, as they were for so many centuries, to the flower of the Catholic youth of England.

Surely those who frequent them will not be the last to sympathise with the effort now being made

to maintain the special charm of Oxford for the enjoyment of future generations.

July 20, 1928.

A NOTABLE CELEBRATION

TO-MORROW will be the twenty-first birthday of John, Earl of Dumfries, heir-apparent to the dozen or more peerages of Scotland and Great Britain, and of the great inheritance in Scotland and Wales, to which his father, the present Marquis of Bute, succeeded on his father's death twenty-eight years ago.

To-morrow the young heir will receive the freedom of the ancient Royal borough of Rothesay, in the green Isle of Bute, which has been the principal seat of the family for five centuries and a half.

It was in 1385 that King Robert II of Scotland conferred the lordship and hereditary sheriffdom of Bute and the adjacent islands on his favourite son John Steuart ; and the succession has passed down since, in uninterrupted male descent, to the present titular lord of Bute.

When Queen Anne's reign was but a year old she created Sir James Stuart Earl of Bute ; and it was his grandson, the third Earl, who rose to prominence, if not to popularity, under George III, sixty years later, as Prime Minister of England.

History has recorded the tragic anomalies of this statesman's career. A faithful friend and trusted servant of his king, he was more disliked, perhaps, in his public capacity than any Premier has ever been before or since.

In private life, and among his own people, his memory has come down as that of a man of culture, distinction, and refinement, admirable alike as husband, father, and friend. 'Jack Boot,' as he was scoffingly nicknamed, earned indeed no renown as a Minister of State ; but in every other relation he was a worthy representative of his ancient house.

The territorial connection of the Bute family was until 1766 a purely Scottish one ; but in that year the Prime Minister's eldest son, a few weeks after his creation as Baron Cardiff, married the heiress of the Windsors, who brought to her husband the great inheritance in South Wales which became the chief source of the family wealth.

Thirty years later he was raised to the marquisate ; and never once, since then, by a strange turn of fortune, until this week—a period of nearly a century and a half—has any Marquis of Bute lived to see his son and heir celebrate his majority.

So Cardiff, as well as Bute, is keeping high festival in these days in honour of an occasion practically unique. Just sixty years ago the present heir's grandfather, who had been fatherless since his babyhood, kept his majority at Cardiff Castle not as heir, but in full possession of his great inheritance.

Few people probably (the present writer is one) have survived to recall the lavish festival and rejoicings, which included an ox roasted whole in the castle moat, of those far-off days.

The lonely young marquis, without father or mother, brother, sister, or any near relatives, who had been since his childhood what the poet calls

Lord of himself, a heritage of woe,

was a youth thoughtful beyond his years, whose first public utterances showed the deep sense of responsibility, and high resolve to fulfil all the obligations of his position, which characterised him all his life.

He, too, like his father and great-grandfather, died before his eldest son came of age ; and so the latter also celebrated his majority, a quarter of a century ago, not as heir to, but already in possession of, the family honours and estates.

Now, at length, in these summer days, the spell is broken ; and the present young heir comes to full manhood, not a fatherless boy like some of his forbears, but with a happy and unbroken circle of father and mother, brothers and sisters, to wish him God-speed on this all-important day of his life.

The great and growing city of Cardiff rose nobly to the occasion last week. The municipality, with the Lord Mayor at their head, the citizens, the numerous body of Catholics led by their venerated Archbishop, the public institutions, and the distinguished body of medical men (the British Medical Association) then gathered at Cardiff in congress, showed their kindness and good will by presentations, addresses, and cordial congratulations, and received in return the graceful and unstinted hospitality of the noble castle which, rising from its lawns and gardens in the very heart of the great industrial city, imparts to Cardiff a charm and romance unique in Britain.

This next week it is the turn of Scotland and of Bute ; and it is certain that their welcome to the heir will not be a whit less cordial or sincere than was that of the warm-hearted men of Wales.

Lord Dumfries's modest demeanour and charm of manner won last week the hearts of all who heard him speak many times—no easy task—in acknowledgement of the kind things said to him, and of him, by the numerous deputations who came to wish him a happy birthday.

That wish will be echoed by all—Catholics not least—who have a regard and respect for his illustrious house. Lord Dumfries, whose direct ancestry stretches back to the Middle Ages, is also representative, in the third generation, of a great Catholic family.

Catholics will join in the wish that in him will be abundantly fulfilled the motto of his ancient house: 'Avito viret honore'; or, as translated by a famous Oxford scholar and poet, that his future life may be, in the truest sense, 'green with his grandsires' laurels and his own.'

August 3, 1928.

THE 'INDEX' AND ITS OBLIGATIONS

I REMEMBER a Catholic journal, among its 'Answers to Correspondents,' once observing with much discretion that 'there was one obvious objection to publishing' (as had been suggested) 'a list of bad books,' in order to warn Catholics off from reading them: namely, that such a list would afford to evil-minded persons an easy opportunity of getting just the dangerous books which they wanted.

No one, of course—least of all any Catholic priest—could take exception to this reply, which was as

correct as it was prudent. The point, however, suggests to the present writer a matter seldom touched on, and indeed generally ignored in this country : namely, the fact that there does exist such a 'list of bad books'—a list officially issued by authority, approved by the Pope himself, and formally declared to be binding on the consciences of the faithful.

This is, of course, the catalogue of forbidden books—*Index Librorum Prohibitorum*—of which the latest edition (I think dated 1925), published by command of Pope Pius XI, is accessible to anyone who desires to obtain it.

One hears it not infrequently said—indeed it is almost a commonplace contention as regards this matter—'of course, everyone knows that the *Index* has no force in this country, and is in no sense of obligation on English-speaking Catholics.'

It would be interesting to know what possible grounds there are, or can be, for this sweeping statement. A consultation of the leading authorities on the subject will show that not a single one so much as hints at any such exemption. On the contrary, it is everywhere laid down that the laws and constitutions of the *Index*, as drawn up by Pope Leo XIII, are of universal obligation on the faithful.

Of course the bishops and religious superiors, in these countries, have large powers of dispensation ; and the bishops can in turn delegate their authority to parish priests to permit, for sufficient reasons, the perusal of any prohibited books not in themselves evil. But that is a very different thing from the airy assertion that 'the *Index* has no binding force in this country.'

One is not, of course, suggesting that every Catholic reader should go about armed with a copy of the latest edition of the *Index* in order to guide him in his choice of books. But it does seem highly advisable that, for example, the increasing number of Catholic students at the national universities, who may find among their prescribed books the philosophical works of Hobbes, Locke, Bentham, Whately, Mill, Berkeley, or Bergson, or the historical writings of Goldsmith, Hallam, Mosheim, or Robertson, should know that every one of these is specifically condemned, and may not be read without the permission of lawful ecclesiastical authority.

I remember the late Professor Phillimore instancing to me a clever youth, of a well-known Catholic family, who went up from his Catholic school to the university and read Hobbes, among other authors, for his examination in philosophy.

Unwarned, either at school or college, of the insidious dangers lurking in that writer's works, he unhappily ended by giving up the practice of his religion, himself owning that the first seeds of unbelief were sown in his mind by the perusal of Hobbes' *Leviathan*.

In literature pure and simple the *Index*, of course, covers a wide field. Avowed enemies of the Church like Voltaire, Rousseau, and Renan, one would expect to find on the list; but it also includes such writers as Pascal, Lamartine, Hugo, Dumas, father and son (all their love stories), George Sand, and such comparatively innocuous English works as Richardson's *Pamela* and Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.

I recall, not so long ago, the phrase 'Read what your Clergy say' conspicuously displayed in a

prominent advertisement in Catholic papers, calling attention to a new film based on Victor Hugo's novel *Les Misérables*. A film, of course, is not a book, and does not come under the same censures; but what the clergy might say, if well-informed, would be that *Les Misérables* was condemned by name, and placed on the list of prohibited books, on June 20, 1864, and that the prohibition has never been withdrawn.

And yet I have read in a Catholic journal quite unreserved praise of a new English edition of this author's works, without the remotest intimation that the most popular of them had been forbidden to the perusal of the faithful.

It is all rather puzzling; but one cannot help thinking that if more respect and attention were paid in this matter to the monitions of the Church, it would be impossible to see what the present writer has lately seen; namely, the brilliant romances (in English versions) of the Spanish novelist Blasco Ibañez (whose hatred of Catholicism is notorious, and whose name is reprobate in every decent Spanish home), lying on the table, for general perusal, in the house of a Catholic family noted for its piety. 'Pure ignorance' (as Dr. Johnson once said to a lady who criticised his dictionary), no doubt! But these things ought not to be.

August 10, 1928.

BOOKS THAT HAVE INFLUENCED US

THE late Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Dunfermline, Scotland, and Pittsburg, Pa., who expended some of his many millions in establishing and endowing

free libraries throughout Britain, was not himself a man of letters, though he got together a considerable collection of books at his Highland castle, on the front door of which a brass plate was said to bear the mystic legend, 'Do not ring unless a Free Library be required.'

Mr. Carnegie, in one of his many speeches on the value and utility of libraries, related that 'a distinguished Roman Catholic prelate' (unnamed) had once said in his hearing: 'I don't care what a young man reads, as long as he reads something.' This seemed so curious an utterance (considering the enormous power of books for evil as well as for good) from any man of sense, let alone a Christian bishop, that I ventured to inquire of Mr. Carnegie who had made it and when. No satisfactory reply was forthcoming.

An enterprising editor once started a kind of symposium, in which people of more or less distinction were to write their impressions of 'Books that have influenced me.' But do books influence us at all? or, if they do, do we know it at the time? Can we be sure of it afterwards?

Can we look back and say unhesitatingly, 'That character in fiction, that episode in history, that page of poetry, that argument in written controversy, changed my view, acted on my character, impelled me to do something which I should not otherwise have done, was a factor in the shaping of my life'?

I do not think that we can, as a rule; and so most of us, I have noticed, when bidden to write about books that have influenced us, instead discourse more or less at large on books that have interested us.

Yes, we can all talk about that—all of us at least whom books interest at all. Many books have interested me, more than I can even allude to here. I remember that as a child I did not like fairy stories : they bored me.

I liked tales that were true, or that I felt could or might be true. Grimm, Hans Andersen, the *Arabian Nights*, never appealed to me : I read them, but with a sort of impatience : they seemed to me quite unimportant : the things they told of had never happened, never could happen.

I longed in my young ignorance to learn, to know, all about the actual ; the impossible had no interest for me. Yet I was far from unimaginative : too much imagination rather than too little has been one of my troubles always.

So, too, a little later, in the tales of Walter Scott, what I liked best was the historic flavour which pervaded them all. I loved to believe that the real characters who figured in them had really and truly said and done all that they were described as doing in those fascinating pages.

Richard Cœur-de-Lion in *The Talisman*, King John in *Ivanhoe*, foolish King Jamie in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, these, and countless other historical personages, who had loomed shadowy and hazy and unreal in dry-as-dust lesson books and Outlines of History, took flesh, became to me palpable living beings under the magic wand of the Wizard of the North.

I loved Scott, and I think he did influence my boyhood, for it was through him that I learned to love my native land—to love it, I mean, intelligently, with a knowledge born of my growing knowledge of

its history, as depicted by my favourite writer. I think Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, which I had read through before I went to school, helped, perhaps more than any other book, to give me the bent towards historical study which has clung to me more or less persistently ever since.

For the same reason, I suppose, historical novels were ever my favourite form of fiction, and I preferred *Esmond* and *The Virginians* to *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes*, *Barnaby Rudge* to *Pickwick*, *Romola* to *Middlemarch*, *The White Company* to *Sherlock Holmes*, and Walter Scott to them all.

Insensibly, no doubt, but not less really, the romances of Sir Walter affected me in another way. They made the ages of chivalry live again, and the ages of chivalry were the ages of faith. My earliest ideas of Catholicism had been derived from *The Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Tales of the Covenanters*, *Foxe's Martyrs* (considerably expurgated), Dickens' *Child's History of England*, the *Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family*, and an illustrated *Life of Luther*, which was my first school prize.

Through the pages of these and kindred works, expounded and commented on by our governess (a daughter of the manse, and bred in the straitest sect of Calvinism), Popes and Popery stalked rampant, silhouetted black and forbidding against a lurid background of inquisitorial torture-chambers and Smithfield fires. It was Scott who first opened my eyes to the possibility that 'Popery' was not the bogey I had been taught to believe it.

As I pored over his pages I began to realise that his heroes and mine, those gallant knights and lusty yeomen and gracious ladies, belonged to an age

dominated by the Catholic Church : that they lived and breathed and moved in a Catholic atmosphere, that their deeds and lives were informed by the Catholic 'ethos,' moulded by the Catholic spirit : in a word, that it was Catholicism which had made them what they were.

I do not say that I realised this all at once : no, the process was as gradual as it was unconscious. But looking back now, I am as clear as I can be of any fact, or any factor, in my past life, that it was the influence of Scott's writings which first helped me to shake off the incubus of inherited and acquired prejudice against everything Catholic which had weighed upon me from childhood.

August 17, 1928.

A QUESTION—AND AN ANSWER

BIOGRAPHY, like history, always had special attractions for me, and for the same reason, because of its *actuality*, because it told me what real men and women had said and done and thought. Not, by the way, autobiography : that I never cared for, perhaps because I never quite believed in it.

I suppose there never was, and never will be, written a really perfect autobiography—perfect, I mean, at once as literature and as a complete presentment of its subject. St. Augustine and Rousseau (I ought to apologise for bracketing them together) have given us their *Confessions*, and Newman his *Apologia*, and lesser men innumerable their 'Recollections' ; but their real autobiography, no.

No one knows all about himself, but he knows more than anyone else does, and he never writes all he knows, and never will. Boswell knew a great deal about Johnson, and all he knew he wrote down.

The result is the best biography in the world : better, much better, than if Johnson had written it himself. To realise that one need only read 'Bozzy's' incomparable *Journal of a Tour through the Hebrides*, and compare it with Johnson's own ponderous narrative of that memorable trip.

What other books have influenced me ? Some have made me shudder and quake, and have influenced me so far, at least for the time. One of these was *Jane Eyre*—the scene where the maniac wife steals into poor Jane's room at midnight, and tears her wedding veil.

I read that chapter, as a boy, when almost alone in a big country house ; and I had to creep to bed afterwards through a sounding hall, up great shadowy stairs, and along echoing corridors. The terror of it comes back as I write.

Then there was *Uncle Silas* (does anyone read Sheridan Le Fanu nowadays ?), the most scaring and uncanny, surely, of all the criminals of fiction. I never shuddered over Wilkie Collins : his ingenious melodramas failed to move me, and all his characters seemed to me to talk alike, and to be mere puppets contrived for the working out of his too mechanical plots.

There were books, too, that made me cry. I recall two that did, a long time ago. One was Florence Montgomery's *Misunderstood*. I think I cried more than once over Humphrey's death.

The author stayed with us one Christmas time : there were a dozen of us, boys and girls, at home for our holidays ; and I remember the mixed trepidation and delight with which we used to look at the quiet, observant lady and think that perhaps she would put *us* into her next book.

The other book I cried over, as most people did in those days, was the *Heir of Redclyffe*—not, *bien entendu*, over the heart-searchings of the priggish hero, who played the *Harmonious Blacksmith* to cool him down when he was in a rage, but over poor Amy after his death.

I think it was her courage as much as her misfortunes that moved my sympathy : the same sort of feeling with which I afterwards read of, and enshrined as one of my heroines, Alexandrine de la Ferronays in the *Récit d'une Sœur*.

Yes, here I come to ' a book that influenced me.' I read the *Récit* in my undergraduate days, and it opened my eyes to many things—among others to the miraculously sustaining power of Catholicism when heart and soul are wounded most deeply and suffer most cruelly.

I had read of nothing, seen nothing, imagined nothing, like the Christian heroism, the tranquil, happy fortitude of Alexandrine, when all she loved best on earth was lost to her ; and every line of that exquisite analysis proved to me (how could it be otherwise ?) that it was religion, and the Catholic religion alone, which could exercise such a power and work such a result.

Another book which deeply impressed me in my early Oxford days was Newman's *Loss and Gain*. I lay awake at night sometimes, trying to compose

unanswerable answers to the arguments on the Catholic side—I need hardly say with no great success.

It is a commonplace of criticism to say that all Newman's writings display his dislike of logic. But *Loss and Gain*—I speak of the controversy of which it is the fictional vehicle—has always seemed to me the most mercilessly logical of books. I gave it once to a dear Oxford friend (Catholic-minded then, but since, and now, most Anglican of country vicars), and when he had conscientiously got through it, asked him, 'Well, what do you think? Is not the logic of it absolutely irrefutable?' 'Oh, yes,' he answered, 'it is logical enough: too logical. You can't get to heaven by logic.'

Every convert to Catholicism is asked the futile question, 'What led you to Rome? What first induced you to think of taking such a step?' I say 'futile'; for who could answer so complex a question in a single sentence?

Father Faber once did; but his curt reply, 'Sheer funk of being damned,' was intended rather as a snub to an inquiry which he saw to be impertinent, than as a serious rejoinder to a serious question.

Charles Reding, in *Loss and Gain*, answered it in a single word, 'Grace.' True, most true; but grace works on human souls through a thousand channels, and on no two souls alike.

I am not attempting to answer this question here and now, but if I were asked, 'Did the reading of any books help you on your way to the Church?' I should reply, 'Yes—Walter Scott, *Loss and Gain*, and the *Récit d'une Sœur*.'

FROM SOUTH DEVON TO ORKNEY 191

One more word. If Montalembert had never written his *Monks of the West*, or (which comes to much the same thing) if I had never read it, I should in all human probability not be what, and where, I am to-day.

August 24, 1928.

FROM SOUTH DEVON TO ORKNEY

I AM writing this at an open window on the southernmost point of the southernmost county of England (if you exclude the remotest corner of Cornwall). A few miles to the west is the rocky ridge of Start Point, its sheer face broken into a thousand shapes by the unending assaults of south-westerly gales.

Nearer, to the eastward, Bolt Head (lately dedicated for ever to public use and enjoyment) juts boldly into the sea ; and between the two headlands one descries such picturesque and delightfully named spots as Splatt Cove, Starehole Bottom, Bolberry Down, Sewer Sands, Rotten Pits, Sharp Tor, and Bigbury Bay.

Below my window rise the sea-washed and weather-worn walls of the old castle, which Sir Edmund Fortescue defended with such admirable resolution for his king in 1646 that when he at length capitulated he was allowed to march out with all the honours of war.

Across the estuary I can see the lovely pleasance where J. A. Froude lived for years, and wrote his fascinating travesty of English history. It was after a visit to him here, in view of our beautiful bay, that Tennyson penned his poem 'Crossing the Bar.'

Frosts do not penetrate this favoured spot ; one sees towering palms in many gardens, and oranges bloom and ripen in the open.

Although my corporal eyes are looking out on the blue waters of the English Channel, my mental vision is directed to-day to another bay very remote from South Devon—as remote, indeed, as one place can be from another in these British Isles of ours.

Seven hundred miles and more, as the crow flies, due north from Start Point and Bolt Head, is a strange land more familiar to me than Devonshire—the fifty-six isles and islets, with an area of some four hundred square miles, which make up the Orkney group. And I am thinking of a sheltered bay at the eastern corner of Pomona, the largest of all those islets (called the ‘mainland,’ but an island all the same).

Round the bay runs the one long narrow street of Kirkwall, the capital of Orkney ; and towering above the ancient courts and houses, once the town residence of the island magnates, rises the stately cruciform cathedral founded by Earl Ronald in the twelfth century, and dedicated to St. Magnus, the martyred patron saint of Orkney.

The Norman walls of Ronald’s ‘goodly stone minster’ still stand. The structure, like St. Mungo’s noble cathedral of Glasgow, was saved by the people themselves from the iconoclastic furies of the Reformation. So perfect are its proportions that the interior, though less than two hundred and fifty feet long, is pronounced by all who have seen it to be strangely impressive—more so, indeed, than that of many churches twice its size.

For centuries the seat of a Catholic Bishop (Reid, the last and most illustrious occupant of the See,

completed the cathedral, and endowed the grammar school which still exists), the great church has long been in Presbyterian hands, and a very humble structure has to-day to serve the needs of the Catholic inhabitants of the Islands.

The cathedral bells, given by Bishop Reid's predecessor, are the same—though the largest has been recast in modern times—that of old called the faithful to Mass and Vespers.

Just as the sacred remains of St. Edward still lie in Westminster Abbey, and those of St. Kentigern in Glasgow, so, by immemorial tradition, Kirkwall Cathedral still enshrines the relics of St. Magnus, the martyred Earl of Orkney.

More than sixty years ago the late Lord Bute, one of the most learned and painstaking antiquarians of his generation, minutely examined a skeleton found in a box in the north pier of the choir, and believed to be that of St. Magnus. Lord Bute adduced reasons, believed by him to be irrefutable, why these bones could not possibly be those of the saint.

His contention has been most strikingly borne out by recent investigations in the south pier, where remains have been discovered which the best authorities seem to have no hesitation in identifying as St. Magnus's relics.

Orkney, of course, was a Norwegian possession for six centuries before the Earldom was annexed to the Crown of Scotland in 1471. You will find still many relics of the Norse occupation of the islands: the place-names are entirely Norse; sepulchral inscriptions in the same language abound: the ancient Norwegian system of land tenure still survives; and the Norse tongue was spoken in

Orkney till the end of the seventeenth century, and in Shetland for a century later.

The men of Norway keep up friendly relations with their kinsmen in blood and race across the North Sea. Only last month over a hundred members of the Norse Association of Bergen, accompanied by the Lutheran Bishop of that city, visited Kirkwall, and had a most warm reception from the Orcadians.

A great congregation assembled in the venerable cathedral for a joint Norse and English service. The Bishop spoke eloquently of the emotion it gave them to find themselves worshipping within those ancient walls with men and women whose fair skins and yellow hair proclaimed them of the same race as themselves.

The most interesting feature of an interesting celebration was the chanting—for the first time for four hundred years—within that once Catholic sanctuary of the thirteenth-century Latin hymn in honour of St. Magnus, beginning

Nobilis—humilis—Magne martyr stabilis :
Habilis—utilis—comes venerabilis.

Skilfully arranged by the cathedral organist according to the ancient two-part harmony, and admirably executed by the cathedral choir, it made a profound impression on all who heard it. 'Surely a real link with the Catholic past of that grand old minster,' wrote one who was present: 'I could hardly refrain from tears as the old, old harmonies echoed through the ancient nave and aisles.' One cannot wonder.

August 31, 1928.

BUCKFAST ABBEY, PAST AND PRESENT

How ancient and how lovely is the approach to ancient and lovely Buckfast Abbey—Bucfestre, as it was called in Domesday Book, when it was already so old as to be traditionally free from all assessment by the Crown.

Enter the valley of Dart, as I did, by way of Totnes ; and you are already steeped in antiquity surpassing that of Normans, Saxons, Danes, Britons, nay, of the mighty Romans themselves. For does not Geoffrey of Monmouth (a sound supporter, and reporter, of tradition, if there ever was one) tell us how Brutus of Troy, as great a traveller as pious Æneas, though with no Virgil to immortalise his wanderings, once upon a time landed at this fair spot, and remarked with equal point and good sense :

“ Here I am, and here I rest,
And this town shall be called Totnes.”

If you doubt the story, ask the oldest inhabitant, or any inhabitant, of Totnes, and he will confound your scepticism by showing you the very stone on which the Trojan Prince, wearied of wandering, sat and made his famous declaration.

Trojan or no Trojan, a fair old town is Totnes, with its steep street spanned by ancient arches, its noble red-towered church, its piazza'd shop fronts recalling Chester, and its high-perched Norman keep. And fair is the view from the castle battlements over the sweet Devon country—a land of swelling hills and

wooded valleys and green and golden corn springing from the red earth.

Far to the north the encircling hills of Dartmoor rise blue and hazy. Southward the broadening Dart (the 'English Rhine,' as it is sometimes called, though it is no more like the Rhine than so far as it has water and banks) will bear you ten miles down to the sea ; but our pilgrimage, whether by road or rail or water, is up, not down the Dart, crossed by picturesque bridges here and there, and presenting views, where there are likely pools, of anglers mid-leg in the amber stream ; for Dart is a salmon-river of note.

So peacefully sylvan is the scene that we come almost with a shock, a few miles up, on the busy little manufacturing town of Buckfastleigh, lying among the hills. The town is no prettier than other industrial centres ; but the spire-crowned church (spires are rare hereabouts) stands picturesquely and inconveniently high, accessible only by flights of many well-worn steps.

As well-worn as the steps is the tale that it was perched up here to be out of reach of the devil, who had been in the habit of pulling down every night the work done by the builders during the day.

The woollen mills of Buckfastleigh, unlovely in themselves, but giving employment to some hundreds of workers engaged in the manufacture of serge and blankets, are a sign to us of the goal of our pilgrimage. For they were probably started, and certainly developed, by the Cistercian community whose abbey stood a mile above the village, on a grassy slope stretching down to the Dart.

But Buckfast was an abbey centuries before the Cistercian reform of the Benedictine Order, though exactly how long before it is impossible to say.

When the Domesday Survey was made by William the Conqueror in 1086, two Benedictine Abbeys on Devonshire rivers, Tavistock on the Tavy and Buckfast on the Dart, were already flourishing institutions. Buckfast was certainly founded before King Alfred's reign, that is more than a thousand years ago; and if, as one tradition holds, it was actually established, like so many South Devon churches, by St. Petrock, the Welsh apostle of Devon and Cornwall (who died A.D. 568), its antiquity is even greater.

Anyhow, we know that in Edward the Confessor's reign the abbey had great possessions in lands, villeins, serfs, oxen, goats, pigs, and nearly 1000 sheep (here was the source of the profitable woollen industry!).

Chroniclers tell us how, under William Rufus, 'God's Church was brought very low'; and Buckfast suffered with the rest. It is to King Stephen that the credit is due of having restored the prosperity of the house by assigning it, as other English monasteries were assigned, to the flourishing congregation of Savigny, in 1134.

The monks of Savigny were incorporated into the Cistercian Order thirteen years later; and so Buckfast Abbey, after its long and chequered career as a purely Benedictine house, became Cistercian; and Cistercian it remained for close on four centuries, embracing all the principles of the new Order, chief among them being the

abandonment of preaching and the apostolic ministry for a life of pure contemplation and unceasing manual labour.

On the Feast of St. Matthias, February 25, 1539, Henry VIII's Commissioners, headed by William Petre, received the forced surrender of the Prior and nine remaining monks of Buckfast. The monks were pensioned off; the 'smoothe, reserved, and obliging Mr. Petre' was granted the abbey lands to himself and his heirs for ever; the valuable leaden roofs were stripped from the buildings, and the walls allowed to decay and rot.

'This place,' wrote Risdon, who visited it some eighty years later, 'yet sheweth the skeleton of a huge body, whereby may be conceived what bigness it once bare, whose ruins may to-day move the beholders both to wonder and pity.'

A melancholy picture indeed! But the end was not yet.

Who would not have thought, when the last Mass had been said in the venerable abbey church three hundred and eighty-nine years ago, when the prior and his nine monks had been driven out to live on their miserable pittance, and the 'smoothe and reserved, yet obliging' usurper, William Petre, had entered on possession of the abbey lands, that the Catholic and Benedictine life in this hallowed spot was for ever extinct?

But God had his own plans, to be carried out in his own time and his own way. *Succisa virescit* was to be true of Buckfast, as of so many spreading green trees in the garden of the English Church, to whose roots the axe had been laid in the days of the Great Apostasy.

For three centuries and a half the story of Buckfast was the same melancholy story as that of other religious houses up and down England—a monotonous story of the buildings of a noble church and monastery crumbling away piecemeal, or being used for profane and secular purposes, until at length almost every vestige of their original purpose had utterly vanished.

The abbey lands passed from hand to hand through a dreary succession of uninteresting owners—Denis, Baker, Berry, Benthall, and others. The building known as the ‘Abbot’s Tower’ still stood, and near it was erected in 1806 a modern mansion, which in 1882 (*annus memorabilis*) was in possession of Dr. James Gale; and in the autumn of that year, after an interval of nearly three hundred and fifty years, it passed once again into Benedictine occupation, being acquired by the monks of Pierre-qui-vire, in France, who had been living in exile in Ireland since their expulsion from their own country by the persecuting laws of 1880.

So began the regeneration of Buckfast—like most works done for God, in humility and poverty. In their incommodious and unfurnished house, sleeping in blankets purchased from the old mill near by, the little band of pioneer monks, reinforced by one English, or rather Scottish, father from Ramsgate, a man full of zeal and eloquence, resumed the Divine office and the monastic observance in this ancient home of prayer and peace.

A strange and almost terrifying phenomenon to the simple dwellers by the Dart, to whom the different Orders of religious were all alike unknown,

and one of whom is said to have remarked of the newcomers that 'he had heerd that they was rare dangerous men, being Jebusites.'

The building of a temporary church (before any decent accommodation for themselves) was the first thought of the little community. It was opened in 1884; and only after that, by the generosity of many friends, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh in particular, the Abbot's Tower was restored, and a wing of the new monastery, with refectory and cells, erected.

Events thereafter moved steadily, without undue haste, to the full developement of the restored abbey, of which the first abbot since the Dissolution was canonically elected in 1902, receiving the solemn Benediction a few months later.

His short but fruitful reign of three years was tragically terminated on August 4, 1906, when he lost his life in the terrible *Sirio* disaster off the coast of Spain. Six weeks later a monk only thirty years of age, but of mature character and conspicuous mental gifts, was chosen to the vacant chair, which he still fills.

In the first decade of the fifteenth century Buckfast Abbey was ruled by a Devonshire man and Oxford graduate, William Slade, a famous Aristotelian scholar, who, says an old chronicler, 'furnished the house with fair buildings, and adorned the commonwealth with his learning, leaving behind many books of his own penning.'

Such an abbot, if his humility will allow me to say so, has surely been raised up to-day in Dom Anscar Vonier, whose theological and mystical treatises, notable at once for depth and simplicity, are already

classics of English Catholic literature. But the Abbot of Buckfast is a practical worker as well as a profound thinker.

Within three months of his installation he was inspired (the phrase is not too strong a one) with the resolve to begin at once—without funds, without materials, without prospect of wealthy benefactors—the great work of rebuilding the abbey church on the ancient foundations.

One mason there was in the community: the Prior went through a course of stone-carving at Exeter: a few brethren (never more than four or five at once) set their hands joyfully to the work; and so did God bless their labours that but sixteen years after the commencement of the enterprise the stately edifice had so far advanced to completion that it was opened for public worship in presence of bishops, archbishops, and the Cardinal of Westminster, who preached the inaugural sermon to a great concourse of the faithful.

No description of this noble minster, growing yearly in grace, beauty, and perfection, is possible here. The fair valley of Dart is marvellously accessible in these days of speedy and varied transport. If you would realise what can be done for God's glory in a comparatively short time (for what are a few decades in the long history of Buckfast?) by a united community working under a superior the key-note of whose life is faith, enthusiasm, and confidence in God—COME AND SEE.

September 7, 1928.

REFLECTIONS ON COLLECTIONS

THE Scotch have a well-deserved reputation for being the most 'clubable' people in the world. They have a positive passion for forming associations of every possible kind—literary, political, social, industrial, commercial; and there is not a city or big town on the earth's surface in which Scotsmen foregather (and where do they not?) that does not contain a flourishing 'Caledonian Society,' to look after the interests of its members all the year round, and to bring them together on St. Andrew's Day to drink whisky, eat haggis, listen to the skirl of the pipes, and make interminable speeches in praise of 'Scotland for ever'—the 'Land of Cakes.' Hech! Sirs!

If three Scotsmen were wrecked on a desert rock, it has been said that the first thing they would do would be to form themselves into an Association, with chairman (only they would call him 'Præses'), secretary and treasurer complete. Two such castaways, with no hope of rescue, thought they should prepare for the worst. 'Can ye no pit up a prayer, Jock?' said one. 'I canna.' 'Or a verse or twa from Scripture?' 'I canna.' 'Ah, weel then, we maun just tak' up a collection.'

The collection was the closing—and to us children not the least interesting—feature of the kirk-service of our youth. During the final psalm the box, affixed to the end of a long pole, was thrust along every pew under the very noses of the worshippers, in a way impossible to ignore; and the clink of coins rattling into the receptacle mingled

agreeably with the slow, sonorous drone of 'Martyrs' or 'Dundee,' or other well-known melody, in which every member of the congregation, old or young, was supposed to join. 'What's the tune, my dear? I didna catch the tune,' whispered one old lady to her neighbour in the pew. 'I dinna ken, my dear,' was the hurried reply. 'I'm singing "Kilmarnock," *keep you wi' me.*'

Before we left home for the kirk we children (a round dozen of us) repaired to our father's library, where each received a penny for the box and a large peppermint (supposed to possess anti-somnolent qualities) to be sucked, as was the universal custom, during the sermon.

I still recall how as the minister got into the swing of his hour's discourse the atmosphere became gradually impregnated, not with 'the intoxicating odour of medicated incense' (of which I once read in a report of a ritualistic service), but with the penetrating perfume of peppermints.

Once, *suadente diabolo*, I popped my lozenge into the box and kept my penny; but a youthful sister gave me away (why are little girls so often sneaks?) to our Calvinistic governess, who bade me write out twenty times the lines (Dr. Watts', I think):

It is a sin to steal a pin,
Much more then a greater thing.

The good lady impressed upon me that as you could buy twenty pins for a penny the theft was obviously a heinous one. Our dear mother, however, to whom an appeal lay, remitted the penalty on the sound principle: 'De minimis non curat lex'; and reduced me to tears by her gentle reprimand.

There were occasional collections for special objects, when in lieu of a penny we were each allowed to offer a threepenny bit—a coin which, together with fourpenny-pieces or groats (now extinct), I once heard a preacher in Doncaster parish church denounce as the invention of the devil.

I came to dislike these periodical collections in my later school days, when the subscriptions were wrung by a kind of moral compulsion out of our none too plentiful pocket-money. This, I gather, is still a grievance at public schools. 'Why should we be dunned,' said a youthful nephew of mine the other day, 'to send pocket-handkerchiefs to the Zulus? They haven't got any pockets to start with!'

This, I gather, was an allegory; but what he seemed really to resent was being 'dunned' for a Society which aimed at converting Jews into Anglicans. 'The Jews are far richer than we are,' protested my young relative: 'why on earth can't they pay for their own missionaries?' How Charles Lamb would have chuckled over the paradox of the rich Jews paying for missionaries to convert themselves!

It was a preacher in the Lower Chapel at Eton (I could give his name, but I won't), who announced the result of the previous Sunday's collection as (let us say) nine shillings, sixteen sixpences, twelve threepenny-bits, fifteen pennies, nine half-pennies and—four buttons! adding, after an impressive pause, 'Rend your hearts and not your garments!'

Why, by the way, was it considered absolutely *de rigueur* in High Churches to collect the alms in embroidered alms-bags (surely a direct incentive to

the insertion of buttons), instead of in evangelical basons ?

A curious bit of ritual (to be found neither in the old prayer-book nor the new) consisted in the clergyman receiving the bags in a large dish, carrying it aloft through the chancel, and depositing it with bows and other devout gestures on the altar steps. 'A little bit of fancy ceremonial,' as Arthur Stanton used to say.

Big collection-plates are much in vogue in Paris, where on special occasions the smartest of smart ladies preside at *la quête*, and reap an excellent harvest for some deserving object. 'How much did you get out of that big dish, mummy?' asked a little girl who thought that the ladies were giving, not receiving. 'I got only two francs.'

The biggest alms-boxes that I have ever seen are the great trunks at the lower end of Westminster Cathedral. It sometimes pleases me to fancy that at their periodical openings they are found to be filled to the brim with notes and bullion. I sincerely hope that they are.

September 21, 1928.

FROM SWEDEN TO SUTHERLAND

SURELY there is a touch, and more than a touch, of romance underlying the prosaic newspaper notice that the King of Spain has arrived at Dunrobin Castle on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland, for deerstalking.

King Alfonso XIII has not chosen to travel by commonplace train and Channel steamer from the

sun-baked table-lands of New Castile to the far north of Scotland. No ; he has swept across the North Sea on an armed destroyer, and has disembarked almost at the castle gates of his ducal host.

And he has come to us not from Spain, but from Scandinavia, the legendary home of those fierce, mysterious tribes, the Alans and the Suevi, the Vandals and the Visigoths, who overran the Spanish peninsula fourteen centuries ago, driving the Romans out for ever, and who held it until the Gothic dominion was finally broken by the defeat of Roderick, the last Visigoth king, in 711.

What a history Spain has had since that famous battle on the Guadarrete ! Twelve hundred years of hard fighting and slow expansion, and a dozen Kings Alfonso—now of Asturias, now of Castile—all of them soldiers and some of them statesmen, guiding the destinies of the most chivalrous and Catholic people on earth. A strange, eventful history indeed !

And Alfonso XIII, half Castilian, half Hapsburg, but a Spanish patriot to the core, heir of all those troubled ages, comes to us this week, like Sir Patrick Spens, ‘ from Norroway, Norroway, over the foam,’ to a province of our island kingdom which was and remained Scandinavian for centuries after the Norsemen were driven out of Spain, and which still preserves in its speech, its place-names, and its customs, a hundred traces of its long connection with the Norwegian State.

His Most Catholic Majesty is not paying a state or official visit to our shores, and is not attended, as his kingly ancestors were wont to be on their progresses, by a train of chaplains among his

other attendants. On such Sundays as may occur during his stay at Dunrobin he will, as a matter of fact, unless special arrangements are made, be hard put to it even to hear Mass, as he would doubtless wish to do.

Of all the countries, great and small, which make up the island of Great Britain, the vast shire of Sutherland, comprising over a million acres, is (I believe I am right in saying) the only one which has not a single Catholic church or chapel within its borders.

The two tiny counties of Rutland and Clackmannan, together barely one-tenth of the size of Sutherland, have between them half a dozen Catholic missions—but in Sutherland not one.

You may learn that Mass is very occasionally celebrated at Dornoch, the capital town; but the parish priest of Wick, in Caithness, who performs that act of charity and devotion, has his own church and flock nearly fifty miles from the Sutherland border, and his first duty, of course, is that of ministering to his own people.

Yet Sutherland was, in Catholic days, together with its neighbour-county of Caithness, the seat of a Catholic Bishopric. For exactly five centuries, from the year of the Norman Conquest to 1566, a succession of Bishops ruled the diocese from Dornoch; and there still stands the strangely interesting little Norman cathedral (carefully restored of recent years, though not, alas! to Catholic worship), built by the holy prelate, Gilbert de Moray, in the thirteenth century.

Completely endowed by the munificent King David for a dean, precentor, chancellor, treasurer,

and ten canons, it was dedicated to St. Bar, or Finbar, the teacher of St. Columba, and the patron of the still Catholic Hebridean Isle of Barra.

By a curious coincidence, the festival of St. Bar, as kept for centuries in the Scottish Church, falls this very week, on September 25. It is probable that the Catholic King, on some off-day from the deer-forest, will be taken to Dornoch to play a round of golf on its famous links, and perhaps, incidentally, to glance round the little old Cathedral of St. Bar, which has looked across the North Sea to Norway during all these centuries.

The splendour of the liturgy has long been banished from that desolated sanctuary, where a solitary minister now drones, Sunday after Sunday, through the dreary Presbyterian service to a somnolent congregation. But Dornoch, and Sutherland were once wholly Catholic, even as Norway was in the ages that are past.

Slowly, but unmistakably, the ancient faith is finding its way back to the Scandinavian peninsula. Shall it once again take root and flourish in Calvinistic Sutherland? 'O Lord, thou knowest.'

September 28, 1928.

THE FOLK-LORE OF THE ORCHARDS

O happy are the apples when the south winds blow.

SURELY never was this pretty line from the *Adonais* better exemplified than this year in the fair orchard-country in which I write. The untoward spring was followed by a fine show of blossom, when (as

Longfellow sings) 'the lovely land was white with apple-blooms,' and by a heavy setting of fruit. And the promise of summer has been fulfilled in this glorious September weather.

Everywhere the clustered spheres glisten against the pale blue of the autumn sky: clear yellow Codlins, stout juicy Blenheims, russet-tawny Pippins, gay Pearmaines, emerald Greenings. It is the hour of fulfilment, wage-time after the long spell of work and waiting; and now at last we can say with Milton's 'spirited sly snake' in *Paradise Lost*:

To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
Not to defer.

But apples, in this western county, connote cider, for which we grow no such sweet and dainty varieties as the above, but a fruit more sour and bitter, more acid and austere.

Old Knight begins his *Pomona Herefordiensis* (surely the most delectable book on apples, with its glowing full-page pictures, ever penned) with the solemn pronouncement: 'It had unquestionably been fortunate for mankind if the use of fermented liquors had never been introduced amongst them.'

But he soon drops this moralising strain; and as he dwells fondly on the cultivation of the noble and jocund fruit, he tells us with gusto of the differing kinds of cider, all excellent (and he seems to have tasted every one), to be extracted from the various apples which he describes and pictures.

Ours was not the first county where cider came into universal and popular use; but it has been

drunk hereabouts for five centuries and more. Let us look into the Wycliffe MS. Bible, one of the treasures of our cathedral library ; and turning to St. Luke i, 15, what do we read about St. John Baptist ?

‘ For he schal be gret bifore the Lord, and he schal not drinke *wyn ne sider.*’

The date of this MS. is 1420 ; but as far back as 1397 Gerard’s *Herball* tells us, ‘ a worshipfulle Gentleman dwelling two miles from Hereford has so many apple-trees that his servants drinke for the most part no other drinke but that made of apples. The Parson, too, hath for tythe many hogsheads of syder.’ And Evelyn wrote in 1629 : ‘ By the noble example of my lord Scudamore and others, all Herefordshire is become in a manner but one entire orchard.’

It is to a few years later, at the end of Charles I’s troubled reign, that the pretty ‘ swallow ’ story told by Aubrey belongs : how the loyal gentlemen of the county used to meet secretly at Stretton to drink their king’s health, and how once ‘ that venerable good man ’ the parson, Mr. Hill, standing up bare-headed to pledge the toast, a swallow flew in at the window, perched on the edge of the earthenware cup, took a ‘ deep sip ’ of the sweet cider, and flew out again. The cup is still preserved in the manor-house.

There is another and older tale of Grosmont Rectory, where the devil, ‘ all great big eyes,’ sat atop of the hogshead of cider in the cellar, frightened nigh to death those who came down to draw the liquor, and was only exorcised by the bravery of two sailors, who drove him up the chimney.

More ancient still are the traditions of old customs, dating from far pre-Reformation days, connected with the 'wine of the country.' You will hear these repeated, if anywhere, in the 'Golden Valley' (where stands the lovely old Cistercian minster of Abbeydore); for in that secluded vale the 'oldest inhabitant' will tell of strange usages which prevailed in his own boyhood, and are not yet forgotten.

What a flavour of antiquity, for example, had the common habit of labourers pouring a little cider on the ground before drinking. 'A donation to the fairises' (the local word for 'fairies') they called it. Could they have meant 'libation'?

On New Year's Day no work was done: were a man found working he was carried on a ladder round all the farmhouses in the parish, the bearers getting at each a draught of cider (the delinquent got none).

On Twelfth Night there were always twelve fires lighted, for the twelve Apostles, in a circle. In the centre of the circle was raised a tall pole for the Blessed Virgin. Beside it stood the finest and fattest ox of the farm, on whose horns was impaled a large flat cake. Cider was dashed on his head to make him throw off the cake: if it fell forward the harvest would be good; if backward bad.

On Palm Sunday was observed, till quite recent times, the immemorial custom of distributing 'Pax-cakes' (the *pain béni* of France?) after morning service: a touching token of the duty of peace-making and reconciliation before the Easter Communion. A quaint local feature was the bringing to church, by every farmer, of a bottle of his best home-brewed cider to drink with the blessed buns.

Cake and cider were liberally provided at the May-day dances round the Maypole ; but a more definitely religious use was the blessing of the apple-trees by the people themselves on Midsummer Eve, after the St. John's fires had been lit. They poured a mug of cider on the trunk of every tree, tapped it three times, and invoked God's blessing on the year's crop.

By way of strange conclusion let me tell of a Herefordshire man who attended the funeral of a farmer's sister at the head of the Golden Valley. Ushered into the room where the corpse lay, he found, on a little table covered with a white cloth, at the foot of the coffin, a jug of cider and glasses. ' You must drink, sir,' said the farmer, when the visitor refused the proffered glass. ' It is the same as the Sacrament. It is *to kill my sister's sins.*'

Poor good untaught people ! They have strayed far from the beliefs of their Catholic fathers ; but who shall say that faith is dead in their souls, or brand as superstition what is really a persisting sense of the supernatural, of sin and atonement and the efficacy of the Divine blessing ? May God bring them home !

October 5, 1928.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SEPTEMBER,

1870

I HAVE been reading how Signor Mussolini, the present autocrat of Italy, chose September 20, anniversary of the Piedmontese ' March on Rome '

fifty-eight years ago, for the inauguration, or promulgation, of the new secret tribunal, or Star Chamber, which is to strengthen the Fascist grip of the Italian people.

And I have thought that it would be of interest to jot down here, before they are forgotten, some personal reminiscences of that momentous September day which witnessed the fall (for the time being) of the last remains of the Temporal Power of the Papacy, and the transformation of the Sovereign of the States of the Church into the Prisoner of the Vatican.

I say 'personal reminiscences,' because it was my good fortune to be a visitor in Rome during that memorable month: a boy not yet eighteen, spending an autumn holiday in Italy before entering Oxford; not yet a Catholic, but already an enthusiastic advocate of the venerable Pontiff and his rights, and as enthusiastic an opponent of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi and all the enemies of the Holy See. I had friends among the English Zouaves, who were pledged to defend the Holy Father to death, and also among the students of the English College, and other British Catholics resident in Rome.

All the talk, when I arrived in the city about September 9 or 10, was of the envoy of King Victor Emmanuel, Count Ponza di Martino (immediately nicknamed by Pasquin 'Pontius Pilate'), who was charged by the monarch to deliver to the Pope an autograph letter, one of the most astonishing specimens of unctuous hypocrisy imaginable, professing the deepest reverence and humblest submission to the Pontiff, at the very moment when he

was about to wrest from him by force of arms the last remnant of his possessions.

We heard that the envoy's audience with the Pope lasted barely three minutes. His Holiness read the letter, and dismissed the messenger with the words 'I tell you, in the name of the Lord, that you are all whited sepulchres.'

Three days later I was taken up to some elevated point in the city (was it the lantern of St. Peter's?) whence I saw an unforgettable sight: far away in the Campagna, the white encampments of the invaders of Rome; and below, in the Corso, the white figure of the saintly Pontiff, who had alighted from his carriage and was passing on foot slowly through the crowded street, blessing his kneeling people.

On September 18 we walked round the fortified walls of the city: of great extent, miserably weak in many places, and obviously impossible to defend with the ten second-class guns which was all the Papal army possessed. The Piedmontese had at least 150 pieces of siege artillery, and some 70,000 men against the Pope's force of barely 10,000. An English artillery colonel who was with us said it would be impossible to hold the city for a day against the enemy forces.

At night my Zouave friends (who had a great reception everywhere) and I visited some cafés in the centre of the city. Everywhere the talk was of the Pope having ordered, or being about to order, a merely nominal resistance, in order to avoid bloodshed. The Zouaves were furious, and vowed that they would fight to the last!

On the morning of the 20th the firing began at

3 a.m., with a roar like thunder from the walls all round. I had slept in the English College, or rather spent the night there, for I think no one slept a wink. The students, after an early Mass and a hearty breakfast, turned out to a man, wearing ambulance badges, and ran off to the walls to do what they could for the wounded.

Bombs, showers of bullets, and enormous cannon-balls were pouring through great breaches in the fortifications. There was not a single ambulance-waggon available, and the students had to carry the wounded men on their backs to the nearest hospital—one, where I was trying to be of some use, at a large convent near the Villa Medici. At ten o'clock it was rumoured that white flags had been hoisted and capitulation was imminent. The Zouaves were beside themselves with rage and disappointment. They went on shooting long after the 'Cease Fire' had sounded; but before eleven all was over.

I saw the Piedmontese troops coming through the Porta Pia along the Via del Quirinale (now 'Venti di Settembre'). They marched in pretty good order, but were immediately followed by a howling mob, who practically took possession of the city. They included hundreds, if not thousands, of criminals who had been banished or imprisoned for various offences, some of exceeding gravity, and had now been released by the 'Liberators of Rome' from the gaols of Civita Vecchia and other cities, in order to swell the Piedmontese triumph.

It was this lawless and undisciplined horde of 'free and independent voters,' not one-twentieth part of them Romans, who a week later (on the

Feast of the Holy Rosary) were to take part in the precious plebiscite which was to decide on the annexation of Rome to the brand-new 'Kingdom of Italy.'

October 12, 1928.

THE BONCOMPAGNI-LUDOVISI

THE recent appointment of Don Francesco Boncompagni-Ludovisi, Prince of Piombino, as Governor of Rome in succession to Prince Potenziani, is an interesting one for several reasons. It is certainly significant of the improved relations between Church and State in Italy, that this important post should have been conferred on a member of one of the most staunchly Catholic of the great Roman princely families—one, moreover, which has given two Popes, Gregory XIII and Gregory XV, to Holy Church.

Another Roman Prince, Marcantonio Colonna, at one time held the office of Syndic of Rome (then the highest civil post in the city), having succeeded a violently anti-Catholic Jew named Nathan in that position. Prince Colonna, however, was more of a 'White' than a 'Black,' and had accepted some office about the Court of King Humbert. When his father died, he would in the natural course have assumed the high post of assistant at the Pontifical throne, which the Colonna have shared with the Orsini for many generations. He found, however, that he would not be permitted to take up that office as long as he retained his lordship-in-waiting (or whatever it was) at the Quirinal, which he consequently, and promptly, resigned.

I remember Don Marcantonio, in the years following the occupation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, very restive indeed (as many of the young princes were) at the impossibility of finding any career open to those who remained faithful to the Pope. 'What can we do?' he once said despairingly. 'Politics, diplomacy, the army—all are closed to us; one must either expatriate oneself to Austria, Spain, or elsewhere, or be content with a commission in the Pope's Noble Guard. Is that a career for a man's life?' One could only listen sympathetically, and trust to time to bring a solution, as indeed it has to some extent, of this difficult question.

A youthful scion of the house of Boncompagni-Ludovisi was well known in England some years ago. This was Don Andrea, grandson and heir of the then Prince of Piombino, who matriculated at Merton College in the same year as Marchese Visconti-Venosta, son of the well-known Italian statesman, entered Christ Church. The latter, however, being 'White,' while his compatriot was 'Black,' there was no friendship between them; and I remember finding the Merton freshman having a very dull time, as I believe he had had instructions from home that he was not to cultivate acquaintance with any undergraduates who were not at once noble and Catholic! However, he made friends before long, and became popular at his college.

The young prince was interested to know that his college chapel—perhaps the most beautiful in Oxford—was the very last of the pre-Reformation churches and chapels of Oxford in which the Pope

was prayed for in the Canon of the Mass.¹ Queen Elizabeth had been six months on the throne when the Holy Sacrifice was offered for the last time in Merton Chapel, for the soul of Thomas Hatfield, Bishop of Durham. The date was May 7, 1559, just thirteen years before Cardinal Ugo Boncompagni ascended the Pontifical throne as Gregory XIII, afterwards giving his name to the reformed, or Gregorian Kalendar, of Western Christendom. He was, of course, the collateral ancestor of the young Roman undergraduate of Merton, as was also the Bolognese Pope Gregory XV (Alessandro Ludovisi), whose reign, some forty years later, was a short and uneventful one.

The new Governor of Rome, who has made extensive agricultural studies, and carried them into practice on a large scale in the Agro Romano, is not only a scion of a profoundly Catholic family, but is the son of a priest, Mgr. Prince Hugo Boncompagni, who took holy orders after his wife's death, and is now a Canon of St. Peter's. Such cases are of course, rare, but by no means unexampled in Rome. Many of us well remember the late Mgr. de Stacpoole, an Irishman by birth, who was a French Count of Louis XVIII's creation, a Roman Marquis of Leo XII's, and a Duke of Gregory XVI's. He married a lady of Northumberland family, and, after her death, became a priest, a domestic prelate to Pius IX, and a Canon of Santa Maria in Trastevere.

¹ 'No college,' writes Henderson, the historian of Merton, 'was more loyal to the Church of the time, more staunch in its adherence to the practices and doctrines of the Church of Rome. In very truth the Reformation was forced upon the college.'

One recalls, during the last days of Pope Pius, how there was to be seen at every great Roman function this genial and distinguished-looking prelate, who was invariably accompanied by his youthful son and daughter. The little girl was *vouée* to the Blessed Virgin, and was always dressed entirely in vivid blue, which contrasted piquantly with the bright auburn hair that fell over her shoulders. She afterwards married a Talbot de Malahide; and her little brother grew up to be fourth Duke de Stacpoole, and father of five sons, of whom two fell in the European War.

October 19, 1928.

WHERE PILGRIMS LODGED

MOTORING with a friend lately through Worcestershire (most beautiful in its colouring of autumn russet), we stayed for luncheon at Tewkesbury, where surely are more historic and attractive old inns than in any town of its size in England.

Our halting-place was the 'Black Bear,' hard by the bridge, a most picturesque house with a striking picture of its unusual sign; for Black Bears are as uncommon as Black Bulls, Horses, Lions, and Swans are numerous. Commoner still is the sign of the Bell.

The Tewkesbury 'Bell' is one of some five hundred inns so named up and down England: a delightful sixteenth-century house, and with literary associations, too; for it figures in *John Halifax, Gentleman* (Mrs. Craik's immensely popular novel of seventy years ago), with its yew-hedge and

bowling-green, as the home of the Quaker Abel Fletcher.

Other quaint and charming inns at Tewkesbury are the 'Swan,' the ancient timbered tavern called the 'Wheatsheaf,' old enough to have witnessed the bloody fight of Tewkesbury, in the Wars of the Roses; and, oldest of all, the 'Berkeley Arms,' called after the still Catholic house of Spetchley. But the most notable hostelry in the town is the famous 'Hop-pole,' where Pickwick and his friends dined (and drank) on their famous journey from Bristol to Birmingham.

Architecturally the 'Hop-pole' is an epitome of later English history: the original house, tall, gabled, and half-timbered, of the period when the noble abbey hard by was really an abbey and not a Protestant parish church: then the central red-brick portion of Queen Anne's time, and, adjoining that, the great Georgian white-fronted wing dating from spacious coaching days, and now coming into its own again in the service of motors and motorists.

It was, of course, for visitors and pilgrims to the great Benedictine abbey of Tewkesbury that these numerous inns came into existence, in order to house those who, for one reason or another, were not entertained within the monastery itself. Princes and nobles were, of course, the personal guests of my lord the abbot, lodging in his house and dining at his table.

Visitors of lower degree lay in the abbey guest-house, generally outside the monastic precincts. Such a guest-house still survives at Glastonbury, the beautiful fifteenth-century structure built by Abbot

Selwood, now an entirely secular inn known for many generations as the 'George.'

Even older than the Glastonbury 'George' is the venerable 'New Inn' at Gloucester, built by the monks of St. Peter's Abbey (now called the cathedral), as a hostel for pilgrims—not to the shrine of a canonised saint, but to the tomb of King Edward II, foully murdered at Berkeley Castle.

The abbot of Gloucester had given Christian burial to the poor dead prince, and the monks built the spacious hospice from the offerings of the simple folk who flocked to pray at the tomb of the murdered monarch.

You must penetrate beyond the timber and plaster front to see this most interesting guest-house (still an inn of repute), much as it was centuries ago, with its massive chestnut beams and galleried courtyard, where plays were acted in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

As we are dealing with monastic hostels, let us not forget the 'George' at St. Albans—no Hanoverian George, but called the 'George upon the Hupe,' after England's patron saint, as long ago as 1448. You may still see the picturesque inn-yard, close to the grand old abbey, and the remains of the chapel where, by special leave of the abbot, Mass was said 'for the spiritual benefit of such great men and nobles and others as shall be lodged there.'

'No other example is known,' says a local guide-book,¹ 'of an inn possessing its own oratory for Divine Service.' But others besides myself recall a modern inn, in the very heart of London's West End, where, through all the strenuous years of the great

¹ Dunlop: *Historic and Picturesque Inns of Old England*.

war, Mass was said daily in a perfectly equipped chapel by bishops, abbots, and princes of the Church.

The hotel pages served the Mass; Catholic members of the staff often attended it, and so did scores of Catholic officers, who often spent their brief leave under the roof of this Catholic hostel. I like to think of this Catholic oasis in the desert of London, and of the faith and piety of the good man who made possible such daily acts of worship.

Another monastic 'George' in Gloucestershire is the old inn at Winchcombe, built and maintained by the abbots of Winchcombe and Hailes (both now utterly perished) for pilgrims who came to venerate the famous relics preserved in those churches. You may see the initials, R.K., of Richard Kyderminster, last abbot, carved over the oaken entrance archway of the 'George'; and, under the staircase in the courtyard, a great stone bath for the ablutions of the pilgrims.

I have space to mention but one other religious hostel, and that the most noteworthy of all—the celebrated 'Angel,' of Grantham (why is it now dubbed the 'Angel and Royal'?), on the great North Road. It was the Knights Templars who built this noble guest-house, and called it the 'Angel,' as far back as the reign of King John, who held his court there in 1213.

The sculptured heads of Edward III and Philippa, and a carven angel, still adorn the Gothic gateway under the oriel window of the room where Richard III, on October 19, 1483 (exactly four hundred and forty-five years ago to-day, as I write these lines), signed the death-warrant of the Duke of Buckingham.

This is fact ; but not so the story (for which Colley Cibber's stage version of Shakespeare's play is responsible) that the monarch accompanied this act of justice, or vengeance, with the unkingly shout of ' Off with his head ! So much for Buckingham.'

One other curious fact about the ' Angel ' at Grantham. On the rent of this inn, the scene of age-long conviviality, has been charged for more than two centuries a sum of money to pay for an annual sermon in the lovely parish church of Grantham, ' strongly denouncing drunkenness.'

October 26, 1928.

CORPUS DOMINI ON THE ISLAND OF CALDEY

THE migration of the White Monks of Caldey to their new home in Gloucestershire, where their numerous friends hope they may find a permanent and happy resting-place, brings back many memories to those who have spent peaceful days as the guests of the kind community in their island monastery.

I have known Caldey at all seasons of the year, and at every one it has its own special beauty. But of all my recollections of the sacred island none is impressed on my mind more vividly than that of a certain summer festival—the Solemnity of Corpus Christi—spent there some years ago. It all comes back to me as I write.

An ideal summer's day for the great procession—sapphire sea and turquoise sky, and a faint fresh

south-easterly breeze tempering the unclouded sunshine.

It is the route of our Caldey procession which gives it its unique and unrivalled interest. Our road—our Lord's road—is no conventional one, round a cloister garth, or through the broad walks of an ordered garden. No: it is a pilgrimage, and to venerable shrines.

To the grave sweet accompaniment of the *Pange Lingua*, the long procession leaves the abbey church, makes the circuit of the quiet cloister, and so out into the sunshine in the direction of the ancient village church, which is our first station. Low, solid, and simple, standing as it stood for nearly a thousand years, its venerable stones, warm in the June sunshine, enshrine to-day the Presence of Him for whose honour and service they were built dim centuries ago. The canopy passes under the Saxon chancel arch; the Divine Visitor rests for a few minutes on the humble altar: the Benediction is given, and we pass on.

Down through the tiny village nestling under the white abbey walls, up the deep-shadowed lane with its fuchsia hedges just bursting into crimson, we wend our way, still singing: through the priory gates, past the water-lilied fishpond, under Fitz-Urse's frowning Norman tower, into the precincts of the old monastery, and through the low western doorway of the church. In the vaulted chancel, with its paved floor and panelled walls, where the white monks of Tiron once prayed and chanted and meditated, kneel now their successors, the white monks of Caldey, and receive with bent tonsured heads the sacramental blessing.

On now through the priory garden, gay with columbines and peonies and blood-red eschalonias. We stream across green lawns where palms and green bamboos attest the geniality of Caldey's climate, skirt the old ivy-clad walls, and wend our way across the verdant meadows, spangled with buttercups and daisies (Nature's own lovely heraldry—*vert semée argent and or*). This is the culminating point of our pilgrimage ; for below and in front of us stretch now the whole northern shore of the holy isle, the blue bay beyond, and, further still, the white cliffs on which Tenby stands, rising sheer from the sea—

The strange deep sea which laps their feet and sighs.

Down through the lush green fields our procession makes its way, and halts once more at the foot of a steep rocky escarpment, surmounted by a rude round building of unknown age, once a watch-tower, a protection perhaps against roving and marauding pirates. The tower is cross-crowned now, and transformed into a little oratory ; and from its narrow doorway the third Benediction is imparted to the kneeling crowd of faithful at the foot of the cliff.

Then we resume our way : we are near home again now, and our last station is in the Quarry Garden of the abbey, where an altar has been erected on the velvet sward, close to the statue of Our Lady of Victories, whose outstretched protecting arms are extended always to bless this quiet retreat. Through the abbot's rock garden we return to the church. The ' Te Deum ' is chanted, Our Lord blesses us for the last time, and our pilgrimage

is ended. A veritable pilgrimage of faith and of grace, it is one to linger long in the thankful memory of those privileged to take part in it.

November 2, 1928.

AN ISLAND PASSION-PLAY

THE guests of Caldey Abbey, whether in the monastery or the guest-house during Holy Week and Easter, were for several successive years very greatly privileged in assisting not only at the solemn services of the time, but also at a quite exceptionally beautiful presentation of some of the scenes of the Sacred Passion, given by members of the Caldey community.

The sacred drama, as given at Caldey, comprised eight scenes, beginning with the Agony in the Garden and ending with the Resurrection, and a concluding tableau, the Triumph of the Cross. There were certain features about the presentation which caused it to differ entirely from every other Passion-play, and give it an almost indescribable poignancy and impressiveness, deeply affecting to all who witnessed it. Let me recall a few of these features.

1. The action of all the characters was in complete silence. No word was spoken on the stage, from first to last, by any of those who took part; but there was a continuous recitative chanted behind the scene, taken entirely from the words of Holy Scripture, and set to grave and beautiful early seventeenth-century music. Interspersed with this were harmonised chorales, sung by an unseen choir.

2. I have mentioned a 'stage'; but there was really none. All round the hall the spectators looked down from raised galleries on to the central space where the action took place.

3. All the different scenes were built up from the same simple elements—a few square pillars (or pylons), some steps, an arch, a platform or two, and heavy dark blue curtains draped at the back and sides of the hall. The lighting was quite extraordinarily effective—diffused, subdued, yet amply sufficient.

4. All the monk-actors wore simply their white habits, excepting the 'Christus,' who was vested in a girded alb and long stole, emblematic of his priesthood. I believe that, for the first year or two, the performers adopted the traditional dresses in which the characters taking part in the Passion are usually represented in art.

But the retention throughout of the monastic habits, which was afterwards decided on, was really beyond question more effective. It removed any, even the remotest, touch of theatricality from the performance, imparted to it indeed a touch of mysticism which lifted it on to a higher plane, and caused those who looked down on the successive scenes to feel that they were not watching a mere play, but gazing on a group of men engaged in a deep act of faith and devotion, and entirely absorbed in it.

'The Caldey Passion,' wrote a priest of high literary gifts who had just assisted at it, 'is not a stage play founded on an ineffably sacred theme: it is a meditation and an offering. The presence or absence of an audience is less than nothing: the essence of the thing is the offering (by the

participants in the action) of a meditation absolutely unique.'

I never attended the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau (which I have witnessed three times) without feeling that parts of it were almost intolerably painful, regarded as acted drama. This feeling was not, it seemed to me, present in the Caldey representation. In the most deeply moving moments of the Passion scenes—Christ falling under the Cross, the nailing to the Cross, and the actual Crucifixion itself, there was a certain deep religious gravity and restraint on the part of all concerned, which immeasurably heightened the effect, and yet prevented it from becoming unendurably poignant.

Unforgettably beautiful was that last scene of all : the dim light on Calvary fading imperceptibly into complete darkness, until at length only the Crucified Himself was visible through the gloom, friendless, motionless, utterly alone.

The final representation of the mystery-play was, I think, given on the afternoon of Good Friday. To every member of the large audience—monks, visitors, and the good people of the island (Catholics almost to a man), it must have been felt to be a beautiful and befitting complement to the liturgical services of that holy day.

One detail impressed me very much, as demonstrating the profoundly religious and devotional influence of the sacred drama on actors and audience alike. During the intervals between the scenes the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary were recited—in a subdued tone, hardly above a whisper—by all present.

November 9, 1928.

SOLDIERS OF THE POPE

AN old friend, whose brother fought in defence of Pius IX and the Holy See in 1870, as a soldier in the Pontifical Zouaves, regrets that I had not something more to say in my recollections of September, 1870, about that gallant and chivalrous corps which stood out to the last for the liberty and sovereignty of the Holy Father.

It was the fashion in England at that time, under the auspices of Delane and the *Times*, and a Government wholly sympathetic with the Italian Revolution, to deride the Zouaves as a body of mercenary filibusters, sprung no one knew whence, devoid of military knowledge and experience, and even wanting in personal courage.

As a matter of fact, the original corps known as the 'Franco-Belgian Volunteers' until 1861, in which year they became 'Pontifical Zouaves,' was recruited from some of the oldest and noblest families in France and Belgium.

The seven contingents from Canada, which joined them in 1868, were mostly members of well-known Catholic families; and the same may be said for many of the English, Scottish, and Irish recruits who later flocked to the standard in personal defence of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Their first commander, Baron de la Charette, was of noble, even royal, descent; a fine soldier himself, he never ceased to have pride and confidence in the corps under his command, and his confidence was fully justified.

By the terms of the convention agreed on at the

capitulation of Rome to the Piedmontese, it was provided that not only the honours of war should be accorded to the Papal troops, but that the foreign soldiers should be given every facility for returning to their homes.

What really happened was that the captors of the gallant Zouaves, who had defended the walls of Rome to the last, decided that they should all be shot out of hand. This murderous outrage was prevented by a superior officer at the eleventh hour ; but the Zouaves were marched ignominiously as prisoners through Rome and subjected to every kind of indignity.

Mgr. Hildebrand de Hemptinne, the late Abbot-Primate of the Benedictines, who was himself a Zouave officer in 1870, told me how a young Belgian nobleman (a relation of his own and an officer of the corps) was marched through the streets with the other prisoners, still wearing his sword.

One of the Bersaglieri demanded that he should give it up, to which he replied quietly but firmly, with his hand upon the hilt, ' Jamais, jamais.' He was instantly pierced by half a dozen bayonets, and his brains were blown out in his kinsman's presence.

Instead of being honourably liberated, as had been solemnly promised, the Zouaves were confined for days in a filthy prison, and exposed to every kind of hardship. Mgr. Edmund Stonor, devoted then, as always, to the task of doing all in his power for the Pope's soldiers, ultimately procured their release.

The French Zouaves had already been authorised to enter the army of France (then at war with

Prussia) as the 'Franc-tireurs of the West.' The English and Canadian contingents, after endless difficulties and delays, were at length permitted to embark at Genoa for England in the steamer *India*, and reached Liverpool, after a most stormy voyage, on October 15.

I had been present in the Piazza of St. Peter's on September 21, when Pope Pius IX bade farewell to the French and Belgian Zouaves, blessing them from a window of the Vatican with outstretched arms and every sign of deep emotion. And I happened, by good fortune, to be present also in Liverpool when the late Earl of Denbigh, accompanied by some Zouave officers who had reached England previously (I remember Woodward, Maxwell, Kenyon, Vansittart, and others), welcomed the gallant veterans home to England.

The Liverpool Catholics rose splendidly to the occasion, offering every hospitality in their power to the soldiers, who numbered, I think, at least three hundred. Many were lodged in the city and environs; while Major Blundell of Crosby, and other Catholic gentlemen, took parties out to their country homes.

The Marquis of Bute came specially from Scotland and lavishly entertained the officers of the corps, among whom he had several intimate friends. The Canadian contingent soon sailed for New York and Canada, and the travelling expenses of every British and Irish soldier to his own home were defrayed by the Papal Defence Committee, of which Lord Denbigh was president.

The great hero among the returned warriors was one Sergeant Shee, a brave Irishman who, when

cut off with only four men from his supports, had killed seven and dismounted two of his assailants, receiving himself no fewer than nine wounds. I saw him once or twice about the streets, still quite a cripple, but always the centre of an admiring and enthusiastic group of his compatriots.

Those were stirring days, now all but forgotten. There must be few still living for whom these random reminiscences can have any personal interest, but I think they may be worth putting on record.

November 16, 1928.

THE EVIL EYE

‘NESCIO quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.’ ‘I know not what eye is bewitching my tender lambs.’ So sang the bard of Mantua eighteen hundred years ago, voicing a belief or superstition immemorial in his own time throughout the known world, and far from extinct in the world of to-day.

How strange is this widespread, nay almost universal, belief of the primitive peoples of every land in the occult power of the human eye to work evil on man and beast and growing herbs. All along the north coast of Africa, two thousand miles and more, from Port Said to Tangier, from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, you will see everywhere affixed to posts, in the oasis gardens, a donkey’s skull or bones, a charm against the Evil Eye. Why a donkey’s? That the people cannot (or will not) say: it is one of a thousand mysteries of the same kind.

But let us come nearer home. A summer or two ago, in a cottage hard by the great military camp

of Catterick, in the North Riding, I saw hanging behind a door a heavy necklace of 'lucky stones,' i.e. stones with a hole through them.

These had the credit, I learned after some questioning, of preserving their owner from the Evil Eye. 'Did my informant believe in witchcraft?' No, but she had heard that in former times 'there was wizards and buzzards and suchlike things.' 'But now?' No, not now; but she *did* believe in a 'yevil eye.'

Such an eye anyone could acquire by hanging up nine toads on a string; and as they pined away, so the person on whom the Evil Eye was cast would pine away and die without visible cause. Here is a bit of genuine twentieth-century folklore; and it is corroborated by a traditional Yorkshire prayer (the only prayer which some farmer said he knew):

From witches and wizards and long-tailed buzzards,
And creeping things that run in hedge-bottoms,
Good Lord, deliver us.

I could name districts in the Scottish Highlands far apart—in the Catholic west as well as in the Calvinistic north and east, where a firm belief—older, perhaps, than Christianity itself—in the power of the Evil Eye still prevails. 'Preserve the old and the young,' ran a Skyeman's Gaelic grace before meat, 'our wives and children, our cattle and sheep, from the power and dominion of the fairies, and from the malice of the Evil Eye.'

The envious eye was the most powerful of all for evil: so powerful, indeed, said an itinerant Celtic preacher, that it was 'able to split the very rocks.' But even the most innocent eye could work untold

mischief, and that quite independently of the will or intention of the owner, unless certain well-known precautions were taken to avert the ill effects.

Thus to count children, or flocks or herds, or to remark on their good points, was to invite disaster, unless a blessing were at once invoked. 'What a beautiful child—bless him': 'that's a fine cow—bless her': 'I have a dozen lambs—bless them.' Use this formula, and all will be well.

After all, underlying this strange belief was and is the eternal principle—the basis of all religions—of the fight between evil and good. Evil may have the upper hand for a time, but good must prevail in the end.

The reference above to the 'innocent' eye reminds me that in Italy, perhaps before Virgil's time and since the chief home of this singular superstition, the possession of the Evil Eye has never been deemed incompatible with the highest moral or religious excellence.

Pius IX, venerated by his people as a saint, had nevertheless the reputation of an undoubted *jettatore*; and I have seen mothers 'cross their fingers' to avert possible harm, at the very moment when they were kneeling for the Pope's blessing on themselves and their children.

When I was visiting Naples for a few days, a certain Count was pointed out to me (dining alone in a restaurant, for no one, if he could help it, would sit down in his company) as the most dreaded *jettatore* in the city.

Meeting his cousin, the old Duca di M——, in the street, he gave him his arm. The Duca almost at once slipped, fell, and broke his leg, being stunned

by the shock. On recovering consciousness his first words were whispered (in confidential Neapolitan patois) in the ear of his formidable kinsman : ' Grazie tante, perchè tu me putive accidere, e te si cuntentate de m'arruinare.' ' Best thanks ; for you could have killed me, and you contented yourself with laming me ! '

A leading Neapolitan advocate was so universally accredited with this mysterious power that when the lawyer opposed to him died on the eve of an important case being tried, a substitute was only found with the utmost difficulty.

He was accidentally killed on the very morning of the trial ; and the dreaded owner of the Evil Eye appeared alone before the judge, who was in fear and trembling, as he expected to have to give judgement against him. As the judge rose to speak, his spectacles fell out of place. ' I am struck blind,' he cried : ' forgive me, Signor Avvocato, I have not yet pronounced against you.' Suddenly his spectacles fell across his nose. ' Forgive me again,' he said, ' I can see after all.'

The Neapolitans laugh at such tales, but believe all the same. When this redoubtable advocate fell ill, half Naples was praying fervently for his death. ' He is not a man,' they would say, if reproached for desiring a fellow-man's death : ' Non è un uomo, è un *jettatore*.'

I do not know whether it is in Signor Mussolini's programme to try and eradicate from his countrymen their belief in the Evil Eye. In the south, at least, he will find it a hard enough job.

November 23, 1928.

JUBILEE OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

I HAVE been reading with much pleasure some splendidly illustrated Catholic journals sent me from Australia, containing long and elaborate descriptions, and many beautiful pictures of the great Eucharistic Congress at Sydney, of which we have had, some weeks ago, wonderfully copious details transmitted by cable.

And, as I read with admiration and thankfulness of this impressive and marvellously organised demonstration of faith and love towards our Sacramental Lord, carried out with complete success in a city and country of which the population is, after all, preponderatingly Protestant, my 'memories and musings' carried me back fifty years, to the beginnings—humble enough, as such beginnings always are—of what have come to be among the greatest and most important events in contemporary Catholic history.

Few people, perhaps, realise (I do not remember seeing any mention of it) that this is in fact the golden jubilee anniversary of those great international acts of devotion towards the Holy Sacrament known as Eucharistic Congresses. The astonishing revival of the *cultus* of the Blessed Sacrament, begun early in the nineteenth century, and stimulated by the foundation of many religious orders dedicated specially to that *cultus*, had indeed paved the way for the organisation of confraternities, pilgrimages, and countless other manifestations of love and homage towards the Holy Eucharist.

But the world-wide Eucharistic Congresses, as we know them to-day, really owe their first inspiration, and indeed their being, to the prayers and labours of a pious young woman of Tours, Marie Marthe Tamisier, whose name, never widely known, is now, perhaps, almost forgotten.

It is just fifty years since, after a life spent from childhood in the promotion of the public and private devotion towards the Prisoner of the Tabernacle, this servant of God, under the guidance of two holy Bishops, obtained from the newly elected Pontiff, Leo XIII, his warm blessing on the fresh development of Eucharistic devotion, from which the idea of international congresses was to spring.

Mgr. Besson, the saintly and eloquent Bishop of Nîmes, a life-long friend of Mlle. Tamisier, convened in a famous sermon preached in September, 1878, the first Eucharistic Congress, to be held three years later in his own cathedral. But before that date the anti-Catholic storm, led by Jules Ferry and the Freemasons, had broken over France. In the fanatical enthusiasm roused by the Voltaire centenary, a public tribute to Christ in His Sacrament seemed impossible to realise.

But Mlle. Tamisier and her friends never lost courage and hope. If France seemed for the time impossible, other countries might be open to them. The devoted woman visited Belgium, where Cardinal Deschamps received her with cautious kindness: then Holland, where a leading Bishop (little foreseeing the future) assured her that the idea of a public Catholic congress (still more a Eucharistic one) in a Protestant country was one quite impossible to entertain or to realise.

All doors seemed closed, when, quite unexpectedly, the Catholics of Lille, headed by their Archbishop, hailed with enthusiasm the prospect of a Congress in their historic city. Leo XIII gave the project his express and solemn blessing in May, 1881; and a month later the first International Congress was held in the Catholic University of Lille, founded only ten years previously.

At its close a procession of 5000 men bearing lighted candles marched from the Cathedral to the church of St. Maurice, the 'patron of militant Catholicism.' And at least ten thousand more, filling every corner of the square and streets round the church, joined with them in the mighty shout in which they proclaimed their belief in, and their love of, their Sacramental Lord.

A great, a wonderful act of faith and devotion, in which I had the unforgettable happiness of taking part: listening to the wonderful sermon from Belgium's greatest orator, the Jesuit Father Verbeke, and joining in the *Lauda Sion* during the great procession. Of the many Congresses held, since that memorable day, all the world over—each one seeming more heart-stirring, and more splendid than the last, I have had the privilege to attend but one, just thirty years after Lille—the Congress of London in 1908.

Those also were moving days; all the more so because of the sudden outbreak of Protestant bigotry, which deprived the great pageant of some of its external splendour, but increased a hundredfold the devotion and enthusiasm of the great throng of the faithful who assisted at it.

The pious and devout Mlle. Tamisier survived

the first Eucharistic Congress nearly thirty years. A few weeks before the Congress of Montreal, on June 20, 1910, she rendered her soul to God. 'You have lived all your life for Jesus the Victim,' said the priest who was attending her at the last. 'Will you die for him now?' '*Très volontiers*'—'Most willingly,' she replied. They were her last words on earth.

November 30, 1928.

MEZZOFANTI REDIVIVUS

A FRIEND of mine has been spending some weeks, partly on business, partly on pleasure, in the hoary old city of Frankfort-on-the-Main. In one of its oldest and narrowest streets he has made acquaintance—nay more, has made friends—with a little, wizened, elderly man, known to his neighbours as 'Uncle Mezzofanti,' who might lay claim (only that he claims nothing) to rank among the greatest, if not actually as the greatest, of the world's linguists.

'I like a man,' says one of Disraeli's characters in *Lothair*, 'who does only one thing, and does it well.' The one thing that Uncle Mezzofanti does (he lives, by the way, on a ridiculously small pension as a retired teacher of mathematics) is to add, brick by brick, to the marvellous philological edifice which he has gradually built—in other words, to increase his already astounding knowledge of the languages of the world.

Those who know the little man best will assure you that he is a master of two hundred languages, and this, not superficially, but knowing their idiom,

their literature, and their folk-lore. In the library of his little house, as queer and old-world as himself, there are in orderly array some 20,000 volumes, in languages ranging from Sanskrit, through Egyptian hieroglyphics and Chinese picture-writings, to modern tongues.

One case contains three hundred volumes of fairy tales, in almost as many languages. Asked which he deemed the greatest language in the world, 'Phœnician, without a doubt,' was the reply. 'To a genuine student of old tongues, a knowledge of Phœnician, Punic, old Egyptian, and old Assyrian is absolutely essential. Greek and Latin, of course, everyone knows by nature—except only Kathchen, who knows nothing.' Kathchen is the old woman who looks after the scholar's modest wants, and has 'done for him' for more than forty years.

Mezzofanti seeks out nobody; but savants and scholars from all the world have sought him out and sat by him on his little shabby horse-hair sofa, drinking from his inexhaustible spring of phenomenal knowledge. To Kathchen all visitors to her master, Indians, Chinese, Syrians, and Abyssinians, are alike. She once kept a Prince of the Druses of the Lebanon waiting on the doorstep, whilst she loudly announced, 'Another of your savages has called to see you!'

Mezzofanti knows a great deal about art, especially the art of engraving, new and old; and he also writes poetry (quite good poetry) as a diversion after a day of deep linguistic studies. He is credibly said to have Swedish royal blood in his veins; but he cares much less about this than about the mysterious connection between the sacred languages

of ancient Egypt and China, on which subject he is preparing, in his own good time, to startle the philologists of the world.

Proficiency in languages is said to be traditional in Mezzofanti's family (his aunt spoke more than twenty), but it is a singular thing that neither his friends nor he himself appear to claim collateral descent, or indeed any connection, with that astonishing linguistic genius, Cardinal Giuseppe Mezzofanti, who flourished in the first half of the nineteenth century.

The humblest of men, *he* certainly never claimed to descend from kings, being in fact the son of a poor Bologna carpenter. It was at Bologna that he lived for nearly fifty years, and acquired the store of languages which made him the wonder of the age. Some forty tongues, with fifty related dialects, he spoke to perfection, and had a good working knowledge of at least thirty more.

Pope Gregory XVI brought him to Rome in 1831 ; he was one of Cardinal Gasquet's predecessors as Librarian of the Vatican, became a Cardinal in 1838, and lived to see the Roman Republic of 1848, as he had seen the Cisalpine Republic of 1797. His body lies in his titular church of Sant' Onofrio on the Janiculum.

Cardinal Mezzofanti died four years before I was born ; but I heard, years ago, an old friend, a scion of the Highland Catholic family of Macdonald of Clanranald, tell how, making the ' Grand Tour ' as a young man, he visited, by appointment, the famous linguist at Bologna.

' As I entered,' said my friend, ' the professor saluted me in fluent and perfectly idiomatic Scottish

Gaelic (he had never been out of Italy in his life !) and I replied to him in the same language. Mezzofanti gave a start of surprise. "Why," he said, "I understood that you came from the central Highlands ; but you are talking to me in the Gaelic of the west coast of Scotland." Almost too astonished to answer, I managed to explain that I had been brought up, and learned to speak the language, at Knoydart, in Western Inverness-shire ; hence my accent.'

A marvellous—one may say a Pentecostal—gift ; and one may also say that Giuseppe Mezzofanti used it, during his long life, as a hundred anecdotes testify, entirely for the glory of God and the good of souls. Personally one of the most engaging of men, 'he was,' says Lord Byron in his Journal, 'the only foreigner whom I ever wanted to see twice. A monster of languages, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walking Polyglott who ought to have been universal interpreter at the Tower of Babel, he is indeed a marvel—unassuming also. Egad ! he astounded me.'

Yes, he was 'indeed a marvel' ; but we know, as poor Byron did not, that he was also a humble and holy priest, full of love and compassion for sinners of every race and every tongue. How many poor wretches would have gone to their graves unconfessed and unabsolved but for this man's wonderful powers and no less wonderful zeal ? *Nescio : Deus scit.* 'I know not : God knows.'

December 7, 1928.

SOME MEMORIES OF DR. PUSEY

It is almost exactly a hundred years to-day since Edward Bouverie Pusey, a young man of eight-and-twenty, who had been for five years a fellow of Oriel, was appointed by the Duke of Wellington (as Chancellor of the University of Oxford) regius professor of Hebrew. And my musings carry me back to the days when I, a care-free undergraduate, passing through Tom Quad at Christ Church, would catch a glimpse of the great man—'ὁ μέγας,' as his disciples loved to call him—sunning himself on the pavement opposite his canonical residence in the north-west corner of the quad.

Very aged Dr. Pusey seemed to me in those days, with his spare bowed figure and silver locks flowing from under a large black silk skullcap. He was, in fact, between seventy and eighty at that time, but looked much older. He had outlived by a quarter of a century the shock of seeing some of his closest friends and followers absorbed into the communion of Rome.

His own dreams of reunion, for which he had striven in speech and writing for so many years, had been shattered by the Vatican Council, and by the conviction at length brought to him that Rome would never consent to move an inch, or compromise in the smallest particular her unassailable claims to be the one and only pillar and ground of truth on earth.

The days of Eirenicons were past and gone when I first had the honour of knowing the great Anglican

leader. Not only with Rome, but with the Wesleyans at home and the schismatic Churches of the East, his efforts and labour had been wholly fruitless.

But this failure in all three directions had not by any means damped his religious ardour. Some cause he must always champion : some Anglican position he must ever defend, all the more strenuously if it were fiercely attacked from within or without the fold. Personally the gentlest of men, he was always an intrepid fighter when there was fighting to be done ; and he remained so until the end.

It was another canon of Christ Church, William Bright, not long before appointed professor of Church history, and a very kind friend of my undergraduate days, who made me acquainted with Dr. Pusey. I used to meet him in Dr. Bright's rooms and listen with interest to their talk—at that time (about 1873) all about the Athanasian Creed, which there was a strong move either to alter or to remove from the Anglican prayer-book.

Dr. Pusey fought like a Trojan for its retention, vowing, in a letter to Archbishop Tait, that he would never teach or preach in public again if it were either mutilated or expunged. He won that battle, at least for a time, and instantly engaged in another against F. W. Farrar, upholding the doctrine of eternal punishment against the rival divine's soothing tenets embodied in his famous book *Eternal Hope*.

An incomparably abler and more learned man than the popular and superficial author of *Eric*, Pusey certainly got the best of the controversy—which he summed up in one of the best books he ever wrote—in the eyes of all thinking men. But he

knew, and owned, that to the unthinking multitude the pleasant and plausible views put forward by his adversary, however insecurely founded, would always be more popular and acceptable than the unpalatable truth.

Apart from these high matters, Dr. Pusey, when in a mood to talk (he was sometimes very silent), had interesting things to say about Eton under Dr. Keate, which he entered a few years before W. E. Gladstone, and Christ Church in the reign of George III, for he matriculated there in 1819.

As a Magdalen man I was fascinated with his memories of our famous president, Dr. Routh, who died almost a centenarian in 1854, after sixty years' tenure of the office. Pusey had, of course, known him well, and for a full quarter of a century.

One day the conversation turned on the dedications of books, which Pusey declared to be almost a lost art. The most beautifully expressed dedication that he knew, he said, was that of one of Newman's books to Dr. Routh, 'who has been preserved to hand down to a forgetful generation the theology of their forefathers.'

Dr. Routh, said Pusey, was the last man in England who wore a wig—not the ceremonial wig of a judge or bishop, or a wig to conceal baldness, but the ordinary everyday wig of private life. How many people know that that wig was long ago transmuted into seeming stone in the dropping well at Matlock?

In that wig and his D.D. gown and bands the president used, when nearly a hundred years old, to be wheeled out in his chair of a fine winter morning, to sit under the shadow of Magdalen's gracious

tower and see the young bloods in pink, from Christ Church or Brasenose (a great sporting college), ride out to the meet of the hounds.

Will the newly elected president of Magdalen (only the third successor of Dr. Routh, born in 1756) sit under Magdalen Tower in academic garb and watch the undergraduates of to-day go out a-hunting? I hardly think so.

December 14, 1928.

CANTERBURY OLD AND NEW

I AM not writing about Canterbury (which has been much in the public eye of late) to comment, favourably or unfavourably, on the great Protestant pageant which lately took place within the venerable cathedral of Christ's Church. The key-note of the long ceremony which culminated in the enthronization of Dr. Cosmo Lang (late of York) in the chair of St. Augustine at Canterbury was, in a word—a word blessed in Anglican ears—Comprehensiveness.

Round the new Anglican Primate was grouped a motley crowd of prelates and ministers—Anglican, Schismatic, Jansenist, Nonconformist, and Presbyterian, differing on a hundred points of belief and of discipline, and united on one point only, their invincible repudiation of the Supremacy of the See of Peter.

And the new Primate's eloquent sermon—itsself an innovation in the rite of enthronement—struck the same note with pathetic insistence. A comprehensiveness growing ever wider and more far-

reaching was the plank, the only plank, which could save the Anglican Church from shipwreck. The highest Anglo-Catholic, the lowest Evangelical, the widest Modernist, all believing in mutually contradictory doctrines as to the deepest of religious truths, must yet all be welcomed and made to feel at home in the capacious bosom of their all-tolerant Anglican Alma Mater. Here was the one and only path to peace, prosperity, and unity. But what kind of unity?

Reading of this singular function in historic Canterbury, I was carried back in spirit to a spring day long ago, when I was privileged to attend the solemn opening of the new Catholic church built (on the site of an ancient Catholic chapel) in honour of Canterbury's, and England's, glorious martyr, St. Thomas.

The occasion was notable as the first public appearance in England of Cardinal Manning, after his elevation to the Sacred College; and a goodly company of bishops, abbots, prelates, and notable laymen accompanied his Eminence in the special train which conveyed us from London.

A curious episode (never, I think, reported in the papers) marked our arrival at the cathedral city. We had been notified that the whole of our party, prelates, priests, and laymen, would walk in procession from the railway station to the new church in the Burgate, in the heart of the old city. But lo! on alighting on the platform we found displayed on the station walls large printed placards calling attention to some antediluvian statute which prohibited any public processions of Roman Catholic bishops or clergy!

At a hastily convened meeting in the waiting-room it was, of course, decided to abandon the proposed procession and to walk *separatim et privatim* to our trysting-place. This happened just fifty-three years ago. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, in robe and chain of office, was a conspicuous figure at the opening ceremony and subsequent luncheon, but (needless to say) the civic authorities of Canterbury were conspicuous only by their absence. Things are different, and better, to-day, half a century later.

I was the guest, years after this, of one of the canons of Canterbury (a dear Oxford friend) in his wonderful prebendal house, incorporating part of the great infirmary of the monks, with the ruins of the infirmary chapel hard by. What an old-world place was the cathedral close at night!—a real ‘close’ or inclosure, wrapped in monastic silence, only broken by the periodical chant of the watchman: ‘Half-past two of the morning: cloudy night: a . . . ll’s w . . . ell!’

One night, an hour after midnight, my host’s schoolboy son guided me into the vast shadowy nave, lit only by the flickering light of the lantern carried by the watchman (an old sailor), whose duty it was to patrol the whole cathedral once or twice nightly. I remember the long, ghostly shadows of the mighty pillars, and the old watchman holding his candle aloft to let me see, on the roof of some side-chapel, a faded fresco representing hooded Benedictine monks at prayer.

Next day I was standing in the bright summer sunshine by ‘Christ Church Gate,’ the lovely sixteenth-century portal in the south-west corner of the

precincts. Under the archway were two American tourists, mother and daughter, discussing very loudly what they had already seen, or still proposed to see, of the wonders of Canterbury. This is what fell on my ear :

‘ Now, Mamie, does this Marlowe monument really and truly *matter* ? We’ve no time for side-shows and second-rate stunts. We want just the Big Simple Things of the place, just the Broad Elemental Canterbury Proposition (*sic*). *What is it saying to us ?* I want to get right hold of that, and then to have tea in the very same room that Chaucer did, and hustle to get that four-eighteen train back to Victoria.’

The old and the new !

December 21, 1928.

CHRISTMAS IN A SCOTS CATHOLIC HOME

I AM writing these lines on Christmas Eve, and they will appear within the octave of Christmas, that most wonderful of all octaves, when, day after day, Proto-Martyr and Apostle, Holy Innocents, and England’s martyred Bishop, and the first Pope of Christian Rome, pass in solemn procession before the manger-throne of Bethlehem, to receive each his due honour and commemoration in the Sacred Liturgy of the time.

It is within a few hours of midnight : all is silent within and without—the *medium silentium* in which, as we sing at Lauds at this season, the Almighty

Word came down from Heaven. Tennyson's beautiful verse comes to my mind :

The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid, the night is still ;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Alas ! I hear no Christmas bells to-night as I open my window wide and look over the broad plain where Bruce and Wallace—staunch Catholics both—fought long ago for their country's independence. Yonder, though I cannot discern them in the starlight, lie the ruins of a great abbey, where St. Benedict's sons once kept Christ's Nativity with all liturgical splendour.

And further away, silhouetted against the winter sky, I can see, crowning its steep cliffs, the historic castle where the last Catholic Queen of Scots heard her Christmas Mass more than once. The castle chapel still stands, but Christ's Mass is no longer celebrated there on this holy night, nor has been for centuries.

The high hill-tops still stand sentry round the plain ; but no sweet Christmas bells answer one another in a land from which John Knox and his ' rascal multitude ' banished the Festival of Bethlehem with all the other festivals of the Christian year.

Yet there is another and a happier side to the picture. High among the twinkling lights of the great industrial town dominated by its rock-crowned fortress, I like to think that I can distinguish the lights of Our Lady's Church (not far from the frowning castle walls), where the old

Faith is still held and taught, and the old worship still paid.

It is a beautiful sanctuary, built after the old, old fashion of the ages of faith, and spacious too, for a thousand worshippers can gather under its lofty roof. Fully that number will throng the nave and aisles to-night : tapers will burn round the Crib of Bethlehem : the great altar will shine out with white flowers and clustered lights : and the *turba fidelium*, the crowd of faithful, to whom John Knox and his desolate creed mean less than nothing, will be assisting in hushed devotion at the great act of solemn sacrifice which he (poor purblind fool) fondly imagined he had suppressed for ever.

Here is surely food for thankfulness ; and not less so in the anticipation that in this house where I write, the old seat of one of Scotland's oldest families, the same august sacrifice will be offered in the midnight stillness, a few hours hence, in the beautiful chapel which the *dominus loci*, a convert to Catholic truth, has been inspired to add to the home of his forefathers.

It is a private chapel, raised first for God's glory, and secondly for the domestic worship of the owner's family and household. But to-night (as indeed on every Sunday when Mass is celebrated) the outer doors stand open, and there will be pilgrims for the Midnight Mass from outlying hamlets and the dwellings of scattered Catholics, and from a considerable town a few miles away.

You shall descry also a glimmer of scarlet in the crowded congregation : the red tunics of the Catholic pupils of Queen Victoria's School for Soldiers' Sons, who come up here to Mass on certain

festivals. Our choir at the Missa Cantata (celebrated by a Benedictine prelate) consists of members of the household, who render the 'Missa de Angelis' well, with care and precision.

The servers are the four schoolboy sons of the house; and to-night there will doubtless be, as always, a very large number of devout communicants at the end of Mass, as the diocesan custom is.

Many of the visitors will no doubt linger for a few minutes, the function over, to inspect and admire the unusual features of this lovely Byzantine house of God. The apsidal sanctuary, entirely lined with rare Italian marbles, forms an exquisite setting for the impressive picture, wrought in Russian mosaic, of the Resurrection, which covers the half-dome.

The floor of the sanctuary is worked, in *opus Alexandrinum*, of porphyry and precious marbles; the barrel roof is adorned with stucco panels in low relief, and all round the walls of the chapel runs a carved and panelled wainscot or dado, executed in a curious and beautiful Brazilian wood by a Brazilian school of arts and crafts.

I think of the piety and munificence which prompted this noble gift, and of David's words as he poured out his treasure for the building of the Temple: 'In the simplicity of my heart I have joyfully offered all these things; and I have seen with great joy thy people here present offer thee their offerings. O God of Israel, keep for ever this will in our hearts.'

God in His generosity has rewarded the generous givers, and will still reward them.

December 28, 1928.

A YEAR OF JUBILEES

JUBILEES are in the air at this time of writing ; jubilees past, present, and to come, and most of them of particular interest to Catholics, which is as it should be. For the genesis of the Jubilee is essentially religious, stretching back as it does thousands of years to the God-given constitution of his own chosen people.

It was the ram's horn, in Hebrew 'jobel,' which proclaimed the celebration, dim ages ago, of the festival which they were bidden to keep every fifty years, a festival of joy and gladness and general pardon. 'Sanctify the fiftieth year,' was the Divine command to Israel, 'and proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of thy land ; for it is the year of jubilee.' And what a happy anniversary it was ! Families reunited, lands restored to their former owners, debts remitted, punishments cancelled, slaves set free.

So, as the cycles rolled on, from the Hebrew 'jobel' came (in fact if not in strict derivation) the Greek 'iobelaios' and the Latin 'jubilatio' or shouting for joy ; and now the 'jubilee' is in the vocabulary of almost every modern tongue.

The word is vulgarised to-day in our own language ; and its solemn import is lost in its application by modern journalists to every conceivable anniversary, however devoid of religious and indeed of any significance.

But our holy mother Church, using, as her manner is, all things new and old for her own high ends and for the edification of her children, still proclaims,

as she has done for full seven hundred years, her holy and solemn jubilees.

One recalls how Dante in the *Inferno* refers to the 'Giubbeleo' (which he himself is said to have attended) proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII in 1300; and how he compares the crowds of sinners crossing the bridge of Malebolge to the dense throngs of pilgrims crossing the Tiber on their way to St. Peter's to gain the Jubilee indulgence.

Ever since that memorable year, all down the Christian centuries, at increasingly short intervals (there is only twenty-five years between them now), this great season of grace and remission is solemnly announced. Thrice the Pontiff knocks with silver hammer on the holy door, mystically it opens, and across the privileged threshold streams the 'turba fidelium,' the crowd of faithful, eager to gain and to profit by the rich spiritual concessions granted by their Lord and Father.

Surely there is no more wonderful, more inspiring, more consoling spectacle in Christendom than that of the myriads of devout pilgrims from every land, who in Jubilee year crowd the great churches of Rome, in the humble hope of gaining the great concessions and remissions offered at such times to those, and those only, be it remembered, who seek them in a spirit of true and unfeigned penitence for past transgressions.

Many of us will not live to see the wonders of another Jubilee proclaimed and celebrated in the Eternal City. But all of us may hope to share, at least in spirit, in the joy and gratitude with which our Holy Father the Pope, and all Christendom with

him, is at this time celebrating the golden jubilee of his priestly ordination.

How more touchingly, more fittingly, could this happy anniversary be kept than by the Holy Father's Mass in St. Peter's and the Communion thereat of a hundred of the little ones of Christ, who will receive Him, on that great day, from the hands of Christ's own Vicar?

Thousands and tens of thousands of other Communions and Masses will have been, it is safe to say, offered for the Pontiff, all over the world, on the same day, and at the same hour. What a Jubilee Gift!—the gift indeed of Christ himself, offered to his representative on earth: a gift beyond money and beyond price.

Here in Great Britain and Ireland too we are all looking forward to another Jubilee—the hundredth anniversary of the dawn, after nearly three centuries of twilight and sometimes of what seemed utter darkness—of the new freedom of our Church and our holy religion.

Shall we not all—English, Scots, and Irish, whatever our racial and national differences—unite in celebrating that happy anniversary? I feel sure that we shall, and with full hearts and abounding gratitude to God, who has brought this salutary change.

It is the Jubilee also, the Golden Jubilee of the Eucharistic Congresses, those wonderful demonstrations of faith and devotion which in one country after another, during the past fifty years, have stirred men's hearts to a public manifestation of their love and loyalty towards our Sacramental King.

And Scotland, too, where, but a few generations ago, the ancient Faith seemed in danger of becoming extinct for ever, is preparing to celebrate a joyous Jubilee of her own—the fiftieth anniversary of that revival of her hierarchical government which, under God, has led to such marvellous results—the doubling of her Catholic population and of her churches and chapels, and the far more than doubling of the clergy, secular and regular, who minister to their spiritual needs.

God's arm is not shortened. Let us praise and exalt him for ever.

January 4, 1929.

CHALICES OF THE APOSTOLIC AGE

THERE is no more sacred, more mysterious, more fascinating tradition in early Christian history than that connected with the possible survival and preservation of the actual chalice used at the institution of the Holy Eucharist—

The cup, the very cup, from which Our Lord
Drank at the last sad Supper with his own.

These lines from Tennyson's 'Holy Grail,' in which he versified and made familiar the wonderful story of how the Cup of the Last Supper was brought by Joseph of Arimathea from Jerusalem to Glastonbury, and guarded by the monks there until its miraculous disappearance, perpetuate, of course, a legend of immense, almost prehistoric, antiquity.

As to how the Cup disappeared, traditions vary.

Percivale says that it was caught up to Heaven ; but the version ever current at Glastonbury is that it lies buried in the mound called to-day the ' Chalice Hill.'

Strange suggestions are always being made about Glastonbury and its antiquities ; and the latest, made in all seriousness by a careful modern antiquary, is that a patient excavation of the Chalice Hill would more than possibly result in the discovery of this unique and inestimable relic.

I am not proposing to discuss the vexed question as to whether the term ' San Greal ' or Holy Greal, as applied to the original Eucharistic Cup, has in fact any meaning at all, or whether the treasure preserved by St. Joseph, and brought from Jerusalem, was not really (as modern critics maintain) the ' Sang Real,' or royal blood of the Saviour, of which there are still authenticated relics at Bruges and elsewhere.

My concern at present (quite apart from the Glastonbury legend) is with the deeply interesting fact that there are in existence at this moment, in different parts of the world, at least half a dozen cups acknowledged by all experts to be products of the first century A.D., and that it is practically certain that just such a cup was used by Our Lord (and similar ones by his Apostles) at the celebration of the Last Supper.

These cups are all made of glass, bearing round their widest part—sometimes the rim, sometimes the centre—an inscription in Greek letters. There is nothing essentially religious or sacred about these cups : they are simply the drinking-cups of the time, and the Greek inscriptions on them are of

a more or less convivial kind, inviting those who used them to drink and be merry.

A very remarkable and noteworthy discovery has lately been made—or, more accurately, a very interesting coincidence has been pointed out, with regard to these inscriptions, in connection with the Eucharistic Cup, by a German antiquary.

On at least two of the cups the inscription (though partly mutilated) reads: 'Friend, what are you here for? be merry.' Dr. Deissmann has pointed out that these words, omitting the last two, are identical with those spoken by Our Lord to Judas: 'Friend, wherefore art thou come?' at the awful moment of the Betrayal.

What poignancy it gives to the Saviour's words, to believe (and there seems every reason to believe) that he was actually reminding Judas—significantly omitting the advice to be merry—of the words inscribed on the Cup out of which they had both been drinking a few hours before!

Both the glass cups on which this inscription occurs are preserved in this country—one in the British Museum, the other in the possession of a private collector. It would no doubt seem to many people hazardous even to conjecture so wonderful a possibility as that either of these first-century glass cups (as they undoubtedly are) could be the identical Cup used at the Last Supper.

But at least, as the evidence is unquestionable that such cups, thus or similarly inscribed, were in general use at that period as drinking vessels, one may surely conclude (and the conclusion is undoubtedly one of surpassing interest) that precisely such a cup (and probably more than one) was used at the Supper of

Our Lord. And the interest of the hypothesis is enormously deepened by the proved coincidence of one such inscription with Christ's words spoken to Judas and recorded by St. Matthew.

It is obvious that the whole interest of this matter depends on the accepted fact—on which no doubt is thrown by any qualified authority—that these inscribed glass cups really are, beyond any question, products of the first century.

One has the greater satisfaction in feeling sure of this, remembering the excitement caused in antiquarian circles, not long ago, by the supposed discovery of a silver chalice of the Apostolic Age in a subterranean chamber at Antioch.

The alleged authenticity of this remarkable 'find' did not long survive the minute and exhaustive investigations of antiquarians all over the world, who focused their attention on the subject, and finally pronounced the chalice to be a twentieth-century imitation, cleverly oxidised by chemicals.

No such disillusionment need be feared in regard to the ancient objects of which I have been speaking in this paper. Their antiquity is undoubted; and their connection, or possible connection, with one of the earliest of Christian mysteries is one in which every Christian must surely be deeply interested.

January 11, 1929.

FROM MY YELLOW CHAMBER

I AM sitting by the open window of my Yellow Chamber (although the season is mid-January), and looking westward over a view both fair and wide.

Below me stretch broad green terraced lawns, carefully tended, and backed by tall hedges of privet and yew, sheltering a fertile garden. Beyond I catch a glimpse of a productive orchard (this is the very home and land of apples), and beyond that, a vista of rolling fields and meadows, with here a red-roofed farmhouse, and there the grey steeple of an ancient church. Further away I see where the blue waters of the Dore run Severnwards through the Golden Valley ; and, further still, the view is closed by the long rugged range of the Black Mountains of Breconshire—Hay Bluff and Pen-y-ader and Lord Hereford's Knob and the rest.

Deep among those hills lie the impressive ruins of the most beautiful of Welsh monasteries, the old Priory of Llanthony ; and, if you penetrate higher up the Vale of Honddû, you shall come, by Capel-y-ffin (the Chapel at the End of Everything), upon New Llanthony—alas ! a ruin, too—where an Anglican enthusiast tried, and failed, half a century ago, to found a modern monastery on his own wayward lines.

One does not see with the bodily eye the Golden Valley or Llanthony (old or new), as one gazes westward on this quiet winter day ; but one knows that they are there. The fresh breeze blows straight in at one's window from St. George's Channel and Cardigan Bay, some eighty miles distant. One imagines a salt tang in it, and thinks of the wonderful Welsh land that lies between us and the sea—a land of myth and magic, of fable and romance, yet with a very real history of its own, too ; a land of patriots and fighters, of castle-builders and church-founders, aye, and of great

churchmen also, nobles and bishops and abbots and faithful people, who kept the flag of Mother Church flying bravely centuries before Welsh Calvinism—surely the dreariest of all man-made religions—turned into ruins the ancient minsters, and wrecked the people's old beliefs.

Such thoughts as these crowd on the mind and the memory of the muser as he looks over this far-flung prospect from the windows of the Yellow Chamber. But the chamber—its walls are really of a yellow-green, something between a primrose and a primrose leaf—has, as all rooms of a certain antiquity must have, a real history of its own, neither fabulous, romantic, nor mythical, but closely connected with those who have lived and slept and worked and prayed within it.

One such figure I recall, who occupied the chamber sixty years ago and more—a great Churchman with a name venerated on two continents.

Roger Bede Vaughan, afterwards second Archbishop of Sydney, lived here for many years, not as a Bishop, but as a Benedictine, first a simple monk, then Prior of the house ; and here he penned, with long and assiduous labour, the *Life of St. Thomas Aquinas*, in two massive volumes, which testified to his erudition and his enthusiasm alike.

The eldest of that wonderfully gifted sextet of brothers—Roger, Herbert, Joseph, Kenelm, Bernard and John, all prominent figures in the English Catholic Church of their time, as their uncles were before them, and their nephews after them, Roger was perhaps the most attractive personality, and not the least gifted, of them all. An hereditary and unshaken faith, a Cymric fervour, and more than a

touch of Spanish chivalry and eloquence—here was surely stuff to make great Churchmen of.

Such qualities had (may I not say have ?) the Vaughans in high measure ; and the Yellow Chamber was, and is, honoured by its long association with so honoured a name.

For many years assigned to the Prior of what was, and remained for long, the only Benedictine Cathedral establishment in England, the Yellow Chamber has been in recent times converted to the use of honoured guests of the monastic community.

How many, and what distinguished, names one recalls in this connection, looking back on those who have sojourned for a shorter or a longer time, during the past half-century or more, within these monastery walls. Princes of the Church, Wiseman, Manning, Vaughan, Gasquet, and Bourne ; great restorers of the religious life, Gueranger, Wolter, Lacordaire ; illustrious Bishops, Dupanloup, Ullathorne, Hedley, von Hefele, and others from countries near and far ; abbots and prelates without number ; devout and pious laymen of many nationalities ; all these have known well the Yellow Chamber, either as its temporary occupants, or in hours of interesting talk spent there with their monastic host.

If ‘ walls had tongues and hedges ears,’ as Swift once sang, these walls within which I sit and write, and the high yew hedges bounding the broad walk that lies beneath my windows, must have heard, and could report, words of deep import and surpassing interest spoken during these many years that are gone. The westerly breeze is still blowing freshly into my open casement ; and looking round

my quiet chamber I think of hapless Eloisa's message
to her lost lover :

In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.

Yes, there is food for musing, and for moralising,
too, in a room so full of memories. My predecessors
are in my mind to-day ; and, as the shadowy
procession of great ones passes in spirit before me,
I am moved to cry with the sage in Thomson's
Seasons :

Here studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

January 18, 1929.

THE ' ANCIENT AND KNIGHTLIE CROFTS '

' I WENT to Whitehall, and there up to the closet,'
wrote Pepys in his immortal Diary, under date
March 17, 1667, ' and spake with several people
until the sermon was ended, which was preached by
the Bishop of Hereford, an old good man, that made
an excellent sermon. He was by birth a Catholique,
and a great gallant, having £1500 per annum patri-
mony, and is a Knight Barronet : was turned from
his persuasion by the late Archbishop Laud.'

There is more than one inaccuracy in this interest-
ing entry, which refers to Herbert Croft, Bishop of
Hereford for nearly thirty years, who was born six
months after the death of Queen Elizabeth, and
lived to see William and Mary on the throne of
England. He was not a baronet, that dignity having

been conferred on his only son during his own lifetime. Nor was he 'by birth a Catholique.'

His father, Sir Herbert Croft, of Croft Castle, Knight, and M.P. for Herefordshire, was converted to Catholicism when over fifty, retired to the English Benedictine monastery at Douai, where he became a *confrater* of the house, and died there after several years spent in penance and devotion. He brought Herbert, his third son, aged thirteen, from Oxford to the Continent, and had him carefully educated at Douai, St. Omer's, and the English College at Rome. The boy, however, remained a Protestant during all this time, and did not become a Catholic until ten years later, some time after his father's death.

Nor was it by Archbishop Laud, as Pepys states, that young Croft 'was turned from his persuasion,' and brought back into the Anglican fold. The responsibility for that feat belongs to Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham, who was reputed to have a special *flair* for reconciling Papists to the Protestant Establishment.

Laud, however, also interested himself in the young proselyte, sent him up to Christ Church to graduate in divinity, and so recommended him to the favour of King Charles I that within a few years of his becoming a clergyman he had been preferred to two parishes, two prebendal stalls, a royal chaplaincy, a canonry of Windsor, and finally the Deanery of Hereford; and, in addition, his elder brother's wealth put him in possession of the family estates.

More of a man of the world than a cleric or theologian, he made himself useful on several

occasions to the royal cause. His services were not forgotten ; and almost immediately after the Restoration he became Bishop of Hereford, and retained the See until his death in 1691.

It is an extraordinary story—one of increasing and unbroken worldly prosperity, following on an apostasy of the motives of which we learn nothing at all from Richard Croft’s various biographers, but in which it is impossible to doubt that worldly considerations played a very strong part.

One cannot help thinking of those half a dozen years, at the most impressionable time of his life, spent under the direct influence of a deeply religious Catholic father ; and of the long period of Catholic education, at the hands of the most renowned and distinguished teachers of the age. And one asks oneself : Was no trace left in the after life and teachings of this affluent Protestant prelate of his long and careful training in the tenets of the Catholic faith ?

One can only reply, no trace whatever. The apostasy was complete ; the swing of the pendulum from full belief in Catholic truth to the nebulous teachings of Caroline Anglicanism absolute and permanent.

Croft, who, according to his latest biographer (one of his successors in the Protestant See of Hereford), was ‘ neither a great man nor a learned divine,’ published, nevertheless, several treatises, the best-known being the pamphlet called *The Naked Truth*, a plea for union among Protestants of all denominations. Through this, as through his other writings, runs his constant and violent dislike of the religion he had abandoned.

Bishop Hensley Henson, in his preface to *The Naked Truth*, explains, and to some extent excuses, the bishop's virulent 'no-popery,' on the plea that Catholicism was in his day a very real danger, scheming, menacing, and aggressive, and not, as it is to-day, 'a picturesque institution surviving amid the ruins of an older world like the lonely pillars of Palmyra.'

Does the present Bishop of Durham really consider this elegantly poetical phrase an adequate description of the Catholic Church of the twentieth century? Has he ever heard of Ushaw College and its manifold activities, carried on but a few miles from his Cathedral city? Probably not; or he would hardly liken its hard-working professors and students to the 'lonely pillars of Palmyra.'

The renegade Bishop of Hereford's hatred of Popery and Papists was shown in more practical form than by merely denouncing them in print. Urged on by Parliament to energetic action against the Catholics of his diocese, he seized and plundered the house of the Jesuits (his old masters!) at Cwm, near Monmouth: hunted down Father David Lewis, afterwards martyred at Usk; and arrested at Pembridge Castle, in 1678, Father John Kemble, the venerable and saintly missionary who had been his contemporary at Douai more than fifty years before.

Kemble received the martyr's crown at Hereford in 1679; Richard Croft survived until 1691, and died full of years, and such honours as this world could bestow on him, in his episcopal palace at Hereford.

It is a sad history enough. Bishop Croft died

leaving Protestantism, as it seemed, triumphant and secured by the Revolution of 1688.

There is some compensation in the circumstance that more than one of his lineal descendants has reverted to the faith which the Anglican bishop repudiated and renounced. One, who has fought gallantly for his King and Country, now lives, respected and esteemed, in the county in which his Catholic ancestors, the 'very ancient and Knightlie Crofts,' have for centuries been prominent land-owners. And another, heir through his mother to the headship of a famous old Scottish house, is to-day a Catholic priest, and, moreover, an Oblate of the Benedictine Order, as his direct ancestor, Sir Herbert Croft, was more than three centuries ago.

January 25, 1929.

PAGEANTS, GOOD AND INDIFFERENT

READING lately that Warwick Castle was 'to let furnished' (how strange it sounds!), my memories carried me back twenty years and more, to the bright July day when I saw enacted, amid incomparable surroundings, one of the earliest, and certainly the most successful, of the many historical pageants which for two summers were the passing fashion all over England.

The 'stage,' or setting, of the Warwick Pageant was simply perfect. Behind us the turrets and battlements of the great feudal castle towering above the woods; on our right the giant oaks of the

park, in fullest midsummer foliage ; to our left the gently flowing Avon, a ribbon of burnished silver ; in front, beyond a great expanse of velvet lawn, a prospect of enchanting wooded glades and long sylvan avenues, down which came the picturesque processions of players, mounted and afoot, with singularly striking effect.

Yes, the setting of the spectacle at Warwick was admirable and impressive : the spectacle itself excellently stage-managed, often beautiful, and always effective ; but the dramatic episodes were not quite dramatic, and the amateur acting and dialogue were perhaps hardly worthy of the superb surroundings.

I remember Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke very excellent as King Louis XI and the Queen of Scots ; there was a stately and magnificent Queen Elizabeth, and a delightful child who represented the infant Shakespeare with astonishing composure and success.

The summer of the Warwick Pageant was an exceptionally fine one ; but that of the following year, when the pageant-fever had seized on all England, was on the whole dark and dismal ; and many of these open-air shows, elaborately planned weeks before, were irretrievably ruined in consequence.

I remember a dreadful experience at Bury St. Edmunds, where a Benedictine pageant had been arranged amid the picturesque ruins and verdant lawns of the great abbey. ' Abbot Samson,' the leading character, was played by the Arch-deacon of Sudbury, who spoke his lines well, but strode up and down attired in a purple chasuble

worn over a black cassock, and brandishing a great wooden crosier.

The most popular personage was Boadicea (I forget how she came into the story), enacted by the sporting wife of an Ipswich dentist, with long, dishevelled black hair and wielding an immense trident. The British Queen drove on standing in a chariot, to the delight of the audience, and defied the Roman Governor in the immortal stanzas beginning : ' Ruin seize thee, ruthless King ! '

Or, rather, she ought to have done all this ; but on the day of my visit the pitiless rain spoiled everything. Many of the early British maidens wore waterproofs, some even carrying umbrellas. Poor Boadicea discarded her chariot, and ran on, waving her trident, on foot. The pageant-ground was a perfect quagmire ; and in her progress across it the luckless Queen slipped and fell prone in the mud.

The Oxford Pageant, which took place in the same summer, had been prepared at an enormous expenditure of time, trouble, and cash, and proved, I believe, a financial success, though hardly an artistic one. The pageant-ground was not happily chosen, and much of the show was deplorably dull.

I recall an extremely pretty opening scene (relating to St. Frideswide) presented by the Catholic congregation of the city ; and the episodes in which Charles I appeared were charming, and gave much pleasure.

There was, however, some dreadful ' comic relief ' in a scene specially written by the Chichele Professor of Modern History ! It represented the great Friar Bacon (a name justly revered at Oxford) as a cheap-jack or quack-doctor, who rode in on a motor-cycle,

from which he threw out advertisements of his pills and potions.

On one occasion I saw this absurdity hissed (as it deserved to be); and on another the unfortunate friar somehow missed his steering, and rode straight into the deep and muddy Cherwell, from whose waters he was only extricated with much difficulty.

The blot on the Oxford Pageant, as on many others, was the grotesque inadequacy—often amounting to mere caricature—of the religious and ecclesiastical episodes. Even in solemn processions, the parsons (as many of them were) who represented Catholic prelates seemed incapable of wearing Catholic vestments, or walking in procession, with anything like decorum or dignity.

The most deplorable travesty of all was the presentment of mediæval monks and friars. At Oxford the reverend Benedictines of Abingdon appeared in ragged black habits, bare legs and sandals, noses slightly reddened, and high bald skulls like coco-nuts, with encircling fringes of red hair. To a strong and serious remonstrance against this outrage, addressed to the pageant-master, that official (a man of University training and, presumably, of some culture) replied that there was no intention of giving offence, but that the British public looked on a monk as a comic character and expected to see him treated as such!

Under such conditions, can it be wondered that Pageants were not an unqualified success?

February 1, 1929.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE
BODLEIAN

IF you find yourself in the extreme south of the Iberian Peninsula, and embark for Lisbon in a little coasting steamer at Villa Real de Sant' Antonio, where the River Guadiana, falling into the Gulf of Cadiz, forms the boundary between Spain and Portugal, you will touch after a time at the seaport of Faro, capital of the province of Algarve, and see of a bishop.

Conspicuous in this quaint town (which lives by exporting wine, cork, and anchovies) are the old Moorish castle, now a factory, the lovely cloisters of the disused Benedictine convent, and the Renaissance Cathedral, with its curious timber roof.

Here, in the sixteenth century, was the episcopal seat of Jerome Osorio, noted for his learning, zeal, and enlightened patriotism ; and here was deposited his famous library, collected by the labour of many years, and destined, by a strange chain of events, to be the nucleus of one of the great libraries of England and the world, namely, the University Library of Oxford, known as the Bodleian.

It is a strange story, and one certainly unknown to the great majority of Oxonians, even those to whom the Bodleian is a household word. Bishop Osorio, now remembered chiefly by his efforts to induce Queen Elizabeth to return to Catholic communion, and by his long controversy with her favourite theologian, Walter Haddon, died in 1580.

Sixteen years later, the famous statesman and soldier, Robert, second Earl of Essex, sailed from

England in command of the expedition, comprising nearly a hundred ships of war, sent out to destroy the shipping in Spanish ports. By the combined skill, enterprise and valour of Raleigh at sea and Essex by land, Cadiz (then the richest city in Spain) was captured, looted, and destroyed, and Essex, with his victorious forces, sailed triumphantly back to England.

Crossing the broad and shallow Bay of Cadiz, to where the Cape of St. Mary, southernmost point of Portugal, juts out into the sea, Essex descried the old Moorish town of Faro rising steeply above its tidal harbour.

As Mr. Wemmick said: 'Hulloa! here's a church—let us get married'; so the English commander may have cried: 'Hulloa! here's a town—let us sack it.' And sacked it promptly was, brass guns, cattle, and provisions being carried off, while Essex took as his own share poor Bishop Osorio's treasured library, and carried it back to England.

Almost coincident with the return of Essex in triumph from Spain was the retirement of Thomas Bodley, scholar and diplomatist, from the paths of politics and statecraft, which he had trodden with success, living, nevertheless, to hear the queen whom he had served so long and faithfully say, in her blunt Tudor fashion, that 'she wished he were hanged.'

Bodley was a friend of both Burghley and Essex, who had recommended him to Elizabeth as her Secretary of State. Robert Cecil, however, was given that uneasy office; whereupon, by way of compensation (or so says Mr. Strachey), Essex presented to Bodley, just beginning his great work

of library-founding at Oxford, the priceless collection which Osorio had brought together at Faro. And so the good bishop's books became practically the beginning of the Bodleian.

Whatever motive may have actuated Essex in the giving of the Faro library to Oxford, Captain Devereux, in his exhaustive history of his family, states it as a fact ; and there is other evidence. Sir William Monson, who commanded the *Repulse* in Essex's expedition, mentions in his *Naval Tracts* that they brought the books home, and that ' many of them were bestowed on the new-erected library of Oxford.' But he says nothing about their being Essex's gift ; and it is odd that Macray, the writer of Bodley's life in the *Dictionary of Biography*, makes no allusion whatever to the Faro books ; while the same author, in his *Annals of the Bodleian*, has not a word connecting Essex with the gift, with which, indeed, he appears rather inclined to credit Sir Walter Raleigh.

Certainly, the romantic story of *How Bishop Osorio's Library came to Oxford* has been completely ignored by practically all the voluminous writers who have described Oxford in modern times. In not one of those splendid early nineteenth-century tomes, elaborately illustrated — Bliss's edition of Anthony à Wood, Chalmers, Ingram, Ackermann's sumptuous volumes, or, as far as one can discover, any other—is there even the briefest mention of, or any allusion to, either Osorio or Essex. Nor is the scantiest information on the subject vouchsafed to the crowds of visitors who throng the great library year after year.

Does the portrait of the good Bishop hang in the

Bodleian picture gallery, among the many non-entities which cover its walls? Does the coat armorial of the noble house of Osorio de Fonseca y Govea figure among the many shields emblazoned on the ceilings of those venerable halls of learning? The answer, one fears, is in the negative. ' 'Tis true, 'tis pity; but pity 'tis, 'tis true.'

February 8, 1929.

THE LADY OF GLENALADALE

THE death, at the age of nearly ninety, of Miss Veronica Jane Macdonald, of Glenaladale, sister of two Scottish Bishops, and last descendant in right line of one of the oldest and staunchest Highland Catholic families, has removed a venerable and beloved figure from Scottish Catholic life.

This is not the place to speak of the many virtues of the deceased lady, whose loss is lamented by a wide and devoted circle of friends—of her lively faith, her unostentatious piety, and her abounding charity. I, who had the pleasure in years gone by of acquaintance with many members of her distinguished family, like to think of her as one of the last representatives, if not the very last, of a generation of warm-hearted and chivalrous Highlanders, with whom devotion to the Royal House of Stuart was not a mere pious tradition, but a living sentiment.

To Jane Macdonald and her contemporaries the long lapse of time which separated them from the 'Great Adventure' of 1745 hardly existed, or, anyhow, hardly seemed to count. A thousand links,

a thousand memories, many of them closely connected with their own ancient house, bridged the long years between, and brought back, as vividly as if it were yesterday, the stirring days when Glenaladale and his clansmen welcomed back their gallant prince to Scottish soil, and saw him unfurl, in their own Glenfinnan, his azure banner with the proud inscription (alas ! never to be realised), 'Tandem Triumphans' glittering in the spring sunshine.

In Glenaladale and Glenfinnan Charles Edward Stuart did not appear, and was not regarded, as a mere royal aspirant, claiming to recover the throne of his ancestors by force of arms. In those loyal fastnesses he was already recognised as sovereign lord—or, if not actually sovereign, yet lawful heir-apparent, regent, and representative of his royal father, dispossessed and exiled beyond the seas, but still by right divine the King.

In the ears of Jane Macdonald, and of those who thought and felt with her, the name of 'Pretender,' as applied to the Young Chevalier, was an outrage, and almost an unpardonable one.

I have not forgotten a certain lantern lecture given some years ago, in one of the largest halls in Edinburgh, by a Scots Benedictine monk, on the 'Life and Times of Prince Charlie.' The lecturer was sympathetic ; his story was well told, and illustrated with admirable pictures ; and near the front sat the Lady of Glenaladale, profoundly interested in the moving tale. Suddenly—I forget in what connection—the fatal word 'Pretender' slipped, perhaps inadvertently, from his lips. In the next moment Miss Macdonald had drawn her cloak round her, risen from her place, and left the

hall. Not in her hearing, or at least not without her silent protest, was this word of evil omen to stigmatise the dear dead hero.

Far advanced in years as she was, Jane Macdonald was yet born in the Victorian age, though in its very beginning. I recall, however, two dear old kinswomen of my own of a much older generation ; for their birthdays dated from the middle of the reign of George III. They, too, had been nurtured in the strictest Jacobite tradition ; their uncle, fighting for the cause, had been blown to pieces by one of Cumberland's guns at Culloden.

In my childhood, the two old ladies, dressed alike in black, with spotlessly white ruffs or frills (I know not what), worshipped on Sundays, side by side, in a tall pew in old St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Edinburgh. When the minister began to read the prayers for the Queen and Royal Family it was the invariable custom for my cousins to close their prayer-books firmly but unostentatiously, rise from their knees, and stand erect until these prayers were ended.

Sweet old souls ! they would not have hurt a fly ; it was only their gentle protest (which they would not for the world have foregone) against what they had been taught to regard as the untenable claims of the House of Hanover to the throne of these realms. I remember hearing that people used to frequent the gallery which ran round the church in order to get a view of the high pew in which was enacted this tiny drama of loyalty to a long-lost cause.

To Queen Victoria herself her hereditary connection with the Stuarts was a source of satisfaction which she never concealed ; and she was far prouder

of being a lineal descendant of Mary Queen of Scots than of being the last of a line of Hanoverian sovereigns and foundress, through her Saxon husband, of a new dynasty of English kings.

One recalls how, when a Stuart Exhibition was organised in London towards the end of her reign, it was honoured by her special patronage and enriched by her with many loans from the priceless Stuart relics preserved at Windsor ; and how, when this was followed by a Guelph Exhibition, she could hardly be induced to visit it, and did so only under special pressure.

Her Majesty visited Glenaladale on one of her Highland journeys, and has, in her naive fashion, recorded in her journal how the then chieftain—‘a handsome widower,’ as she describes him—brother of the venerable lady just deceased, showed her the monument erected at Glenfinnan in memory of the raising of Prince Charlie’s standard.

The entry in the Queen’s diary evinces how deeply she felt the romance, and even pathos, of the situation, bringing her, as it did, into friendly intercourse with the descendant of the chief who had rallied his clansmen to dispute, at the claymore’s point, the right of her Hanoverian ancestors to the throne of Britain.

February 15, 1929.

ABOUT TIARAS ANCIENT AND MODERN

‘RECEIVE the Tiara adorned with three crowns,’ said the Cardinal Deacon to Pope Pius XI on his

coronation-day, exactly seven years ago, 'and know that thou art Father of princes and kings, Ruler of the world, and Vicar of Our Saviour Jesus Christ.'

A great and august dignity, fittingly symbolised by the triple diadem, symbol of sovereignty, which the Holy Father wears at such solemn ceremonials as belong rather to his high prerogative of Sovereign Pontiff than to his position as Supreme Pastor and Bishop of the Christian world. As Bishop, he wears at all liturgical functions the head-dress of a Bishop, the white, golden, or jewelled mitre.

It is as 'Father of princes and kings,' and superior to them all, that he is invested with the three-fold crown, and, so adorned, will in no long time, as we hope and expect, proceed through the streets of the capital of Christendom, recognised once again *de facto*, as he has ever been *de jure*, as an independent Sovereign.

What is the origin and history of this curious cylindrical cross-crowned head-covering, sometimes known as the 'triregnum,' but called by Romans in old days the 'holy beehive'?

Venerable it certainly is, but not so venerable, by several centuries, as the days of Constantine, to which it is sometimes assigned. Moreover, it was for many long years merely a plain white conical helmet-like cap, which was in time provided with a jewelled circlet, perhaps to distinguish it clearly from a mitre.

Then came the second circlet, generally attributed to Boniface VIII, about A.D. 1300; but this date is wrong, for a much older painting shows it worn by Innocent III, at least a century earlier. It was not

long before the third diadem was added ; for you may see that on the monument, at Avignon, of Benedict XII, who died in 1342.

Thus we may say that the triple crown of the Pontiffs, as we see it now, has been in use for nearly six hundred years, although anachronisms occur well into the fifteenth century, both in painting and sculpture, in which the Papal tiara is shown with but a single circlet.

The word 'tiara,' as the designation for the distinctive head-dress of the Pope, first appears, I believe, in the beginning of the twelfth century, in the life of Paschal II in the *Liber Pontificalis*. Of course, the word itself is immensely older, being applied in the classics to the Persian head-covering, especially the turban of the Great King.

One remembers how the Three Children walked into the fiery furnace wearing their 'tiaras' or turbans, which the editors of the Revised Version have for some reason turned into 'tunics.' And one thinks also of the modern or Victorian use of the word (I do not believe it is older), designating the diamond-encrusted 'fenders,' or coronets, with which Victorian dames and dowagers bedizened themselves, perhaps still do, on great days at Court or Covent Garden.

Very splendid were the jewelled tiaras made for the Popes Paul II, Sixtus IV, and others, in the magnificent days of the Italian Renaissance. Most sumptuous of all was that manufactured by the famous Milanese goldsmith Caradosso for the great Pope Julius II, *il pontefice terribile*, as great in the arts of peace as in the science of war, whose immortal monuments are the modern St. Peter's, the Stanze of

Raffaelle, and the stupendous frescoes of the Sistine Chapel.

The late Marquess of Bute, coming to Rome, a fervent convert, sixty years ago, to be confirmed by Pope Pius IX, conceived the idea of presenting the Pontiff, as a thank-offering, with a jewelled tiara, to be worn at the opening of the Vatican Council. But, having seen and admired the wonders of the Papal treasury, including the resplendent tiaras, old and new, he changed his mind ; and his offering took the form of a magnificent processional cross, which was borne at the head of the solemn procession on the opening day of the Council.

It will be so borne again, perhaps, when the great Council reopens to complete its interrupted labours, or when the Pope-King once more enters, in solemn and jubilant procession, his Cathedral of St. John, mother and mistress of all churches, to celebrate the august mysteries of God's altar. *Faxit Deus !*

February 22, 1929.

IMMORTALITY, LIMITED

THERE are, I fear, a considerable number of readers of the *Catholic Times*, to whom the mention or the thought of poetry conveys nothing but boredom unutterable. Let such prosaic persons skip this column. Like the immortal Silas Wegg, I have an occasional habit of 'dropping into poetry' ; and my present musings are directed towards things poetical by an interesting letter just received from a New Zealand reader of this paper, who comments on some remarks of mine in a previous article as to what I

regarded as the most beautiful stanzas, or couplets, in English verse.

‘I much like your favourite distichs,’ writes my correspondent; ‘but I prefer to all of them Keats’s

“ Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faëry lands forlorn.”

‘But my favourite stanza is from Emily Brontë’s “The Lady to Her Guitar,” though without its context it loses much of its beauty. The lines are apropos of the remembrance of long-lost music :

“ It is as if the glassy brook
Should image still its willows fair,
Though years ago the woodman’s stroke
Laid low in dust their Dryad-hair.”’

I do not dispute the taste or judgement of this poetry-lover from the antipodes; but this last-quoted stanza (which was, I confess, unknown to me, as it probably is to many who think of Emily Brontë only in connection with her sombre and powerful tale of *Wuthering Heights*) has turned my discursive musings into another direction.

I have spoken before of ‘one-line poets’—poets, that is, whom a single line in their perhaps voluminous compositions has immortalised; and I instanced Burgon’s famous Newdigate line on Petra :

“ A rose-red city, half as old as time.”

But what I have in my mind now is that group of ‘One-poem Poets,’ who are only remembered to-day (I will not use the word ‘immortalised’ again) by one single poem. I have never met with a catalogue

of such ; but, if complete, it would surely be a long and curious one. Let us consider who would figure in it.

Edward Fitzgerald, student of Spanish and Persian, friend of Tennyson, and a man of sensibility, charm, and culture, wrote and published much from middle life onward. But what has saved him from literary oblivion is one only work : his astonishing reproduction—for it is far more than a translation—of Omar Khayyám's poems.

Philip Bayley, son of a poet, and nurtured on Byron, wrote in his life of nearly ninety years one poem worthy of being called great. 'A mere plagiarism from the *Faust* of Goethe, with all its impiety and hardly any of its poetry.' So an early Victorian critic hailed *Festus* ; but it lived on, nevertheless, and will live on, alone of all Bayley's writings.

Is Jean Ingelow, whose poems were household words in England (and even more so in America) half a century ago, among the immortals ? I hardly think so ; but what lover of ballads, ancient or modern, does not acknowledge her 'High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire' to be one of the finest ballads—earnest, impressive, and technically perfect—ever written ?

I remember someone writing to *Notes and Queries* to say that he possessed over two hundred works written and published by Henry Cary. All, all are as dead as Queen Anne, in whose reign the author was born ; all, that is, with one exception. His playful fancy found its fullest expression in 'Sally in Our Alley,' published just two centuries ago, and still as lively and charming as ever.

If Arthur O'Shaughnessy, who (Sir Richard Garnett says finely) was to poetry what Chopin was to music, is forgotten since his death, forty years ago, and his work, too, mostly forgotten, one poem of his, 'We are the Music-Makers,' will ever hold its place in English literature. He, too, has come to be a 'one-poem poet.' So, also, I think, has that erratic genius, William Cory (we knew him as 'Billy Johnson' in his days as an Eton master), who has left us, in 'Heraclitus,' one fragment, if only one, of indescribable pathos and beauty.

Edmund Waller was, of course, a politician as well as a poet of repute. But if he had never written 'Go, Lovely Rose' (of which, after all, the chief beauty is in the opening lines), would he be a living poet to-day? Charles Lamb was a poet, among many other things; but few people, if asked to name a poem of his to-day, could think of any one save 'Old Familiar Faces.'

Let me name also Cunningham's 'A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea'; Bourdillon's 'The Night has a Thousand Eyes'; T. E. Brown's exquisite 'A Garden is a Lovesome Thing, God Wot'; Mrs. Barbauld's 'Life, We've Been Long Together'; and, I will add, the 'Elegy' of Thomas Gray, for surely he wrote nothing of such permanent value as that, unquestionably the most popular poem in the English language.

I could think of other examples—so, doubtless, could my readers, but these must suffice. I like to picture these poets of all ages toiling up the steep slopes of Parnassus, each with his wallet of undying verse, ranging from a few poignant stanzas to the forty thousand lines of *Festus* (eleventh edition),

which is to be his ' Open Sesame ' to the halls of the Immortals, his passport into that Valhalla in which his niche is eternally secured.

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